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Aurore Dupin, at eighteen, the year of her marriage

A STAR BOOK

George Sand

THE SEARCH FOR LOVE

By

MARIE JENNEY HOWE

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PREFACE

OFTEN, after reading the biography of an important man or woman, I have laid down the book with a sense of frustration. I wanted to know the inner life of the famous person. What did he think and feel? I found myself asking.

Alas, famous men and women do not, as a rule, leave confidential letters and journals that would justify a conscientious biographer in an attempt to satisfy our intimate interest. But this rule was broken by the woman who came to be known as George Sand. In following her voluminous correspondence, it seems as though everyone to whom she had ever written, saved her letters and, in course of time, published them. In connection with each of her love affairs she confided a series of letters to a trusted friend. Often she added as a postscript, "Burn this letter," whereupon that letter was guarded with particular care and preserved for an inquisitive posterity. The biographer of George Sand has, therefore, what most biographers miss,—all the letters that ought to have been burned.

More revelatory than letters, George Sand wrote an occasional confession in which she laid bare her heart with a frankness as shocking to others as it was merciless to herself. The confession, intended for the eyes of one alone, was always shared with others and eventually given to the public. In one instance such a confession was used as evidence in a law suit. In still another, a self-condemnatory journal was handed over to her worst enemy who used it to injure her reputation.

But George Sand herself was most to blame for the intimate material left to posterity. She was incurably trustful toward friends and lovers. Whenever she was betrayed, deceived or slandered, she forgot and forgave and trusted again. "In her mental

attitude," says George Brandes, "she was almost a prodigy. T
was not a trace of narrow-mindedness in her." She seemed to
that she lived in a world peopled by disinterested men and wo
who were seeking the truth about human nature, and that any
who offered himself for analysis was a valuable specimen for
laboratory of psychical research. She submitted her experienc
the hope that others would profit thereby. "I would be wil
to tell or publish all the facts of my life," she wrote to Sai
Beuve, "if I thought they would prove useful to others."

By means of her own generous self-revelations, I have trie
this biography to throw light on George Sand's inner life, to
plain the secret of her suffering, the reasons for her loneliness,
the unprecedented situation which has made her the most n
understood woman in the history of literature. *The Search
Love* is an effort to see George Sand's life through her own e
and, as far as possible, to follow her stream of consciousness fr
childhood to old age.

Such an effort would be presumptuous were it not for
wealth of material available.

In addition to letters, journals and confessions, George Sa
wrote the history of her own life up to fifty years of age. If a
thing of importance was omitted from this autobiography, it
been supplied by Wladimir Karénine, who is accepted as
authoritative biographer of George Sand.

Madame Karénine's *George Sand, Sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, w
doubtless remain a source book for lesser biographers, as only
devoted Sandist would undertake to thoroughly peruse these fo
volumes of detailed information. They are based on hitherto u
published documents given Madame Karénine by the family a
friends of George Sand.

The Search for Love is not fictionized biography. It is histo
told with as near an approach to story form as authentic recor
permit. Wherever in her autobiography George Sand describ
conversations, brief dialogues have been abridged from the lo

George Sand: the Sèze romance; the truth derived from Alfred de Musset's letters and from George Sand's three letters to Dr. Pagello; information on George Sand's old age as presented in Madame Karénine's final volume; and self-revelatory material contained in George Sand's *Journal Intime*.

GEORGE SAND

GEORGE SAND was the greatest feminine genius known to literature. No woman has ever matched her in creative power and none has approached her in productivity. Her works fill one hundred and ten volumes. Beginning with romantic fiction, she turned to novels of social reform and rounded out her forty-five years of writing with pastoral tales that have become classic literature. Her success was sensational. The popularity she enjoyed during her lifetime has never been surpassed by any writer in any age. In the words of Vicomte d'Haussonville, she "wielded an intellectual royalty that no other woman has ever obtained," she "saw her works pass from the aristocracy to the working-class" and she "spoke a language which appealed equally to the passions of men, the hearts of women and the imagination of children."

Her many-sidedness was remarkable. All that any woman has ever felt or dreamed or suffered is summed up in the life of George Sand. Incurably domestic, she was also the most public-spirited woman of her day. Profoundly maternal, she became self-supporting and achieved what seemed to her contemporaries a man's place in the world. Made, as her friends explained, to be the good wife of a good man, she was called a vampire and accused of breaking men's hearts. She was every sort of woman except the courtesan. She never gave her love for anything except love in return.

George Sand was a modern woman born one hundred years

too soon. But it was not alone as a herald of the new womanho that she made history. Heine said, "She set the world on fire." a period that was monarchist, she was republican. In a soci that was orthodox, she stood outside the church. Living un the harsh code of Napoleon, she fought to reform laws t seemed to her oppressive. Victor Hugo said, "Beings like Geo Sand are public benefactors." He wrote to her, "I thank y for being so great a soul."

To one who follows the course of her long life, George Sa seems as contradictory and inconsistent as any woman wo appear if all her letters and journals, written from school d until she was a grandmother, could be read. What seems ri at twenty appears to the ripe age of thirty as youthful ignora and the defiant ethics of thirty may again seem crudely mistak at philosophic fifty. So it was with George Sand. She ruined l life several times but always crawled out from the débris a built up a new existence, until in the end she learned to adj herself to life as it is and people as they are.

Whether from feminine modesty or from a desire to plac the professional jealousy of friends and lovers, George Sand ne seemed to recognize her own genius. She spoke slightingly of l writing and her gifts. But she regarded herself as a pioneer experience. No woman ever made so bold a claim to recogniti as a human being. It was this assertion of inclusively huma rather than exclusively feminine qualities which created t legend of George Sand as a masculine woman. Her biograph Elme Caro, criticized her unwomanly character saying, "T one thing needful to this soul is resignation." Unfortunately f her reputation, most of her biographers have been old-fashion men who regarded her from a viewpoint of established femini traditions. To the modern mind, it is evident that George San real fault lay not in her lack of submissiveness, not in her i sistent spirit of revolt, but in the fact that these qualities w embodied in a woman where they did not belong, rather th

a man where they would have been deemed admirable and ren distinguished.

George Sand was so far in advance of the women of her day at she was driven to associate almost exclusively with men. As consequence she adopted their standards.

She regarded laws and customs as ephemeral, saw clearly how ey would be changed and lived as though they were already tered. In this projection of her mind beyond her times she was futurist, trying to live in a non-existing society which had not t evolved.

The woman who came to be known as George Sand was born y first, 1804, at 15 rue Meslay, Paris. She was baptized Aman- e-Aurore-Lucie Dupin. Her married name was Aurore Dude- nt. Because women were unwelcome in the realm of letters, own name could not well appear upon her writings, and she opted the masculine name which she made famous.

MARIE JENNEY HOWE

October 4, 1927
Harmon-on-Hudson, New York

The
SEARCH FOR LOVE

I

AURORE

HE was born to the sound of the violin. Her mother was Sophie Dupin, Sophie of the dark eyes, dazzling smile and reless laughter.

That evening the neighbors had gathered at the humble Dupin me to celebrate the betrothal of Sophie's sister. It was a gay rothal. Everyone drank a toast to the bride-to-be and then a st to the mother-to-be. Sophie, amazing person, had led the rrymaking. She had even been dancing. Reckless, radiant phie! How lovely she was in her gown the color of roses!

As a new quadrille was formed, Sophie stole away to her room quietly that no one noticed her departure. The dancing con-ued, the violin sobbed and sang. As the long-drawn-out drille followed the course of its various figures, a new-created ng entered a world filled with music. Her human wail was wned in the cry of the violin.

t was her father, Maurice Dupin, who was the musician. hen they announced the birth of a daughter he came running see the marvel. They showed him an insignificant object, small, wn and solemn. It was hard to believe that she belonged to beautiful Sophie. "The shape of her head is like the Dupins!" y exclaimed. "She is like your side of the family." So he med her Aurore because of Madame Dupin, his mother, who s born Marie-Aurore de Saxe, and because of the far-away st Aurore of his family, his great-grandmother, Countess rore Koenigsmark.

As soon as he decided to name the child Aurore, she seemed ought into line with his own family tradition. Maurice himself d been named for his grandfather, Count Maurice de Saxe,

France's great military hero. Maurice de Saxe was the natural s of the king of Poland, Frederic-Augustus II, and of the Count Aurore Koenigsmark. When he thought of his own ancesto Maurice Dupin was tempted to regret that his child was not a b How splendid for a boy's inheritance would be the temperam of a Koenigsmark, the imagination of a Saxe, or at least the ar nature that belonged to the Dupins. But when the proud fath paused to consider Sophie's parentage, he was forced to chan his point of view.

Sophie was true plebeian. She was born of the Paris pavemen Her father had sold birds in little cages along the quays of t Seine. Indeed, Sophie was very close to those who had believ in the guillotine for aristocrats.

In Sophie's child, then, there were mingled the blood royalty and the blood of the common people. These two stra meeting in the French nation had resulted in revolution. This i flammable mixture in the nature of a man might result in fana cism, melancholia, or even in the sufferings of genius. In a woma nature, however, there was no danger of explosion, catastrop or genius. The destiny of a girl-child, protected, kept at home a married, was commonplace, but it was safe.

It was just as well, then, that the child had been born a girl.

Aurore the third, knowing nothing of past grandeurs present poverty, had for a cradle a plain wicker basket. She l in her cradle and stared at the ceiling or slept. The days, t months, went by. Instead of the cradle there was a little be instead of the cradle dreaminess, a gradual awareness. Hour af hour she would lie in absorbed contemplation of some fold of t window curtain, or some gay flower in the wall paper. One d the candle, which had always given a single light, seemed to gi two lights, side by side. She watched, she was enchanted, she tri and tried to make the twin lights come again. Sometimes she su ceeded. She loved the illusion without knowing why she loved

what it was she loved. Illusion was her first interest in life. For a long time people were vague shadows, and all her environment was a blur. As she grew older she learned that certain outside things came through to her, to the place where she lived peace and quietness.

Her mother's voice came singing; the voice was music; it sang a white hen who was laying a silver egg for Sophie's little child. he egg of silver seemed to Aurore a perfect gift, representing auty, mystery, attainment. The promise, renewed every evening, kept alive her faith in its fulfillment. The gift must not demanded to-day, it must be expected to-morrow, always morrow.

One day, when she was still older, silver tones from close at nd came through the void. They told of vague pleasurable ngs that had to do with blue sky, white clouds, flowers, birds, es. Then from the outer blur a voice spoke: "That horrid man stairs is practicing his flute again. I shall complain to the landd. Let us rap on the walls and make him stop." After that the er tones had nothing more to tell her; something beautiful had n destroyed.

The little girl from below stairs was going to her first communion, dressed in snowy white, over her shoulders a veil of sty softness. Aurore gazed and felt a little thrill of pleasure. re was something remote from ugliness, remote from earth. voice broke in: "Why don't they dress that child better? w badly the skirt hangs. I know that dress has never seen a b; it is dirty, and her veil has yellow blotches!" The thrill of asure gave way to a quiver of pain. Then the veil was not lly lovely? Dirty yellow blotches—how the words hurt!

So it was with all her pleasures; the grown-ups talked and lked, and in their talking the lovely things of life disappeared. henever she was feeling especially happy, someone was sure to claim: "What is the matter with the child? Is she sick?"—"No,

no," Sophie would answer, "that's just her way of sitting still a dreaming. She has always been like that."

Aunt Lucy could not help observing that her own ch Clotilde was much brighter than Aurore. Not but that Aur was good; she was almost too good. Sophie had told her that wh a child was disobedient the angels of heaven and even the H Virgin wept with sorrow. Aurore could not bear to make th heavenly beings suffer. If her conscience troubled her she wou look apprehensively at the sky, where among the clouds she s plainly row upon row of dear little angels with woebegone fac Behind them, clad in flowing white and wearing blue sleeves, sto the Holy Virgin. What was that slight motion of blue slee against white robe? Was the Virgin wringing her hands? Was s beating her breast? "Oh, dear Virgin, don't take it so hard! try to be good!" Who, indeed, could be naughty with such a p ture before her eyes?

Clotilde had received the same admonition about the ang and the Virgin, but Clotilde was not impressed and her imagin tion was not excited, which effectively proved to Aunt Lucy t superiority of Clotilde.

There were other differences between the two cousins. One d a group of children joined hands in a circle, playing a game whi began with a song. The words were set to a haunting refrain minor key—

"No more, no more shall we go to the forest,
The laurel trees are all cut down."

Suddenly a far-away look came over Aurore's face. She wit drew from the circle, and sat alone under the spell of words a music. Something in the two lines stirred her profoundly. Nev yet had she seen so much as a grove of trees, much less a fore Nevertheless, as she fixed her eyes on space, the brick court, t pavement, the city street faded away, and in their place was mysterious forest, rich with the verdure of laurel trees. Woo

hoppers came with cruel axes. They cut down the laurels. Oh, vely laurels, cut down, broken, dead!

"No more, no more shall we go to the forest."

Aurore could not have expressed the sense she felt of beauty evastated, of illusion lost. But the hurt went so deep that as long she lived she would never hear children singing those two lines ithout a recurrent sense of sadness. Aunt Lucy looked at the ome-like figure, bent as if under the weight of some childish ief. "What is the matter, Aurore? Have you hurt yourself?" o answer. There were times when the child seemed deaf. Casting glance toward the circle, Aunt Lucy noticed Clotilde, dancing ily and singing prettily about laurel trees. No, decidedly Aurore as not bright like Clotilde.

2

Maurice Dupin came home from the war on a short furlough. e wrote to his mother: "Aurore does not say much, but she is t thinking any less on that account. I adore this child of mine." nce Maurice was satisfied, Sophie saw nothing to complain out. No one scolded Aurore for her dreaminess. She would sit r hours at a time gazing vacantly at nothing at all, her mouth lf open. "Seeing fairies!" Sophie would exclaim. And indeed was Sophie's own fault if her child were fanciful, for as fast Aurore demanded fairy tales Sophie delighted to tell them to r, and the nine-year-old sister Caroline did her best to supple-ent her mother. Because Sophie felt responsible also for a cer-in amount of religious instruction, she related in simple fashion li the Bible stories she knew. As though this were not enough, urore discovered a popular abridged mythology, and before she ould read asked for the legends that explained the pictures. Thus her little brain were jumbled angels and cupids, magicians and ints, the Holy Virgin and the old witch, in strange poetic hodge-odge.

Sophie could not always be telling stories, for there were bec to make and sweeping and scrubbing and cooking to do. Auror was at her heels like a devoted puppy. What could she do to ge the child from under her feet? "I shall have to tie you up," Sophi threatened good naturedly. "Where can I put you? TH chairs are too high. I wish I could afford a cushion or a foot-stoc for my baby to sit on. Here is the warming-pan. Don't be afraic it isn't heated."

The foot-warmer was placed in the centre of the room, an the child was seated upon it. Then she was barricaded by a circ of four chairs with their straw-bottomed seats turned toward he The three-year-old was so tiny that in order to lean her elbow on the chair seats she had to stand on the warming-pan. Th accomplished, she tried to remove the straw. Her hands thu occupied, something in her that longed for expression found re lease. She began to talk out loud.

A story was being told, and Aurore listened. Of course at tl beginning she knew it was only her own voice talking, bu soon she forgot that and became wholly the listener. Soph too, from the kitchen near by, had to listen in spite of hersel The background of Aurore's story was a great mysterious fores the hero a prince who had lost his way. The prince was oblige to meet all the fanciful characters that lived in Aurore's im agination: the good fairy, the beautiful princess, the kind giar the three graces, the angel Gabriel, the nine muses, and the wi virgins. In this forest of Aurore's everyone was good and kin and everyone was happy. The prince never met the devil or ha a misfortune. Sophie thought it the most tiresome story she ha ever heard.

The evening meal being on the table, Sophie picked up tl romancer and seated her in her high chair. Aurore was stunne she looked at the candles and the food, and wondered how sl had been brought back. A moment ago she was far away in tl forest. Could the supper table be real? "Eat your bread and sou

d drink your wine and water." Obediently Aurore ate and ank and soon after fell asleep.

The next day the child was again seated on the warming-pan d given the chair seats to strip. As soon as her hands were busy, memory picked up the thread of the story at the point where had been broken. Each day Aurore added a chapter. Sophie was t impressed but she was amused. "It's a regular novel she is ling us. It continues from day to day."

Aunt Lucy, passing in and out, heard several chapters. After prince had been wandering for many days Aunt Lucy grew patient. "Come, come, Aurore," she interrupted, "isn't it time were getting the prince out of the forest?" Aurore looked her with unseeing eyes. "She doesn't hear a word I say!" exmed Aunt Lucy. "And she looks at me so stupidly."

"Oh, let her alone," called Sophie from the kitchen. "The only e I can do my work in peace is when she is composing her novel ween those four chairs."

Aunt Lucy was dubious. "Do you think she is quite—well—ght?" she asked.

"I don't want her to be bright," said Sophie complacently. e is a good girl and affectionate; that's enough."

"I don't agree with you," Aunt Lucy persisted. "The child's her—and his mother—and her father—were they all very erent from us?"

At this Sophie bridled, her anger mounted into rage, and she an on the history of her wrongs. She wanted Lucy to know t she was just as good as those Dupins! Yet how they looked wn upon her! Madame Dupin had tried to annul her son's rriage. Madame Dupin was rich and yet she let her son live in verty. Madame Dupin could never forgive the existence of roline, Sophie's illegitimate daughter, yet Madame Dupin had opted Hippolyte, Maurice's illegitimate son. And where was difference? Was she, Sophie, any worse than the men? Nobody med men!

Aurore could no longer go on with her story. She felt hers her prince and princess, and her good fairy flooded by mother's outpourings. Without understanding what was said, realized that someone had been unkind to her mother, and t she, Sophie's child, was wholly on Sophie's side.

3

Somewhere in the back of her head Aurore knew that d were only things to pretend with, but she distinguished betw those that seemed real and those that were obviously mere t The seemingly real doll was adopted as a child. If it broke at first fall, or leaked sawdust, or lost an arm, she cast it aside w entire lack of feeling,—cloth and sawdust must be treated such. While it remained intact, she nursed it, fed it, put it to and made her friends treat it with respect. She was all tender for the doll that gave the illusion of reality. But if the creat could not help her create an illusion, if it fooled her after she thought to find it real, she threw it away and in so doing felt was protesting against a lie.

"My faith!" cried Aunt Lucy. "The child is first so soft, a then so hard. When she grows up I hope she will never treat peo the way she treats her dolls."

Sophie had decided to take a long journey to the distant c of Madrid, where Maurice Dupin was fighting for Napole With the four-year-old girl for companion, and with a defi purpose in her heart, she left the humble Paris apartment and forth for Spain. They traveled in a slow carriage along the li of the French army. It was dangerous and difficult, but wild, re less Sophie insisted on joining her soldier husband.

Long days in the jolting carriage. Restless nights in dirty, n hotels. Bad food, hunger, French soldiers all about, weary hor weary Sophie, weary Aurore!

Why did the other lady traveler keep saying, "Sophie, in y

dition you ought never to have made this journey." Why did phie reply, "My husband forbade me to join him and that's y I have to go to him."—"You are a jealous woman."—"Yes, m jealous."—And Sophie's face was distorted by anger and n. What was it to be jealous? wondered Aurore. She would ver be jealous. It must be a terrible feeling, for it made her ther's lovely face look ugly.

At Madrid, Aurore found herself in a magnificent palace. poleon's general, Prince Murat, occupied the first floor. Mau- e Dupin, the general's aide-de-camp, was given the third story his family. Since Murat disapproved of families for his soldiers, had to be reconciled to the presence of Sophie and Aurore. phie had received no education, but she well knew the art of asing men, and set herself to win the approval of General rat. As she was clever with her needle she clothed Aurore in a ie uniform exactly like that of Maurice the soldier. The trousers re amaranthine blue, braided with gold, the coat white and gold, cape white bordered with black fur. A cap, a tiny sabre and d spurs completed the costume. The child was trained to carry self as her father did, throw the cape back over her shoulder, w her sabre, and salute.

o dressed and so trained, Aurore was introduced to General rat, and addressed him as "my Prince." He believed, or pre- ded to believe, that she was a boy, and treated her as one of his cers. Whenever he entertained a caller she was sent for and pre- ted. "Here," he would say to his visitor, "is my new aide-de- mp." Then he would throw back his head and laugh delightedly his guest's surprise.

These military duties, repeated, grew onerous. Aurore was more mfortable, though less important, when she could exchange her avy uniform for the light Spanish dress which her mother had de of black silk, with a fringe to the ankles, and a mantilla. e had watched the peasants dance the bolero, and she soon could itate their steps and dance like a Spaniard.

Day after day Sophie and Maurice went sight-seeing, leavi
Aurore with a Spanish nurse who abandoned the child to her o
devices. For the first time in her life Aurore was alone.

But she was alone in an enchanted palace. It was all her fa
tales come true. The furniture was of gold, the curtains of crim
damask. At the end of the salon was a full-length mirror cal
a psyche. In this mirror appeared the first companion to keep
company, sometimes in the guise of a small boy in uniform, son
times as a little girl in Spanish dress. At the beginning, Aurore
ways knew she saw her own reflection; but as she danced and
other danced with her she forgot the mirror and the fancy, a
her playfellow seemed real. When she acted the soldier in her u
form, he acted with her; when she built an altar and brought
white rabbit and offered it to the gods, he offered his rabbit al
when she danced the bolero he danced too. The illusion captu
her imagination so completely that when she stopped dancing
was surprised that he did not continue. He would not make a g
ture that she had not made. Again and again she would pass fr
pleasure to disappointment in her playfellow.

She found another companion, more fascinating because m
mysterious. It was a voice that spoke on the great balcony outsi
when she called, it answered; when she said, "Come here!" it
manded of her also, "Come here!" But when she went she fou
no one. She felt vaguely that she had another self, another
and that it was hiding behind the wall or up in the air.

Her enchanted palace, her true fairy tales, her ec
her rabbit—the whole experience of solitude was so delight
that there were days when she hated to see her parents returni

One day at Madrid she was not allowed to see her mother.
strange coincidence a baby brother was sent to them that ve
night. The next day she saw Sophie, but, oh! how changed!
stead of the robust, red-cheeked woman, energetic with hou
hold duties, there lay a pale suffering being, too weak to hold
her arms to her own little daughter. At the sight of her mothe

ering Aurore felt her heart contract with tenderness. There a choking in her throat, a rushing in her ears. She burst into sy sobs and tried to fling herself on her mother's breast. "Take away," said Sophie weakly, and Aurore was carried from the m. Four years old, and she had made her first emotional dis-ery! Her happiness depended upon another.

After that she was swayed by Sophie's moods. If Sophie caressed , she was content; if Sophie pushed her away, her heart ached. could not play or be at peace until she was restored to favor. could no longer be happy alone.

4

As soon as Sophie was able to travel, another journey was under-en, this time to the village of Nohant, the home of Maurice's ther, Madame Dupin. After long, proud resistance to the mor-cation caused by Maurice's lowly marriage, the great lady had descended to receive her son's wife. Maurice was all expecta-i. His family was for the first time to be united. For eight years had been trying to reconcile his mother to his love for Sophie, at last he had succeeded. Sophie was frightened and excited. rore did not know what it was all about.

They left Madrid early in July and followed the route of the reating soldiers of Napoleon. During the long journey Aurore too exhausted to be conscious of anything but hunger, thirst, er, and the numbness of fatigue. After six weeks of misery y arrived at Nohant late in August.

The child who was introduced to her grandmother was any-ng but attractive; her sallow face was covered with the effects a skin disease caught from an epidemic among the soldiers. Her thes were travel-stained, her dark hair was gritty with dust, shoes were dirty. Her sense of humiliation completed her in-tile woe. Abashed by her own appearance, the little girl looked at her grandmother and saw a lovely and imposing person, ssed in silk and lace and smelling of roses and violets. She felt

herself kissed and carried to a large room at the right of the
entrance hall. In one end of the room stood a magnificent b
which, like its owner, was covered with silk and lace and smel
delicious. In this room there was no appropriate spot for a
sheveled child. Aurore felt herself gently dropped on the luxuri
bed in the midst of softness and fragrance. Her dirty shoes w
on the dainty coverlet, yet grandmother did not seem to mind

After she was rested, a boy of nine appeared bearing an en
mous bouquet of flowers. "This is Hippolyte," said grandmoth
and bade them kiss one another.

"What a fine boy!" Sophie exclaimed. Then, congratulating
husband upon his splendid son, she added, "He is mine also,
Caroline is yours."

When Aurore was able to explore the garden, Hippolyte insis
on holding her hand, as though he were afraid she would f
Aurore was humiliated that he thought her a weak little girl, a
quickly proved herself as strong as a boy and as able as a boy
compete with her rough playfellow. As soon as Hippolyte dropp
his company manners he became a cruel tease. He hung her d
from the trees head downward, undressed them, buried th
alive and put crosses on their graves. Aurore took their sufferi
seriously and hated their tormentor. But always after a day or t
she forgave him and played with him again.

When the excitement of the homecoming was over, Aur
was more or less disregarded by the family. With passive sat
faction she withdrew into herself and continued the reveries th
were so necessary to her strange being. For hours at a time
sat on her little foot-stool beside her mother, her arms hangi
listlessly, her eyes fixed upon space, never speaking a word or hea
ing what others said. Grandma Dupin was disturbed by the chil
long meditations. "She's dreaming!" Sophie explained. "When
was a little thing she used to tell her dreams out loud, until Au
Lucy teased her. Now she never says a word. But, as her fath
always explains, she doesn't think less for not speaking."

Yes," agreed Madame Dupin, "her father was like that when as a child. He used to fall into reveries and dreamy ecstasies; left him languid. It is not good for children to dream too h."

o counteract Aurore's habit of reverie, a playmate was pro-d; Ursule, the niece of Julie the chambermaid, was brought ve in the house. Sometimes the two little girls played active es, but a great part of the time Aurore persuaded Ursule to uietly beside her and meditate in silence.

5

the beginning of their relationship the two Dupin women brought into outward harmony by their common adoration Maurice. Whatever Maurice said was delightful, whatever he vas wonderful. Each felt that the sun rose and set in him, each hat she loved him best, each wanted him for herself alone.

My son," Madame Dupin was fond of saying, "has been my e life." The statement was no exaggeration. From the mo- of his birth Maurice had been her sole preoccupation, her and her pride. Long ago, when she had discovered his love for ie, she had wept bitter tears and had cried accusingly, "You another woman better than you love me!" It had been hard er to receive the woman who had caused her so much suffer- and Madame Dupin had opened her house to her undesirable hter-in-law for no other reason than that she could no longer to be separated from her son.

phie's attitude toward Maurice was no less jealous and pos- e. It was left to Maurice, gay, charming, debonair, to main- a spirit of friendliness. He pacified Sophie and tried to make other see his wife in the best light.

if the two women did not supply enough adoration, Maurice third adorer in Deschartres, his former tutor and at present ger of the Nohant estate. Deschartres had once been a priest, ow prided himself upon his skill as a doctor. He was always

wanting to prescribe for Aurore. But she was already the spe patient of her mother. Deschartres was secretly opposed to So and all her works. His hold upon his beloved pupil was lesse by the influence of this exacting woman. Jealous, too, of her tensions as a doctor, he set up his skill against hers.

The victim of the conflict was the unfortunate Aurore. She a strong constitution or she could not have survived this comp tive medical tenderness. For every ailment or suspicion of an ment Deschartres gave her a strong emetic. It took several for her to recover from the effects. Sophie had a superstitious b that all children suffered from worms—this was indeed one of medical fads of the day—so Sophie kept on hand a stock of ve fuges of every variety, black, nauseous and evil-smelling. If D chartres gave an emetic, Sophie would insist upon a vermif Then, since both remedies were so sickening that the child c not eat, rhubarb was administered to create an appetite. Aur way of handling the situation was stoic. She learned to conceal aches. Sometimes in the midst of play she would be taken wi violent cramp, but no pain was so hard to endure as the reme so she went on playing, with a control which few grown-ups c emulate.

The more she evaded her doctors and played outdoors, stronger she became. But the baby brother grew weaker da day. He could not throw off the fever he had caught on the j ney from Spain. In spite of the healthful surroundings of No he languished and died.

The death of the baby softened all hearts toward Sophie. body felt like blaming her for the reckless journey to Spain w had doubtless cost the child's life. Maurice, always tender and dulgent of her vagaries, became, if possible, even more devo For some time he denied himself his usual pleasure of long rid his spirited Andalusian horse. One evening, however, he wen the neighboring town of La Châtre to visit some friends, and

me after dark. The horse shied abruptly, Maurice fell and was led.

Aurore was scarcely aware of her father's death. Sophie wore ack clothes and cried constantly, grandmother wore black othes and never smiled; but Aurore could still climb to her other's lap and fall asleep there, so she did not feel that anything terrible had happened. Every morning, as they put on her ack dress and drew on the terrible black stockings, she would , "Is father dead again to-day?" So far, her world remained the ne.

Soon, however, she became vaguely aware that the two women black did not love each other, disliked each other, sometimes en hated each other. And this seemed to have something to do th their love for her.

6

After the months of formal mourning, the household slowly cognized that jealousy and possessiveness were still alive in the o women. They had been torn like vines fallen to the ground. ow they had begun to cling again and to compete again. They d found a slip of a girl to twine their affections about. Each felt at she loved Aurore best, each wanted her, but this time the ject of their common affection was swayed by no divided alty. Aurore displayed for her mother a passionate partiality. phie was victor over Madame Dupin, or so it seemed.

Madame Dupin bided her time and invited Sophie to prolong visit. Sophie consented, for she was uncertain about her future, d felt helpless without Maurice.

Aurore was deeply moved by her mother's sorrow. As she tched Sophie suffer she loved her more and more, until her little ng was completely subjugated. But while Aurore was wholly cupied with her mother, Madame Dupin centred her attention her grandchild, until she came to regard Aurore as her right- possession. She even confused her with Maurice. Indeed the

child was a replica of Maurice; her voice, her features, her ges tures, her tastes and temperament, everything in the little girl re minded Madame Dupin of the little boy she had lost. In callin out to Aurore she would unconsciously say, "Maurice, com here." In answering a question she would say, "No, my son,"— "Yes, my son." Devoting herself to Aurore, she re-lived her ow young motherhood, and in so doing renewed her youth. Auror precocious, understood all that her grandmother told her an taught her. She could remember and sing any music she had onc heard, and showed great aptitude in learning to play the piano Madame Dupin expected to make of Aurore the musician Mauric might have been—this girl-child could not go away to war. Th old lady's happiness was bound up in the child; it was easy for he to convince herself that Aurore would be ruined if left to Sophie capricious care.

A silent warfare began between the two women. They had natural antipathy for each other. Madame Dupin was, in appear ance and in temperament, the typical blond Saxon, grave an dignified, with the manner and reserve of a great lady. Sophie ha the appearance and the nature of a Spaniard; she was jealous, pa sionate and weak, liable to anger and capable of great generosity Madame Dupin could not understand strong passion and violen impulses. When Sophie burst into one of her rages, her mother in-law would look on curiously, asking herself, "Why did he fa in love with her?" Sophie, equally amazed at Madame Dupin calm and self-control, would exclaim contemptuously, "That ol countess! What did he find in her to love?"

Madame Dupin was a lady of the old school. To her, leisure w a part of elegance; she spent the morning in bed. She had he personal maid, and she was physically helpless. The hands whic she never used were gradually becoming paralyzed.

Sophie arose at dawn and was never idle for a moment. Some where in Sophie there was a little volcano, liable to eruption at an time, but suppressed by her innumerable activities. She made th

hes and the hats for the entire household. She tuned the clavi-
rd and mended the ivory keys. She embroidered tapestry and
ioned with her own hands everything that anyone could need
lesire. Her energy was terrifying but constructive. She scorned
omplishments, considering them the amusements of the idle
. Everything that Sophie made or did was useful.

Madame Dupin despised usefulness; she was accomplished. She
ved the piano and sang. A charming hostess, she often enter-
ed the country aristocracy. Sophie, seeing the high-born ladies
e and go, spoke of them with scorn as "those old countesses."
dame Dupin read and studied and talked philosophy, while
hie laundered, ironed, mended and embroidered. Watching
se activities with curiosity and amazement, Madame Dupin
etimes called Sophie a "good fairy," but at other times, seeing
rages, she called her a "madwoman."

n truth Sophie did behave at times like a crazy person, but in
er moods she was an adorable mother. She would scold and
nk Aurore, then, realizing the wrong she had done, would
st into tears, draw the child to her breast, and overwhelm her
h caresses. Aurore did not question her mother's justice. She
so happy to be restored to favor that she went so far as to ask
giveness for the blows she had received.

Aurore was tender where her mother was passionate, controlled
ere her mother was violent, forgiving and incapable of rancor
ere her mother was bitter, critical, full of resentment and
red. Madame Dupin decided that Aurore was a Dupin and a
e, and that she, the last of the Saxes, should be charged with the
d's education. She saw that Aurore's life with her mother was
emotional orgy which devastated the child's nervous system.
she failed to realize Aurore's need of demonstrative affection.
at if her mother did slap her and scold her for almost nothing!
e impulse gave way to another. Aurore waited loyally and lov-
ly until the scolding was over, and then two soft warm arms
uld be held out to her. She would climb into her mother's lap

and be rocked. At such moments she was satisfied and happy. Aurore's mind, love meant mother, and slaps as much as kis came to be identified with love.

7

During the three years that Sophie spent at Nohant, Mada Dupin gently insisted from time to time that she must be allow to adopt Aurore. But poor distracted Sophie could not be p suaded to surrender her child.

When Aurore was seven years old, Sophie was still undecid Madame Dupin felt it necessary to bring matters to a head. S announced her definite purpose. If she were allowed to take cha of her granddaughter's education she would make Aurore h heiress. The two women argued and re-argued this important p ject, while the child listened.

Alone with her mother, Aurore covered Sophie with caress and begged her not to give her to her grandmother "for mone Money became associated in her mind with separation from t being she loved best. She began to hate riches and to feel a stro prejudice against the rich. By fears and apprehensions her chil ish affection was intensified. She developed a morbid sensibili unusual in one of her age.

Though Sophie professed that she wished to do what was b for Aurore, she had also to think of herself. She did not li Nohant, she did not belong to the Dupin family, no one at Noha admired her really, and she did not feel at ease there. She wou rather have two rooms and a little stove of her own than to live state, waited on by servants. She longed for her friends, her sis Lucy, and the others of her group. She hated the country. Pa was never too noisy and hot, never too rainy and cold, for Sop Dupin. The noise of the Paris streets was her idea of music, t boulevard her heaven. But how could she support Maurice's ch and her other daughter, Caroline?

In this crisis Madame Dupin offered Sophie a pension, limit

a single condition. Sophie must sign an agreement giving dame Dupin complete charge of Aurore's education, and Au- e must be left at Nohant. There was nothing drastic about this. hie could visit Nohant, and Aurore would be taken to Paris at quent intervals; it was merely a matter of the child's education. Money and rank gave the older woman the advantage in the ument. Sophie signed the agreement, and told herself that she s being sacrificed for the future of her child.

But she was very glad to go back to Paris.

8

After Sophie's departure Aurore moved restlessly about the ise. Vaguely, unreasonably, she was seeking her mother. She nt into Sophie's bedroom, where the maids were stripping the l, putting everything to rights, closing the shutters. At sight the altered room Aurore was frightened. She went into the den, but fear followed her and took possession of her heart. hat was she afraid of? Not of her kind grandmother, not of the asant life of Nohant. No; it was fear of loneliness, fear of life hout love.

Madame Dupin lived in her great bedroom on the ground floor; was afraid of a draft or of the sunlight, and could not bear ner extreme of heat or cold. In the morning when she kept rore with her, the room, which had always seemed so beautiful, ame a prison. When grandmother said, "Amuse yourself etly," Aurore felt as though she were a butterfly shut up in a nt box, against which she was beating her frail wings. In the ernoon Madame Dupin walked around the garden once or ce, and taught Aurore to walk beside her correctly, holding self straight and trying to be graceful. During these walks rore was trained to pick up the handkerchief or the snuff-box ich the old lady continually dropped.

nstead of enjoying the daily tête-à-tête with her grandmother, rore was unresponsive. Whenever Madame Dupin kissed her

formally she wept silently, because she was reminded of the pa sionate caresses of her mother. She hardly behaved like a child a more. She acted old and cold and sick.

As soon as Madame Dupin took charge of her education, Auro was not allowed to address the servants with familiarity; she mu not say "thee" and "thou" to anyone; she was instructed to wri to her mother as "you." She was told to address her grandmoth in the third person: "Will grandmother permit me to go outdoo and play?" She was taught to wear gloves, sit straight, curts to callers, play quietly, speak softly. She was not scolded, but s heard constantly: "My child, you are sitting like a hunchback —"My child, you walk like a peasant."—"My child, you have lo your gloves again."—"My child, you are too big to behave lil that."

After she had endured this régime for a few days she becam subject to convulsive shiverings which even Deschartres could n diagnose. No, she was never scolded, but the sweet severity of h grandmother frightened her more than all Sophie's punishment She wanted her mother, she wanted mother love, the love that h made her alternately a tyrant and a slave.

Madame Dupin, equally lonely, equally longing for love, wou shut herself into her bedroom and weep in secret, saying to he self, "The ungrateful, obstinate child!"

9

It was Madame Dupin's custom to visit Paris every winter. S made the journey in an enormous blue family coach. This berli as it was called, was a veritable house on wheels. Inside it w lined with deep pockets containing everything that could po sibly be needed by a person of refinement. Travel in the berl was limited to the daytime. They stopped at hotels over night, a reached Paris on the fourth day. They made from fifty to sixt miles a day. The old lady was always exhausted by so much spee

Madame Dupin maintained a charming apartment on r

Mathurins. It had been furnished in the days of Louis XVI, l everything remained as it had been before the revolution. To rore, who had never lived in a beautiful apartment, it seemed urious. There were carpets everywhere, and a fire in every m. Especially she admired her grandmother's room of blue nask.

Sophie was invited to dine at rue des Mathurins, and took the ld for a walk every day. Aurore was delighted with everything y saw together on these walks. The toy booths, the bird sellers, flower stands, the trained dogs dancing on the boulevard, excited her enthusiasm; and Sophie, herself a child, shared ry thrill.

Aurore was also allowed to visit her mother and see her half- er, but, to Aurore's surprise, Caroline was forbidden to enter Dupin home. Caroline's existence was an affront to the Dupin de. Madame Dupin had some justification for her pride of fam- for her connections on the left were distinguished. She was ated by blood to the Emperor of Germany, and was also, by od, first cousin of the former Dauphine of France. Since the uphine was the mother of Louis XVI, of Louis XVIII, and of Duke who was to become Charles X, Madame Dupin was the ural aunt, so to speak, of three kings of France.

This was not explained to the children. All that Aurore knew s that her grandmother hated Caroline. One day Caroline called l was denied admittance. There were whisperings behind the or and a stifled sob. Aurore threw herself on the floor, crying, want to go back to my mother! I don't want to stay here!" ey put her to bed, but all night in her sleep she cried out for mother and her sister.

Madame Dupin's injustice to Caroline made Aurore more rcely loyal. She loved her mother's poor apartment. The bar- ness of Sophie's sleeping alcove suited her better than Madame pin's blue damask. She found pleasure in the smell of the soup t was always on the open fire in the sitting-room. The hard

bread and the cheap red wine tasted better than the dainties o Madame Dupin's table. The free and easy life of Sophie's neigh bors, the absence of servants, the ease with which the soup w taken from the fire and poured into earthenware plates, all the advantages of her mother's home seemed to her fascinating.

At rue des Mathurins Aurore was taught to respect the manne and opinions of aristocrats. The next day Sophie would teach h to despise them. Aurore found herself studying the men an women of her grandmother's circle. Already her strong predile tions asserted themselves. She liked whatever was simple an natural and felt an instinctive shrinking from affectation an pretentiousness.

In the midst of the comings and goings of "those old countesse and their friends, a silent, melancholy little girl observed ever thing. Unconsciously she was collecting impressions which we one day to be used. She perceived that the guests of her gran mother's salon seemed to lack strength to push forward an arm chair or put a bit of fuel on the fire. They did not seem able open or shut a door. Servants took the place of arms, hands an legs.

Aurore felt that she would rather be a dishwasher than an o marquise like those she saw every day in this atmosphere of mu and snuff. She admired her mother's friends because they wait on themselves and worked for a living. Between the aristocra and the workers she chose the workers. And the choice was ma for life.

10

When Aurore was nine years old, Madame Dupin announc that the yearly visits to Paris would be discontinued and that f the present she would spend her winters at Nohant. Sophie, wh had just completed her summer visit at Nohant, told her chi that she did not know whether she would return. These two stat ments coming together were overwhelming.

hen Sophie brought out her traveling bags and began to fill , Aurore watched in despair. As she saw the ribbons and laces into boxes and the dear familiar dresses folded and laid in , the child was gripped by fear. She began to beg speech-, as a dog might, to be taken along. She threw herself at her ner's feet, leaped into her arms and rolled on the ground with iculate cries.

sturbed by her daughter's grief and terror, Sophie took the in her lap and tried to use reason.

f I take you with me," she explained, "your grandmother d reduce my income to fifteen hundred francs."

ifteen hundred francs!" exclaimed Aurore. "But that's a lot noney, that's enough for the three of us!"

No, no," Sophie argued, "we would be so poor that you could endure it."

We would be poor, but we would be together, so we would be y! We could live in a garret and eat beans."

But in time you would reproach me for depriving you of your eau and your wealth."

Never, never! I don't want her château and her money. Let give them to Hippolyte, or to Ursule, or to her maid Julie. nt to be poor with you."

But if you do not have a fortune you cannot make a grand riage."

would rather die than make a grand marriage," replied the -year-old child. "I would rather work for my living."

Yes," agreed Sophie, "you would not be happy married to a quis or a count. They would never forgive you for being my ghter and for having a grandfather who sold birds. Very well, , I will go back into the millinery business. I will save a little ey and I can borrow more. You can learn to trim hats much e easily than you learn that silly Latin and Greek. Caroline help us, we shall economize, and in a few years I shall manage ave a dot for your marriage with a workingman. Now that's

settled and you must keep our secret. When all is ready I
come and get you. Your grandmother will take away my pensi
but I will snap my fingers in her face. We shall settle down in
little shop, and when she passes by in her fine carriage she will
in letters as long as your arm a sign that reads:

THE WIDOW DUPIN, MILLINER

Sophie was to leave at dawn, but at nine in the evening Aur
was ordered to go to bed and stay there until after her moth
departure.

Obediently she went to her room, but only to write a farew
letter to her mother. She added a postscript: "Put your ans
behind the portrait of old Dupin. I will find it to-morrow af
you have gone."

There was a crayon sketch of grandfather Dupin near the d
of her mother's room. She hid the letter behind the portrait, a
to let her mother know it was there, pinned to Sophie's night-
a penciled note which read: "Wiggle the portrait." Then to l
again, but far too excited to sleep.

At dawn she heard them carry down the bags. Disobey
orders, she ran in bare feet after her mother, crying wildly, "T
me with you! Take me with you!"

Rose came and held her while Sophie rushed downstairs. At
last sound of the carriage wheels, the child gave way to cries
despair; she felt herself forsaken by the being she had believed
as she believed in God. She ran to her mother's room, threw her
upon the bed and kissed the pillows. One small consolation
mained—the answer to her letter. As soon as she was alone
went to the portrait, her heart quick with hope. She felt agai
the wall. She turned the picture around.

Nothing was there.

The beating of her heart grew slower, it seemed almost to ce
She began to suffer from a grief that was worse than separati
She said to herself, "My mother does not love me as I love he

rom this day on there were very few letters from Sophie. ore would write three times before she received an answer. in all Sophie's letters there was never a reference to their et. Sophie had forgotten her promise about the shop.

Your mother," said grandma Dupin, "loves her children as a loves its young; once out of the nest they are forgotten."

II

ne, two, three years were passed at Nohant. Nothing more said about the yearly visit to Paris. Hippolyte was away in ning for his regiment. Ursule had been taken back into her family. As grandmother grew older and more helpless, ore was left to the care of the maids, Rose and Julie. No one ected her consuming loneliness. She fell back upon herself, found a deep reservoir to draw upon. That limitless resource her own capacity to create dreams. This capacity never failed It was not capricious like her mother, it was always there.

rom the time of the story told between four chairs, Aurore never ceased to live in a world of fantasy. She had, indeed, r finished or discontinued the endless story she was com- ng. In her walks, in her silences, in bed before going to sleep again upon awakening, she carried in her brain a romance in making, and added a chapter or two whenever she was alone. ong the people in her limited environment no one suggested ry or idealism, but her temperament demanded both.

ne night as she lay awake longing for an object of worship, ce appeared before her mental vision and a name came to her d. The name was Corambé, the face was godlike, and the god ed to her, telling a marvelous tale. The communion was so ect that Aurore was not sure whether she was telling the story orambé or whether he was telling it to her. It unfolded before transformed her playfellows, took possession of her play and hed it with magic. Corambé, as a figure in a dream, changed own character and appearance. He had the attributes of

ancient kings and pagan gods, together with the virtues of t Christian religion. On days when Aurore was heartsick f mother-love, Corambé answered her need and became a godd a glorified Sophie, with the tenderness of a mother.

In the thick woods she found a circular spot, surrounded shrubs and carpeted by moss. It looked like a chapel. Here s decided to build an altar to Corambé. She searched the woods f colored stones and flowers, and on the banks of the river Inc found delicate shells. After a month of collecting and buildi and weaving, she succeeded in achieving a thing of beauty. T loveliness of it went to her head like wine.

It now seemed appropriate to offer some kind of sacrifice, b Corambé would not allow her to kill even the smallest insect in honor; he was a god of liberation. If, therefore, Aurore could fi a butterfly caught in Hippolyte's net, or a bird that had falle or an animal that had strayed, she would carry the little livi thing in a box, place the box on her altar, lift the lid and set t creature free. Sometimes a liberated bird rested for a moment the branches of the maple and sang his gratitude. Then the he of Aurore filled to bursting, life was beautiful, the god was w pleased. But it was difficult to find a lost or strayed animal to f every day. Sometimes she picked up a frog or a lizard who mig not really have strayed, but whom she hoped had strayed, th she might feel the joy of giving life and liberty. After a tim lizards, frogs, beetles and butterflies did not seem important offe ings; birds were the loveliest things to free, because they were grateful.

In her passion to free them, she was obliged to set traps to cat them. Each morning she examined her traps, tenderly handled t little victim, placed him on the altar and felt her heart expa as she cut the thongs.

For a month this delicious experience continued. Then one the peasant children interrupted her at her devotions. She pull down her altar, feeling that it had been desecrated. Part of C

bé's charm had been that he belonged to her alone. An illusion
ıot be shared by those who do not understand.

12

Iadame Dupin, beautiful in brown silk and white lace, sat in
high-backed chair reading her favorite author, Voltaire. As
read she paused from time to time and jotted down her
ctions in a notebook. Often the crippled hands fumbled help-
y and the gold pencil fell to the floor. Aurore, who was sitting
low chair, would jump to pick up the pencil.

Are you writing a book, grandmother dear?" asked Aurore,
ıe watched the keen old lady record her impressions.

A book! No, indeed. I would not be so conceited. But all
e notebooks on the library shelf are filled with my writings.
ıve always analyzed and classified my thoughts. That is a
tal habit I inherit from my father."

Iadame Dupin lifted her eyes to the proud compelling gaze of
ırice de Saxe, whose portrait faced his daughter and his great-
ıddaughter.

But my history says," interrupted Aurore, "that Maurice de
was a military hero, and that means a fighter."

He was also a thinker and a writer," said Madame Dupin. "His
ıcities were tremendous. When he was in action he lived in a
r of fighting and dissipation. When he was resting in his tent
houghts and dreams were exalted. He composed those *Rev-*
which you will read some day, my child. They are the ex-
sion of a remarkable mind. It was he who first conceived the
of compulsory military training. It was he who suggested
marriage. According to his idea, marriage should last five
s. The man and woman who had lived together for five years
ıout children should then be forbidden by law to re-marry.
other couples should choose whether to separate or to marry
ı at the end of the five-year period. He loved to plan utopias

for the welfare of mankind. He also wrote many valuable treat
on war.

"My father," Madame Dupin continued, "was a mysteri
magnificent figure. I will tell you his history. You are old enou
now to understand."

Aurore listened. She did not notice the words, and afterwa
she could not remember them. But as Madame Dupin talk
Aurore's imagination caught a series of pictures that revealed
life story of her illustrious ancestor.

The first picture was that of a boy so strikingly handsome th
he was noticed and admired by everyone. His name was Maur
de Saxe. His father was the King of Poland: his mother was th
great lady, Aurore Koenigsmark. Maurice was educated with
half-brother, the young prince of Poland. This brother was soo
day to be seated on a throne, while Maurice would remain a nam
less nobody. The boy revolted against his position of semi-royall
The bitterness of a bastard entered his heart.

As Madame Dupin continued, Aurore seemed to see the b
Maurice and his mother, Aurore Koenigsmark. She was dressedl
nun's uniform; her hair cut, her head covered, her glorious beau
hidden from the world. Maurice well knew why the Count
Aurore had become an abbess; she was expiating the sin of bei
his mother.

From this mother and this father the boy of twelve ran aw
to war. There was a sort of fever in him which nothing b
fighting could assuage. Sustained by an ambition to make a na
for himself, he crossed Germany on foot and enlisted in the all
army that was fighting against France. At the age of twelve t
plucky youngster took part in active battle. He fought with
much daring that he was reprimanded for recklessness. Wh
wonder that he risked his life!—he was known as the bastard
Saxe.

As Madame Dupin went on with her story, scene after sce
from the life of Maurice de Saxe passed before Aurore's eyes.

e saw him at sixteen, in command of his own regiment of lry. His horse was killed under him. His cap was shot with ts. He exposed himself to danger as though he longed for n. At seventeen he married, ran through his wife's fortune and divorced her. Thenceforth the battlefield was the only home new.

ll a young man, Maurice, soldier of fortune, hired himself rance as field-marshal. For many years he was flattered, ed, feared and envied as the chief military genius of France. ppearance he was godlike; half the women of France were o be in love with him. He was called the Homeric Ajax of ge. But all this did not satisfy his ambition. He felt that fate him the royalty he deserved, nothing less than a throne d satisfy his sense of his own destiny.

w, as Aurore listened, a new picture grew before her eyes. scene was a certain duchy called Courland, bordering on a. The people were about to choose a duke. Maurice de Saxe into Courland on a magnificent charger and showed himself e people. His power, his beauty, and his arrogance made their l, not only to the people but also to the Duchess of Cour- the Russian Anna Iwanowna. Anna straightway fell in love him and encouraged him to aspire to her hand. He was d Duke of Courland. A throne seemed within his reach. But ng that the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia was also in vith him, he began an intrigue with her. At the same time rried on love affairs with various ladies-in-waiting, until the ated Anna discovered his infidelities and refused to marry Four years later she became Czarina of Russia. But for his stancy Maurice de Saxe might have been Emperor of Russia. e great warrior, the unfaithful lover, had fallen. Without or soldiers he could not defend his principality. Two ns after his election the new Duke was banished and left the ry with a price on his head.

it was not in his nature to feel humility or remorse.

Instead of hiding from sight he went back to Paris carrying hi self like a king. His picturesque adventures had made him c spicuous. Wherever he went he was pointed out and admired, his prestige was greater than ever. His callous indifference to women who loved him increased his fascination. He was faithl remorseless, and adored.

The next picture was the battle of Fontenoy. By this time M rice de Saxe was commander-in-chief of France's army. The g man lay ill, unable to move, but he had himself carried to the b tlefield on a litter. From this rough bed he led the fighting, wrested from the English a hard-fought victory for France was thus he succeeded in his ambition to make his own fame in unjust world. Not as Count de Saxe nor as bastard of Saxe his name gone down in history; it is as the hero of Fontenoy every school-child in France knows him to-day.

Aurore, brought back from the battlefield, heard her gra mother say: "If he had been born after the monarchy and a the Revolution his personal ambition might have found mean fulfillment. Maurice de Saxe was the precursor of Napoleo man of destiny, born out of his time."

As though she could not leave this fascinating subject, Mad Dupin added, "After all, how did he differ from Napoleon, cept in being born fifty years too soon!" Then she concluded, father carried with him to the grave all that France possesse the science of war. In dying he said: 'Life is a dream. Mine been short but it has been good.' "

And now Madame Dupin passed from her father's histor her own.

"It was late in life," she continued, "that Maurice de Saxe in love with my mother, an actress of the royal theatre, Mari Verrières. Of this union I was born. I was known as Marie-Au de Saxe. It has often been said of me that I inherited the virtu both my parents, without their faults. Like you, I was not bro up by my own mother. I was separated from her completely

not allowed to see her. It was my cousin by blood, the Dau-
e of France, who took charge of my education and my mar-
e. She was Princess of Poland and niece of Maurice de Saxe.
was said to have arranged her marriage with the son of Louis
"

adame Dupin next spoke of Madame de Maintenon's fash-
ble school, Saint-Cyr, where she had been educated. She told
er marriage at fifteen to the Count de Horn, the illegitimate
of Louis XV. The little Countess, so appropriately married,
introduced at court and enjoyed a taste of the gay life sur-
ding royalty. Her future as a member of the nobility was
ising, but three weeks after her marriage the Count de Horn
killed in a duel, and the Dauphine placed her young charge in
nvent.

the course of time the Dauphine died, and her protégée,
otten and ignored by the royal family, was obliged to return
er mother. For several years mother and daughter devoted
time to what was then called the cultivation of the Muses.
studied music, attended the theatre, read poetry and phi-
hy, discussed Voltaire and Rousseau. At the age of thirty
e-Aurore of Saxe, Countess of Horn, married a man thirty-
years her senior, and became plain Marie Dupin. The sixty-
year-old husband gave his bride a palatial château and a
of servants, and for ten years she lived in the greatest luxury.
he death of her too generous husband, part of his fortune
to pay his debts. The remainder disappeared in the Revolu-
All that was left of Monsieur Dupin's wealth was a mod-
income and a sum sufficient to buy the domain at Nohant.
o now you understand," Madame Dupin concluded, "why I
was once a Countess, received at court, am now compara-
poor and obscure. Nevertheless I am an aristocrat by birth,
you also, if you remain under my protection, may marry an
crat."

rore was silent. She stared hard at the portraits that lined the

walls of the salon. Then suddenly, noticing that her grandmoth was waiting, she made an effort to speak politely.

"Thank you, grandmother," she began. "What you have t me is very, very interesting. But I've been wondering—where the portraits of my mother's ancestors?"

Madame Dupin regarded her grandchild in shocked amazeme

"Your mother had no ancestors," she answered coldly.

"Oh, yes, she had," Aurore said eagerly. "She has often told about her father. He taught my mother how to talk to the bir and my mother taught me. That's why the birds are such frie of mine. That's why they come at my call and hop into my b room. I love my grandfather Delaborde. Where is his portrait?

"Bird-peddlers do not have their portraits painted." Mada Dupin, trembling with anger, rose to her feet and asked fierce "And who was his father and his father and his father? Can y tell me that?"

"No, grandmother. I've never heard about them. But we co have a picture made of grandfather Delaborde with his bi around him—you know, like Saint Francis—and we could ha it alongside of grandfather Dupin."

"Either you are stupid or you are wilfully obstinate!" Th was a long pause, in which Madame Dupin struggled for s control. Then, taking her cane in her wavering hands, she refu Aurore's assistance and moved in stately fashion from the roo

Aurore gazed after her sadly. As the door closed she spoke m boldly than she dared speak in the great lady's presence.

"I shall never be an aristocrat!" she cried defiantly to the em room. "I shall never marry an aristocrat! I'd rather be a milli like my mother! I'd rather sell birds!"

13

Ever since Sophie had explained that education belonged to a tocrats, Aurore had disdained education. Now that Mada Dupin had declared her own plan for her grandchild's futu

ore's aversion for books was more pronounced. She neglected lessons and Deschartres scolded in vain.

seemed strange to Aurore that no one understood her point iew. Couldn't they see that she had chosen to live with her her and earn her own living? She was thirteen years old now. intended to run away to Paris very soon.

ne morning when she was feeling audacious she threw her ks on the floor, exclaiming, "I will not study. I have my own ons—you will know why some day."

ilie, passing through the room, heard this explosion and re- ked tactlessly, "You deserve to be sent back to your mother." Back to my mother! But that is what I want most—to go to to live with her, and to obey no one else!"

ilie carried these words of ingratitude to Madame Dupin, and e back with the message that Aurore was to keep to her room to eat her meals alone.

ne whole household withdrew from her as though she were a inal. She had no one to talk to but Corambé. She told him er troubles and he upheld her and consoled her. She was do- exactly right, he said, in refusing the education that would rate her from her mother. But in spite of Corambé's sym- y, she grew tired of ostracism and decided to talk frankly her grandmother. She rehearsed her speech: "I love you, dear dmother, but I love mother best. I am grateful to you for ing to make me rich, but I prefer poverty with my mother. truth is, I cannot get along without my mother." Surely such an explanation grandmother would let her go back to and mother and Caroline.

e gained admission to the formidable room where Madame n, bolstered by pillows, reclined on her luxurious bed. There the usual silk, lace and perfume. The atmosphere was op- ive. Madame was dressed, as always, with utmost care, as gh she had made ready for a reception.

rore, standing awkwardly in the doorway, forgot her speech.

She fell on her knees beside the bed, touched the bejeweled ham and was about to kiss them, when a voice hardly to be recogniz as her grandmother's interrupted.

"Stay where you are, on your knees, and give me your atte tion. I have things to say that you have never heard, and that y never again will hear from my lips. I wish you to know the h tory of your father and your mother." Her voice vibrated w the strain she was feeling.

"My Maurice was twenty when he entered the army. He foug against the Germans, was wounded, was taken prisoner by t Austrians, held in captivity for several months, and then e changed. At the age of twenty-two he followed the fortunes Napoleon in Italy; he was known everywhere as the grandson Maurice de Saxe; great things were expected of him. He w hardening under the soldier's life and was hoping for promoti But he was ill from his wound, heart-hungry and homesick i strange land. Poor boy, he needed his mother! It was inevita that he should fall in love with the first attractive woman w could speak his language. This woman happened to be Sophie V toire Delaborde. She had been a milliner. You admire her for th Very well. But she did not long remain a workingwoman." Aur tried to interrupt but she could not produce a sound, and the t rible voice went on.

"At the time I speak of she had already had a child, Caroli by an unknown lover, and when my son met her she was the m tress of one of Napoleon's generals."

These bare statements, given without extenuating circu stances, without sympathy, without any consideration for sensitive nature of the listener, affected Aurore as though were in a nightmare. Her throat closed, her frozen hands pus away her grandmother's warm fingers. The voice swept on a wind in a storm.

"The general was old. He doted on his mistress, surrounded with luxury, even let her pass as his wife. But Sophie was in

nt to everything but her new lover. The two young people e not content with furtive interviews. They eloped from the ral, and when Maurice returned to France, Sophie followed

My son Maurice was a romantic dreamer. In allowing his life e ruined by a woman, he precipitated an army scandal. The general was loud in his complaints. He even sent word to me my son's conduct was lacking in delicacy. I summoned the of my half-brother, Abbé Beaumont. The reverend abbé used he persuasions of religion to save the name of the family. But ie, ignorant of social ethics and army etiquette, refused to go to the general; she preferred poverty with her lover.

The liaison was regarded as open disrespect to a superior of-. Maurice saw his cousins and his friends receiving rank and or while he remained lieutenant in a country garrison.

did not imagine, no one imagined for a moment, that he ld marry such a woman. Sophie had already given birth to a l by Maurice, a son who died. She was expecting another baby. About a month before the baby was born, Maurice Dupin ied Sophie Victoire Delaborde. To his certain knowledge, she already had two lovers. The wedding was secret. He did not to confess to his mother that he had committed social suicide. The child, their second child, was named Aurore."

s her own name fell upon Aurore's ears, she felt the sweat er on her forehead. She wanted to get up and go away. She l not rise. Her knees seemed nailed to the floor.

tried to annul the marriage, but I could not free him from voman who caused his misfortunes. Then I tried to free you. I have waited for you to be old enough to understand.

have saved you, but you are ungrateful. You want to go to You want her to ruin you as she ruined my son.

Your mother does not love you as you fondly believe. Now you are almost a young lady you have outgrown her. Her

hatred for me has turned her against you. She resents your superi
education, your manners, your tastes.

"If you lived with her you would be unhappy. Her comm
friends, her cheap pleasures, her whole way of life would ma
you miserable. Besides, there is another influence in her life
which you would be sacrificed. I am not speaking of Caroline, b
of a more dominating influence, one which would cause you
feel shame."

"Shame!" The word was like a sentence of death. Aurore pull
herself to her feet. Without a word or a caress, without any i
terest in being forgiven, she ran to hide herself in her room, wh
she rolled on the floor, given over to convulsions of grief.

For some time past she had been hiding her illusions about h
mother, hugging them to herself for fear that someone would d
stroy them. Now they were dead.

She told herself that if her mother were despicable and hatefi
she, Aurore, was equally to be hated and despised. But that did n
remain in her thoughts as the thing of supreme importance. Wh
stayed with her was the belief that her mother had ceased to lo
her. If that were true she no longer cared about herself.

As time went on she fell into a state of benumbed indifferen
incapable of enthusiasm or resentment. It seemed as though s
had ceased to think or to live. She told herself over and over th
she loved her mother more than ever. But she had lost all capaci
for day dreams; there were no more reveries, there was no mo
romance in her life. She turned to Corambé for comfort. Coram
was dumb.

14

The effect of shock upon Aurore's nervous organization r
sulted in conduct which her grandmother could not understan
Day after day Madame Dupin, watching from her window, sa
the elusive form of her grandchild escape from the house, cha
through the garden, and disappear among the trees.

The heiress of Nohant was running wild in the woods and fields. was playing rough games with peasant gamins, wearing sabots, ing her clothes, cooking her food over bonfires. Had she re- ed to barbarism? Madame Dupin asked in dismay—My son urice was never like this, and certainly I was never like this. ere did she get this recklessness, this boisterous mirth, this azy to live outdoors? Is it possible for characteristics to skip generations and crop out again? For this child is as like Mau- de Saxe as a carefully brought up little girl can be. She needs reat of punishment.

After a fortnight of patient waiting, Madame Dupin pro- nced her threat.

My child, if you can't stop being such a tomboy, I shall take to Paris and put you in a convent. You will be allowed to see r mother, then you will be shut away from her, and from me, il your education has been accomplished."

I don't mind being shut away," was the unexpected reply. l all the while Aurore was thinking, "Anything to forget, any- g to escape, anything to run away from myself! I shall be some day. I shall choose my own life; not as grandmother it all mapped out for me; not marriage; I shall never get mar- . I shall travel around the world, and see Mount Etna and a. I shall go to America. They say it is far away and difficult each. So much the better. They say one might die there. No ter, I am dying here."

t the English convent in Paris, among the eighty scholars there no one who was not longing to go home; no one, that is, pt the new pupil, Aurore Dupin. She never complained of risonment as did the other girls. The convent was cold and my; the windows were barred; she was not to put her head ide of the door for a year. But she was at rest, in retreat, st in hiding. The convent protected her from the torment elonging to two jealous mothers.

he Convent of St. Augustine was, in 1817, the fashionable

Paris boarding-school for young French aristocrats. The curric
lum included all the feminine accomplishments. Aurore acquir
a smattering of Italian, music and drawing, but the study th
awakened her keenest interest was English. She wanted to talk
the nuns in their own language; it was painful to hear them spe
French. Then, too, if one could speak English one was invited
share their queer custom of afternoon tea. Aurore applied he
self so well to the study of English that she learned to speak
fluently and read it easily; and before she left the convent s
had formed the foreign-tea-drinking habit for life.

She saw very little of her mother. Sophie called sometimes, b
mother and daughter found they had little to talk about.
seemed to Aurore that her mother had changed completely. Ignc
ing the fact that she had taught Aurore to despise riches and ed
cation, Sophie now stressed these advantages. After a bit
motherly advice, her conversation would lapse into reproach
The unhappy woman knew that she was better fitted to be
child's nurse than a young lady's companion. It was this sec
self-knowledge that had turned her against Madame Dup
against Aurore, and against herself. Listening to Sophie's recri
inations, Aurore began to fear the hatred that blazed in the fie
black eyes.

15

The love of her childhood being lost, Aurore's heart was ac
ing with loneliness. She needed an object of worship that wou
call upon all her powers of loving. She withdrew into herself
though to find some deeper source of happiness. She shrank fr
gayety and play and human friendship. Her hours of recreati
were spent in the empty chapel, where the altar, the stained gl
and the painting of Christ crucified inspired the ardor of dev
tion. One day, long after the others had left the chapel, she
mained on her knees until, in exhaustion, she sank on the ha

d floor, where she moaned and wept in an agony of rapture. had found a new love. She had found God.

Once converted, the intensity and idealism of her nature sought sfying expression in religion. She was more religious than the ices, the nuns or the mother superior. She watched the nuns ding their slow way along the corridors. How could they be eavy-footed, those nuns who walked with God! Aurore also ked with God. She did not seem to touch her feet to the floor. had wings, she soared, she was no longer a body. She was not re whether she ate or slept or breathed.

At chapel services the nuns recited paternosters. They said ds, the same words over and over. Aurore made her own yers, without words, without thoughts. The prayer of her soul a dreaminess, a feeling, a yielding of will that became exalta-, a merging of self with the infinite soul. Her life with God a torturing ecstasy. She spent all her energy in capturing and ding the mystic communion, which satisfied her need to give receive love.

he would become a nun. She would sign away her life with a ed promise to love no one but God. She would take a religious ne, perhaps that of Marie-Augustine, and shut herself away he cold damp convent with the stolid British sisters who drank

he went to her favorite nun and declared her intention. But er Alicia discouraged her. "How can you know that you have true vocation? You must be tested. So much intensity ex-sts itself. Permanent religious experience is more tranquil."

Tranquil! How is it possible to be tranquil when one has found d?

he was willing to be tested. For several months the trance-like tence continued, and Aurore felt a triumphant conviction t she was proving a true vocation.

Then, alas, the fifteen-year-old nervous system could no longer

sustain the unnatural strain. Instead of ecstasy in her soul she ha cramps in her stomach. Her throat closed when she tried to ea Her feet dragged when she tried to soar.

She stayed on her knees for hours, but no prayers came. Ha God ceased to love her? What fault had she committed?

She took her tragedy to her father confessor. Abbé Prémon was a Jesuit, wise, kind, subtle, understanding all hearts, even th heart of a child. He told her that her sin was spiritual pride, an that her punishment must be the return to a normal human lif

She had, said the abbé, set a bad example to her schoolmate She was a convert, but what a convert! Her friends had bee turned away from religion by the sight of her pale sick face. Sh must win them to God by giving an example of happiness. Sh must play and be gay.

Aurore was horrified. Be gay? Play? She had lost all taste fo such things. The punishment was severe, but obedience is the firs duty of a Christian. She went into the sunshine of the garden, an since it was a necessity of religion, she skipped rope, tossed ball and played prisoner's base.

In a week Saint Aurore, as they now called her, was well again Her prayers, morning and night, no longer left her exhauste Still the abbé would not allow her to spend her hours of recrea tion in the chapel.

"Make them love you, make everyone love you," he com manded, "so that through you they will love the religion yo profess."

As a duty to God she thought of games to entertain the chil dren. She organized charades and little plays which relieved th monotony of convent life. Whoever offered was allowed to ac The group of actors grew larger, the plays more popular. Th homesick little girls were amused and happy, the nuns wer pleased, the mother superior approved.

Sunday was considered the most appropriate day for play-act ing, so every Sunday evening was set aside for theatricals. Th

vent was never so harmonious; petty jealousies and personal evances were forgotten; everyone was occupied. Those who ld not act made paper feathers and gold crowns.

The mother superior, enthusiastic, ordered a special performe to which all the inmates were invited. Aurore was given the k of preparing and directing the play. Certain rules were laid vn: there must be no love interest, and no one was allowed to ar trousers; girls who took the parts of men were obliged to k their skirts into their stockings below the knee. Fortunately the playwright, swords and fighting were permitted and bufnery was approved.

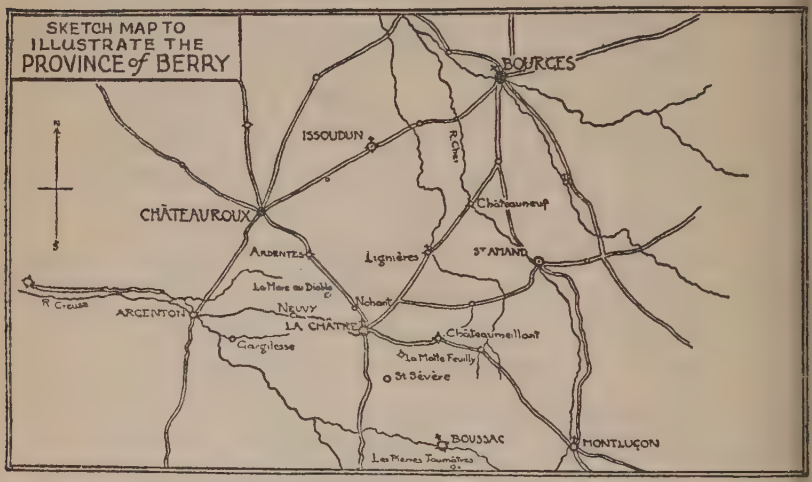
For the little missionary of religion this public play was a serious dertaking. She must hold the interest of nuns and pupils and ke them laugh, but all this was to be accomplished without love erest. Aurore racked her brain for a suitable subject. She ided to borrow the theme of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire*, make fun of stupid doctors; no religious person would object hat. Because Molière's works were prohibited in the convent, was forced to rely upon memory. She composed the dialogue, earsed the actors, and had a huge success.

The nuns laughed and so did the mother superior. The fat nuns ked in their chairs, the thin ones shrieked. Once started, they ld not stop. The mere appearance of an actor was greeted h boisterous mirth. The comedy ended in noisy applause.

Aurore had been given an outlet for intensity. She had been l to win all hearts. And now no one in the convent was so ular as the stage director and leading actress of the sacred atrical group.

To be loved, petted, praised and trusted was to feel that the glish convent was a paradise on earth. She had found a new e, a group love, diffused, fraternal, human and deeply satisfy. Aurore was happy, thoroughly, completely happy for the t time in her life.

Then suddenly came the word that banished her fro paradise. Madame Dupin, who was in Paris, had decided to r move her from the convent. Having heard of Aurore's piet she was displeased. She had no intention of allowing her gran daughter to become a nun. Her plan and purpose for Auro was marriage.



Paris is about 165 miles north and slightly east of Châteauroux

II

MADEMOISELLE DUPIN

MARRIAGE! The menace! It threatened her in her grandmother's gaze as that great lady complacently regarded It frightened her in the smiles of grandmother's friends as y cast appraising glances at her fresh young face and delicately der figure. It showed through the solicitude of cousin Vil-euve and uncle Beaumont. Their eyes held portentous interest, hough they were saying, "Childhood is over, the time for riage draws near."

Aurore had always known that this dreadful fate lay some-ere ahead of her. From the time she was seven years old she heard conjectures, hints, suggestions, but never before had menace seemed imminent. Now it loomed large and sinister, the exaggerated shadow of a man in hiding.

Who was this man, this master, this enemy of her future and freedom? Had the family decided? Had they chosen him? s he waiting, ready to take her?

Mademoiselle Dupin was introduced into the coterie of Madame pin's distinguished Paris friends. Calls were made and received, ng men were brought forward and introduced. But the bril-t actress who had held an audience of schoolmates and nuns nralled by her wit and cleverness had little to say to young n. She was a poet in a dream. She was a child half asleep. She a nun saying her prayers.

Grandmother felt that a convent graduate should be modest yet coquettish. No one had such beautiful eyes as her grand-d, if only she could be taught to use them. But Aurore was ldening in her lack of coquetry; she did not know enough to p her eyelashes or glance sidewise. She looked out of her eyes

frankly, or, worse still, in the presence of men, even of attractiv young men, her gaze would seem fixed on some object far awa in space.

There were family conclaves. It was evident to all that i spite of Aurore's attitude, nothing was easier than arranging marriage for a girl with a dot. Sophie created the only difficult Obviously it was impossible to approach any eligible man wit such a mother-in-law. If Aurore could be persuaded to sev all connection with her mother, a brilliant match could b arranged.

But the child seemed blind to her own best interests. She ha told her grandmother and had promised Sophie that she woul never marry a man who was ashamed of her mother.

"There is no use trying to force her," admitted Madame Dupi who knew her best. "Her childish passion for her mother h given place to a sense of duty. Nevertheless she will always b loyal, as was her father before her. She will follow his exampl She will let that woman ruin her life. What will become of h after my death?"

Cousin Villeneuve, who had important family connection made a solemn promise to save Aurore from Sophie. In case Madame Dupin's death he would take Aurore into his family an insure her future. Sophie could not be received in his home. H had no prejudices, but of course his wife must be considered.

It was left to Madame Dupin to win Aurore's consent to th arrangement. For this a few months' time would be require After all, she decided, though Aurore looks like a young lad she is nothing but a child. It would be better to return to No hant and postpone all thought of marriage for six months even for a year.

As soon as she saw the trunks being packed for the journe home, Aurore emerged from her state of panic and ran to b her mother good-by. Would Sophie go with her to Nohant?

"No," said Sophie, bitterly, "I'll never go back to Nohant un

mother-in-law is dead." And she added accusingly, "You ong to her now, body and soul."

ophie's jealousy was for the first time not without foundation. rore did in fact at last love her grandmother. Her mind had ikened and found her grandmother more congenial and more lerstanding than her mother.

2

Her welcome home after three years' absence from the village strangely disappointing to Aurore. She tried to renew old tacts with the playmates of her childhood, but their con- sation was limited to "Yes, mademoiselle.—No, mademoiselle." eady they saw in her the future châtelaine of Nohant. She had ome Mademoiselle Dupin.

At this discovery she burst into tears. She had acquired the it of loving many people and being loved by them. Lonely fear ed about her heart.

ut surely among the people of La Châtre she could find nds who would take the place of those she had lost? In the n of La Châtre, four miles from the hamlet of Nohant, were ral families that had always been closely associated with the oins. As Aurore met the young people she greeted them as ned to her natural, by shaking hands. Directly afterwards she d that her behavior was considered eccentric. Hand-shaking unladylike and unfeminine, a form of greeting intended for n. She ought to have kissed the young women, she ought to e presented the back of her hand for the young men to kiss. ccentric!

was the first time she had ever heard the word applied to elf. But as the summer passed the word came back to her n and again.

he did not, she could not, behave like other girls. She did not ay a proper consciousness of the other sex. She did not blush hang her head and act confused, as a young girl should in

the presence of men. In vain did grandmother caution her again sunburn and against spreading her feet by wearing heavy sho In vain did they try to make her wear a corset and cultiva a small waist. She was as indifferent to her appearance as thou she had been a boy.

Hippolyte, now an officer, came home for a brief vacation an taught her to ride. The young mare Colette was given to her f her very own. Grandmother made no objection to these lesson but there were others who looked askance at this new femini accomplishment. Ladies of the provinces did not ride horseba If they had to travel without a carriage they mounted on po tilion behind a groom. Aurore Dupin, riding side-saddle in a lo skirt, was therefore eccentric.

Worse was yet to come. One day in the town of La Châtre t good people on the street saw coming toward them a girl horseback, riding astride and *dressed like a man!* They gather on the street corners to talk it over. They carried the news fro house to house: "Aurore Dupin is wild, a wild woman!" Fro that day forth she was the "Wild Woman of Nohant."

The more ignorant villagers were the ones who felt mo strongly about her conduct. "What if all our girls should ta to riding horseback and wearing trousers! There would be more marriages and no more babies. What then?"

And yet the dreadful costume was no more extreme than long, loose blouse, with trousers tucked into leggings at the kn and a boy's cap.

3

After Hippolyte's departure Aurore was alone with the tw old people, Deschartres and Madame Dupin. She devoted hers to them both. She spent her afternoons with Madame Dupi playing the harp or piano and reading aloud. Each day wh Madame asked her to read the newspapers, Aurore consented, a though it was with difficulty that she concealed from her gran

ner the painfulness of the task. Nothing was so repugnant urore as reading newspapers. After she had finished she was ged into profound depression. This daily chronicle of the world did violence to her inner life of dreams and idealism. nctively she wanted to protect herself against the outside d, in which she could not live and be herself.

he evenings were always enjoyable, because after dinner ame Dupin and her granddaughter read Chateaubriand. ore found her grandmother delightful in discussion. She en- d the old lady's comments and responded to the keenness of mind. Impressed by Madame Dupin's knowledge, Aurore secretly ashamed of her own ignorance. Why had she wasted pportunities? During her childhood she had despised educa- because it was aristocratic, and at the convent she had dis- ed it because it was worldly. As a result of this long ference, Aurore told herself, her ignorance was abysmal. could not remember history and she was not widely read in ature. Her knowledge was full of gaps.

er education at the hands of others being finished, she now rtook to educate herself. But since she intended to be a ought she to read profane literature? She wrote to Abbé nord to ask his permission. He gave it willingly.

Do not fear the philosophers," he answered; "they are power- gainst faith. Read the poets, all poets are religious."

e began with the philosophers: Locke, Mably, Montesquieu, n, Bossuet, Aristotle, Liebnitz, Pascal, Montaigne—she read all.

nateaubriand's *Genius of Christianity* destroyed her former f in the self-effacing religion of *The Imitation of Christ.* onger did she believe it was religious to annihilate the mind, nger did she desire to make of herself a nothingness, a grain ust. She agreed with Chateaubriand: "Cultivate the mind, op all your powers, for science, art and beauty are mani- tions of God."

Her knowledge of English opened a new world. She r Shakespeare, Pope and Milton. She discovered Benjamin Fran lin, committed to memory whole pages of his wisdom, a said his thoughts over to herself along with her prayers bef she fell asleep.

But in all her reading the mind that had the strongest affin for her own was that of Jean Jacques Rousseau. His princi matched her own instinctive opinions; his belief in simplic and naturalness as opposed to the artificialities of society was accord with her own. His faith in the inherent goodness of h man nature was her faith. His emphasis on personal liberty a spiritual independence expressed her own sense of values. She b came and always remained a disciple of Rousseau.

Abbé Prémord was right; the philosophers had not destro her faith, but they had changed its form of expression. She b lieved in God and continued to be deeply religious, but at end of a year and a half of study, philosophy had crowded o orthodoxy, and the poets had replaced the church fathers a the saints.

Gradually she relinquished her desire to be a nun.

Cousin Villeneuve was invited to visit Nohant. Since he w to be Aurore's guardian, Madame Dupin wanted him to kn and understand the strange, obstinate, adorable child.

René Villeneuve, Aurore's nearest relative on her father's si was connected with several of the great families of France. H wife was a Segur and his daughter was to marry a Roche-Aym Count Villeneuve was distinguished by unusual culture and w so exceedingly well-read that nothing surprised him. Having prejudices, he was tolerant of the most extreme convictions. found Aurore delightful. Her conversation revealed to him original and gifted mind. Her simplicity and independence seem to him proof of a great personality. He read her poems a essays, was impressed by them and advised her to write.

hus inspired, she began a novel, her second attempt to create
ance. At the convent she had composed a brief novel to
se her friends. In that earlier effort she had sketched a won-
ul background for a love scene, but when the time came for
hero to talk of love he had turned coward and run away.
ner than return and kiss the heroine he had become a priest,
the heroine, breathing a sigh of relief, had become a nun.
ore, older now, had thought more and read more and could
e better. Still she found her characters awkward and tongue-
when they approached the subject of love.
ie gave it up as hopeless. Dreams are best, she assured herself.
thing put into words is sterile and frozen.

4

the January following Aurore's return from the convent
ame Dupin was stricken with paralysis. She fell into a childish
that left Aurore without guidance or authority. No French
of good family had ever been given so much independence.
ie was sent for but she refused to come.
eschartres was a poor chaperon. He scarcely realized what
proper conduct for a young lady. Under his influence Aurore
drawn into his enthusiasm, the practice of medicine. As
ician for the village, giving his services free, he was much
emand. He was growing old, and needed an assistant and a
essor. Under his instruction Aurore studied medicine and
ery, and, since his training was somewhat out of date, he
ged a young medical student, Stéphane Ajasson, to teach
the modern ideas. Stéphane supplied an occasional skull or
to enrich their studies, and gave Aurore a small skeleton
h she kept on her dressing-table. The young girl found it
e-racking to sleep with a skeleton by her side. At first she
it in the hall at night. Finally one day she gave it a gentle
ing and told it that she refused to be frightened by a bundle
ones. After that it stopped grinning at her and settled down

as a quiet companionable creature who welcomed her back
her room with silent friendliness.

She had some difficulty also in overcoming nervousness at
sight of blood. Deschartres took her with him on his visits, a
many were the broken bones and cracked heads she helped
mend. If she turned pale he was stern with her and made
ashamed to faint. He treated her as though she were a man.

Aurore enjoyed spending herself liberally for the sick a
helpless. She alternated with Julie in nursing her grandmoth
Usually she cared for her invalid at night. Then, after a ride
Colette, she devoted her time to the peasants. She had alw
loved them and now believed she was winning their love in
turn. But the villagers, instead of being grateful, were talki
about her behind her back.

The trouble was that she was not a man. Her interest
medicine was considered unnatural in a woman. It required
planation. So her neighbors explained it by saying that she too
fiendish pleasure in the sight of blood. One of the servants had t
her friends about the skeleton, so the rumor spread that the qu
young lady liked to consort with the dead. As her light was seen
night they said she was given to occult practices, and no lon
needed sleep: she had not slept for a year.

Aurore did not know she was being condemned. Strong
the consciousness of doing good she went cheerfully from hut
cottage nursing the sick. Then by way of varying her pastim
she practised target shooting with Stéphane and his brothers, a
soon she could handle her pistol as well as any young man.

The disapprobation of the ignorant villagers, slowly gatheri
for months, at last developed into noisy rumors which reach
her ears. She was told that someone had seen her ride her ho
through the church door. They said she had been gallopi
around the high altar until an indignant priest had chased
out of the church. She had been noticed attending communi
service—but for what purpose? They said she had stolen t

ed host, hidden it in her handkerchief and carried it home. nesses had seen her shooting at a target. They claimed that target she had used was the stolen sacred host.

t first it had been said merely that she studied "the bones he dead." In time this horror grew until they accused her of g to the cemetery at night to dig the corpses from their es. Furthermore, André, her groom, was said to be her lover, he was supposed to share her ferocious taste for blood.

istening to these legends Aurore was able to laugh at them. felt detached from the girl who had been calumniated. When questioned, "Do they really say such things about me?" as as though she asked, "Do they really say such things about " Deschartres, however, was angry and excited and advised to conform.

Conform to what?" she asked scornfully. "To ignorance and udice?"

Or at least be prudent," urged Deschartres.

No; once and for all I have decided; I shall never live for t people think or for what people say. I shall live according ny own conscience and take the consequences."

That is not so easy as you think."

But I shall arrange my life so as to make it easy. From this nent I am determined to break with what is called the world. ll live in seclusion, either in the convent or here at Nohant, out asking approval of anyone. I care for God, a few friends, myself. That is all."

hus calmly did the seventeen-year-old girl dedicate herself olitude and independence.

5

he next phase of her inner experience was profound de- sion. She fell into a melancholy that grew blacker day by She was haunted by the thought of suicide, tempted by the t of her pistols and by the laudanum she measured for her

grandmother. When she touched the pistols, when she gave t drug, she would say to herself, "Yes or no?" One day, riding wi Deschartres, she was following behind him along the river's ed

"Look out!" he called, "this spot is dangerous. The water twenty feet deep and the current is swift."

Suddenly, as though an outside power had taken possession her will, she seemed to hear a voice say, "Yes, yes!" She forc Colette to jump with her into the river.

The cold bath brought her to her senses and she clung to t brave little mare who swam against the current but could n find a place to land. Deschartres screamed with terror. Th were carried downstream for some distance until finally, wi Deschartres' assistance, Colette scrambled to safety.

Immediately after this adventure Aurore took to writing lette For hours at a time she wrote to Hippolyte, to Sister Alicia, the mother superior, to her convent friends, to anyone, to ever one, as though desperately reaching for the thing she needed. letters came in answer to her own she felt less lonely, less stranger to the world outside. Gradually her mood changed. H heart, no longer wholly empty, told her that life was worth livi and she lost the longing for death.

She had come back to Nohant, hoping for new friends to ta the place of those she had lost. During eighteen months she h been seeking love without finding it. She had expressed natur goodness only to be misunderstood. She had thought her w out of orthodoxy, she had risen above public opinion and t prejudice of the crowd. And in one black mood of despair s had invited death.

All of her future self was there in embryo.

Mademoiselle Dupin was now seventeen years old.

6

Madame Dupin died in December, 1821.

Aurore had lost her best friend. Ever since she had reach

age of reason Aurore had loved her grandmother. During years when she had needed instinctive maternal affection, fate deprived her of a mother. Now that she needed wise counsel intelligent companionship, the same perverse fate had taken y her counsellor and companion and had put in her place the her whom Aurore had outgrown.

ophie came to the funeral. The will was read. Everything was to Aurore, a fortune amounting to a half million of francs. ncluded the château at Nohant, and a house in Paris on the de la Harpe. In a clause of the will Madame Dupin had stated wish that Aurore should live with her father's people, the eneuves.

lthough Sophie had known all along that this was in the will pretended to be surprised. It was her cue to make a scene. scolded and raged and threatened. Now that her daughter become an heiress, was she, the mother, to remain unrecog-d? She would have the law on her side, she would show them she knew her rights.

urore, grief-stricken at the loss of her grandmother, shrank in her black clothes. Listening to this outburst of temper, felt that she would willingly do anything for her mother pt live with her.

ophie was persuaded to depart without her daughter. Aurore ained at Nohant, alone with Deschartres; she needed time to h her decision. Should she go to Sophie or stay with cousin neuve?

was the first turning-point of her life. If she could summon ives of worldiness or ambition, life would smile upon her. would have the surroundings she needed and would live with le who recognized her true self. Furthermore she would be-e an important person. Introduced from the home of the ntess who was born a Segur, an attractive girl with a striking onality and a generous dot would make a brilliant marriage. urore understood the importance of her choice. Count

Villeneuve was probably the most congenial man she had ev
met, and Sophie was without doubt the least congenial woma
she knew. Her love for her mother had become compassion. Sh
now saw Sophie as she was—common, vulgar, uncontrolled.

And so she chose Sophie. The reason she gave seemed to hi
sufficient. Sophie was her mother.

After Aurore and Sophie were settled in Paris, in grandmother
apartment which was now Aurore's apartment, Count Villeneu
called and explained again, as he had already explained, th
Aurore must choose one family or the other. A few days lat
cousin Auguste Villeneuve appeared. Less delicate than his brothe
he told Aurore bluntly that unless she left Sophie the Villeneu
family could do nothing for her. He told her further that if s
were seen in public with Sophie and her friends, she would lo
her reputation, and no eligible man would ever marry her.

After several weeks of Sophie's outrageous treatment, Auror
eyes were wider open than ever and her heart was by way
being broken. It was her last chance. She did not hesitate. Soph
was ignorant and unreasonable, but again she chose Sophie. S
would not abandon her mother.

So the Villeneuves, finding Aurore obstinate and ungrateful
left her to her fate. She felt that they were cruel. She wanted
live with them and accept their protection, but she refused to
protected against her mother.

Aurore had demanded the impossible. She imagined a wor
free from class prejudice, and she insisted on living in her no
existent world. If she could not make others live in it with h
she would live in it alone. She could not objectify her ide
Sophie herself refused to accept it. Full of class hatred, she w
worse, much worse, than the Villeneuves. They ignored her, wh
she hated them.

When Aurore begged permission to live at the convent, Soph
refused. When she begged to go back to Nohant, Sophie refuse
In using her maternal power Sophie was wholly within her leg

ıts. Aurore was a minor and subject to parental authority
il she reached the age of twenty-one. There were three more
rs to wait, three more years of Sophie's dominance. As she
rd Sophie boast that she would marry her daughter accord-
to her own choice, Aurore was afraid of the future. It had
er occurred to Aurore to disobey her grandmother, and now
id not occur to her to disobey her mother. Religion, duty,
ties of blood, all made their claims on her. French children
e brought up to respect and obey their parents, no matter
ıt the parents were or how the parents behaved.

There were days when Aurore felt disdainful and indifferent;
ther times she felt tenderly compassionate. There were mo-
ıts of warm impulse left from her childish love, followed by
ınse sadness, as she recognized the gulf between herself and
mother.

he could not cope with Sophie. In vain aunt Lucy told her
to handle her mother. "It is perfectly simple," said aunt
y. "When Sophie begins to get angry, you must get angrier.
en she shouts, you must answer back. Be violent, walk up
down, break something, scream. Then she subsides and you
e the best of her."

ıurore recognized the soundness of her advice, but she could
follow it. She could only wait for Sophie's rage to exhaust
f. The finer nature was helpless, the coarser nature prevailed.
ometimes Sophie regarded her child as a secret enemy. If she
indigestion she thought she was poisoned and suspected
rore. She was a woman given to strange caprices. She was still
dsome; her flashing eyes and abundant black hair gave her
iking appearance, but she was dissatisfied with herself, wanted
e different. One day she astonished Aurore by appearing in a
ıd wig. The next morning she changed to a red wig; then she
se others of ash-blond, of brown, of gray, of white. Aurore
w accustomed to the sight of her mother in hair of a different
r for each day of the week.

Sophie was equally restless in altering her hats and clothes. Sh had innumerable dresses which required constant attention Aurore continued to wear the one black dress she had brough from Nohant. She disliked shopping and hated to fuss over clothe

Sophie was irritated by her daughter's lack of vanity, an jealous of her interest in study. If she caught Aurore reading sh snatched the book from her hand and refused to give it bac to her.

A day came when Aurore found her book shelves empty "Where are my books?" she asked her mother.

"I threw them away," said Sophie contemptuously. "I tried t read them and I couldn't understand a word. I know they a immoral."

"But, mother, you promised to let me keep my books and m maid and my dog! You let me bring them from Nohant, you gav your consent. When you sent away my maid the other day never said a word. Now of all that I brought from Nohant ther is nothing left but my dog."

"You will never see that dog again. I chased him away too And don't talk to me of promises! I know things about you conduct that prove how you should be treated." Sophie produce a bunch of letters which she had received from Nohant. She hel them out at arm's length so that Aurore could read them withou seizing them. There, set down in black and white, were all th stupid scandals and superstitions that had been circulated abou Aurore before Madame Dupin's death.

"But you don't, you can't, believe that nonsense!" cried Auror

Yes, Sophie believed it. Without a word of protest she had ac cepted the peasant legends as truth.

"So much for the fine education for which you were take away from your mother!" And Sophie, carried away by excite ment, took Aurore by the shoulders and shook her and slappe her as though her daughter were still five years old. Then sud

ly, looking into her child's despairing eyes, Sophie came to self and was ashamed. She fell on her knees, kissed Aurore's ds, and begged for forgiveness.

t was exactly like her behavior of ten years before, only more essive. But if she remained the same Sophie, it was a different rore who received these excesses of love and hatred; it was oughtful, serious-minded young girl who regarded the middle- d woman in silence.

After Sophie had left the room Aurore was unable to move. sat in her chair until daylight, stupefied, as though her body her soul were dying. She felt herself alone in the world.

7

Living in the country near Paris was a certain Monsieur plessis, who had been in the army with Maurice Dupin. He w Hippolyte, and through him was familiar with Aurore's ory. Monsieur Duplessis invited Aurore and Sophie to spend eek-end at his country home, and Madame Angèle, his wife, a fancy to Aurore. Sophie felt it her duty to inform these nds that her daughter was a perverse, pedantic highbrow. In wise intimidated by this motherly recommendation, Madame plessis invited Aurore to extend her visit, while Sophie, who ed the country, returned to Paris.

Madame Angèle had five daughters, and her sister Agnes had e more. There was always a horde of children running in and of the house. They adored Aurore, and she invented games them as she had done for the children in the convent.

As the weeks became months and Sophie did not reappear to m her daughter, Aurore was adopted into the large, har- nious family. She was made to feel that her presence was in- ensable, and she responded to this kindness and affection by oming as happy and carefree as one of the children. Prisoner's , blind-man's-buff, and hide-and-seek were played among the

trees of the park. No one understood why Sophie had called hr daughter pedantic, for she never looked at a book. She lived ou doors, and seemed to everyone a gay laughing child.

Seeing the dilapidated state of the girl's wardrobe, Madam Angèle fitted her out with new clothes. Since their home was ne the city, father and mother Duplessis took Aurore with them o a trip to Paris. One day after the matinée they were sitting at table at Tortoni's eating ices when Aurore heard Madame Angè exclaim: "Look, here is Casimir!"

A good-looking young man joined them. Seating himself b side Madame Angèle, he asked in a low voice, "Who is the youn lady?"

Madame smiled and answered aloud, "She is my daughter."

"In that case she is my future wife," said Casimir, and Madam Angèle laughed as he explained promptly: "Haven't you alwa said I was to marry your oldest daughter? I supposed you mea Wilfred. Now I see you have a daughter more appropriate f my own age."

"And how old are you, Casimir?"

"Twenty-seven."

"You must come with us to the country and see the children

So it was arranged. Casimir Dudevant, like all the friends Monsieur Duplessis, had been in the army. He was a clean, we set up young fellow with a military bearing. Aurore felt at ea with him, he was so like Hippolyte, simple and friendly and goo natured. She wrote to Hippolyte, "I have found a companio with whom I laugh and play as I do with you." There was n nonsense about Casimir. He never made love to Aurore, he mere joined her and the children in their games. For his part Casim felt at ease with Mademoiselle Dupin. She seemed sensible an gentle, as a woman should be. Obviously she was domestic an fond of children. Best of all, she was gay, and he liked gayet

Already Aurore was being pursued for her fortune. H mother had received several offers from young men whom s

never seen. The young girl had a horror of these fortune-
ting strangers, and although her French training forbade her
hink of love in connection with marriage, she wanted to find
usband who would be to her a friend.

Casimir became her friend, her adviser, and then her confidant.
told him she would never marry a man who was ashamed of
mother, and when he met Sophie he was sympathetic. So
n he suggested marriage Aurore listened willingly.

Of course it was unusual for a Frenchman to approach a young
on the subject of marriage, but the circumstances were un-
al. He wanted to know her feelings before he proffered his
to so peculiar a mother as Sophie. He told Aurore frankly
he did not consider her beautiful, and that he had no use
sentiment, but that he felt as though he had known her for
ng time. That pleased Aurore; it was nice to be liked in such
nsible way. She had suffered so much from Sophie's excesses
this calm attracted her. Aurore was longing to live at No-
; a husband was her only means of accomplishing this wish.
e accepted his proposal without a moment's hesitation.
ie accepted it also, though she changed her mind every few
. When she gave her consent it was because Casimir would
e an ideal son-in-law. When she turned against him it was
use she did not like his nose.

fter several months of this uncertainty, Baroness Dude-
called on Sophie and was most gracious in urging the suit
er step-son. Sophie's self-love was flattered to such an extent
she signed the contract. In handing over Aurore's fortune
was clever enough to insist on the dotal régime, which allowed
mir to administer his wife's fortune but prevented him from
ding her capital or selling her land. She also stipulated that
daughter should retain for her own use a personal allowance
ree thousand francs a year. This agreement was written into
marriage contract.

III

MADAME DUDEVANT

IN September, 1822, Aurore Dudevant returned to Noha with the husband who was so like Hippolyte and who wou help her to make a home.

She was grateful to him because through his protection s had achieved her wish to live at Nohant. She congratulated he self also that she had escaped the threatened fate of being ma ried to a stranger.

But there was one drawback to her new status. Before t ceremony she had been an heiress. After a few words had be said over her by a priest she became dependent on the bounty a dashing military man about whom no one seemed to kn very much.

Young Casimir Dudevant was the natural son of Colon Dudevant, a Baron of the Empire. As soon as he was acknow edged by his father he inherited the title. His income was n sufficient to support a wife. He wanted a home, he fancied hi self as a gentleman farmer, and he liked the idea of authori over a sweet, obedient woman. His mind, not different from th of the average young soldier, was empty and commonplace. typical Gascon, he had never had a deep feeling or a serio thought in his life. He was exceedingly anxious to better himse and acquire possessions. This ambition, carefully hidden, was h dominant characteristic, but no one yet suspected it, least of his confiding little eighteen-year-old wife. Although she was wi in philosophy and poetry and religion, in worldly matters she w a child. She had lately been trying to write a novel, but on again she had been discouraged, for she could not write abo

e. Her senses were unawakened, and her imagination was oc-
ied with her reading and her dreams.

And now her friends looked in vain for any expression of a
, untrammeled personality in Madame Dudevant. Marriage
to Aurore Dupin what all other influences had failed to ac-
plish: it made her conform. There were no more eccentric-
. The wild girl had given place to the child-wife. She adjusted
elf to Casimir, and yielded to his authority. Immediately
imir began to talk economy, and his wife economized. He
ned so worried about finances that she voluntarily gave up
personal allowance, and the three thousand francs reverted
im.

oward spring a baby was expected. Madame Dudevant, who
never used a needle, speedily learned to sew. A pile of little
ses, coats and bonnets quickly accumulated. The neighbors
she had fairy fingers.

When the baby was born Madame Dudevant became the most
oted of mothers. She nursed her own baby, a thing almost
eard of. She tended him herself, and was anxious if she left
for an hour. Her letters were full of her child's perfections;
vas "an angel, a cupid, a love, a beauty."

or the first year Deschartres lived with them. Then his term
anager expired and after his departure Casimir took charge
Nohant. He was happy to rule over so large an estate, and to
e his authority he changed everything. Aurore tried her best
ppreciate these changes. The old horse that she was keeping
eward for past services was sold; the dog who for years had
his place beside the fire was killed; the peacocks who had
n out of Madame Dupin's hand were disposed of as a nuisance.
favorite trees were chopped down. The furniture in the
e was moved back and forth. Aurore told herself that her
and was within his rights. No doubt he was bringing in a
n of law and order, but somehow with each change she felt
tsick. She was not possessive except as sentiment and asso-

ciation made her so. But the associations of a lifetime were bein broken.

2

At the end of the second year Aurore tried to resume her forme interests, but Casimir could find no occupation. He had playe with his authority until the novelty had worn off, and no he was bored by his duties as manager. Boredom made him restles It horrified him to see his wife reading; he could not read a para graph without falling asleep. He hated music, and when she playe the piano or the harp he asked her not to make "such a noise."

Casimir had nothing to offer by way of conversation. His min was not open to impressions or ideas. He ate heartily, drank heavil and was usually sleepy. He never left her presence to take a na in solitude; he liked to sleep in his chair wherever his wif happened to be reading. Sometimes the sight of his dull, heav face and closed eyes disturbed her studies, while his gentle snorin took the edge off her mental keenness.

Negatively he was a good husband, and negatively she was good wife. There were no open quarrels. They were quite polit to each other. And yet Aurore fell into a profound melancholy

It was hard on Casimir to see his little wife droop and pine i the happy home he had made for her. Her chief attraction ha been her gayety, and now that was gone. He began to feel abuse and naturally he grew irritable. Afterwards he was alway ashamed of being cross and tried to make amends.

One day as they were seated at table Aurore watched her hu band, hunched over his plate, feeding himself in heavy silenc Why didn't he say something? She looked through the windo and saw the clipped hedges and the clean new paths he ha made; the picturesque beauty of the garden was gone. Sudden it came over her that the horror she had combated for years ha overtaken her. This man sitting opposite her was a stranger. Sh began to weep.

Casimir regarded her with consternation. What was the matter ith the woman? Wasn't he a good husband? Didn't he stay at me, around the house and on the place all day? Wasn't he there ery evening, sleeping by the fireside while she read? What more uld a woman desire?

"I don't like Nohant," Aurore explained. "I want to go away."

Casimir was dumbfounded. "You don't like Nohant? But I ought you said your one desire was to live here."

"That was when I was young."

"When you were young? That's good, that is. Why, you're ung now, you're under age. If ever anybody needed a guardian, u do!"

"Well, when I was younger, then," Aurore amended meekly. think now I would like to live where there are more people out—and children. I would like to spend the summer with the uplessis."

"But I thought you got married because you didn't want to e with them. You said you didn't belong there, you wanted a me of your own."

Alas, that was just the point. Nohant was no longer her home, was his home. He had taken possession and she felt crowded t. Her personality was crushed.

"Yes," assented Aurore. "I don't know what is the matter with e. Perhaps I need a change."

Casimir responded with simple manly directness. "You needn't ink that I like Nohant," he admitted. "I hate it. I would like a ange myself. Very well, then; we will spend the summer with r friends."

We, we—there it was; no matter where they went, they went gether. They would always go away together, come back to- ther, stay together, tied together for the rest of their lives.

When Casimir took his wife to stay with her adopted parents was a sick, listless woman, whose mouth drooped at the corners d whose gaze was fixed on space. After a few days he found

her transformed; the flush of health was on her cheeks, her ey
were shining with vitality, her mouth was curved with smil
She was exactly as she had been before he married her, gay, happ
healthy, a radiant child.

This sudden change hurt his self-love. It seemed ungratefu
During all the time that he had given her his exclusive presenc
she had been sorrowful. Now that she was surrounded by friend
how dare she show herself so glad? It was as though she had h
at him. As he watched her laughing light-heartedly with t
children the streak of brutality hidden in his nature came to t
surface. He wanted to hit back.

One evening after dinner the family group were taking coff
on the veranda that bordered on the terrace. The two old
children, with Aurore, began to chase up and down on the te
race. Somebody threw a handful of sand, and a few grains f
into the coffee cup of father Duplessis.

Casimir shouted to his wife to stop her nonsense. But Auro
was excited and paid no attention. It was the first time she h
refused to obey her husband. Casimir lost control of himself; rus
ing to where she stood he struck her in the face.

Aurore hesitated a moment as she looked at the brave soldi
who was her husband, then she ran across the park and hid
the woods. After several hours she came back again and join
him in their room. She told herself that whatever love she h
felt for him died that night.

But it did not die; the tie of marriage is not loosed so easi
It was merely that something had gone out of her love for hi
Their lives were interwoven, their home, their purse, their pe
sonal affairs were shared in common, a child was theirs. They h
to make the best of the mistake they had made.

From this time on Casimir lost all respect for her. He reach
a decision which he retained for the rest of his life: she was
idiot, he had married an idiot, he pitied himself.

Aurore accepted her husband's contempt in passive silence. S

s more obedient, as he wished her to be. She made greater orts to suit him, to see through his eyes, to think and behave he wished. But as soon as she was in accord with his ideas she s no longer in harmony with her own instincts; she fell into de- ession and was ill. Then when she was ill and depressed he was itated and bored. She seemed to him stupid, half alive, drawn o herself; he wanted a lively wife.

Casimir was as anxious as she was to escape a prolonged tête-à- e. In the autumn they rented a small house outside Paris, where ey could spend the evenings with friends. Casimir went to Paris ery day and so relieved the strain of too much intimacy. Later ey took an apartment in Paris. They both hated the city and ved the country, each would have been happier at Nohant ne; but since they had to be together, they preferred the city th its distractions.

What did Casimir do with his time in Paris? Nothing in par- ular. He had married a fortune and he did not need to work; t somehow, although he had no work to do, he was restless. e became more irritable. His face grew ruddier, his body heavier, was losing his slim waist. The dashing military man was be- ming a heavy country gentleman.

3

During the winter in Paris the young wife proved herself a arming hostess; she was popular, she made friends. But her pularity was for her gay, superficial self; her friends did not ow her. No one went with her into her own inner life.

Often she became a child again. It was, in part, a release for her pressed instinct for happiness. It was also her way of meeting sorts and kinds of people. In becoming a child she reached out the universal that is in men and women of all ages. No matter hat differences existed in the people around her, they could all ay games together. So she played games.

When they returned to Nohant and these diversions ceased, she

often felt a vague desire to write, but the scene or character sh tried to describe eluded her. Restlessly she turned from writing t music, from music to painting, and lost interest in them all. S long as her heart was unsatisfied, the way ahead seemed blocked

The young woman of twenty was no longer unaware of me and her awareness increased her despair. She judged all men by h limited experience. They were merely so many more Hippolyt and Casimirs, incurious, complacent, satisfied with the commo place.

It would have been a rare man indeed who could have answere the devouring need of Aurore Dudevant. Her need grew out o years of loneliness. She had been loved because she was somebody child, wife or sister, but she had never been loved because she wa herself. Unconsciously she was waiting to be discovered.

While she waited, her health grew steadily worse. She coughe and strangled. She had palpitations of the heart. The doctor diag nosed these symptoms as consumption and recommended chang of air. They decided to take a trip to the home of Casimir's fathe Colonel Dudevant, at Guillery in the Pyrenees. Aurore le Nohant feeling that probably she would not live to return. He journal, written at this time, reveals her state of mind.

"July 5, 1825.

Journey to the Pyrenees

"In ten minutes I shall have left Nohant. I leave behind m nothing that I truly regret, except my brother. But how cold ou old friendship has grown! Now that I am on the point of leavin he is laughing, he is gay! Good-by, Nohant, perhaps I shall neve see you again. . . .

Chalus

"In the carriage I have been reading several pages of Ossian. have decided to reflect a bit, and that is not a small matter fo me, because I want to live without ever thinking of anythin I have made some good resolutions for the trip: try not to worr

ery time Maurice cries, try not to get impatient at the length the journey, try not to mind when *my friend* is in bad humor.

Périgueux

"I have passed through charming country; I have seen some lendid horses. This town has seemed to me delightful, but I am d unto death. I have wept a great deal on this journey; but what the use of weeping? Death in the soul and a smiling face, I must t used to it.

Cauterets

"Marriage is good for lovers and useful for saints.

"But apart from lovers and saints there are a lot of people with erage intelligence and peaceful hearts who do not understand ve and who cannot attain to sanctity.

"The supreme object of love is marriage. When marriage exists ithout love there is nothing left but sacrifice—that is all very ell for those who understand sacrifice. It is a quality which pre-pposes an amount of heart and a degree of intelligence which e not always to be found.

"Sacrifice offers certain compensations to the vulgar-minded: e approbation of society, the pleasant routine of habit, a tran-uil, sensible little affection that doesn't care to become exalted. r there are the things that money brings, such as playthings, othes, luxuries: a thousand trifles that make one forget that one s missed happiness.

"Apparently, then, the present arrangement is right, since the ajority are vulgar-minded; not to be content with the pleasures the crowd proves inferior judgment and a lack of common nse.

"Perhaps there is no middle ground between the power of great uls who achieve sanctity, and the convenient apathy of small inds who enjoy insensibility.

"—Yes, there is a middle ground; it is despair. . . .

"But there is also childishness, some of which is good and sweet

to keep, in spite of what they say! To run, ride horseback, laug at nothing, feel careless about health and about life! Aimée scol me a great deal. She cannot understand why one should try t lose oneself and why one needs to forget. 'Forget what?' she say —How should I know! Forget everything; forget, above all, tha one exists."

Cauterets, where they stayed for a time, was a fashionab watering place. They fell in with several congenial people, amon whom were Aimée and Jane Bezouin, old convent friends. Auro formed a new and strong friendship with Zoé Leroy. Zoé was in dependent and intelligent. The two young women had long tal on love, marriage, literature, religion. They compared their ter rible melancholy and their intellectual superiority. "We have little more capacity for intelligence and reflection than most peo ple," said Zoé. "So much the worse for us."

How young they were, how girlish! If there had been suc things as colleges for women, they would have been sophomore yet Madame Dudevant had a child two years old, and Zoé wa engaged. Zoé's fiancé, M. Rayet, accompanied them on all the expeditions, and soon a friend and neighbor of Zoé's joined the also. This friend from Bordeaux was Aurélian de Sèze, a youn lawyer of distinguished family, very different from the countr gentlemen to whom Aurore was accustomed. He was intellectua sensitive and high-minded.

Aurore, having revealed herself to Zoé, continued to reveal he true self to young Sèze. That was dangerous, for when Auro Dudevant was animated and interested, her intensity made oth women colorless. When she was happy, her mysterious, magnet eyes could glow with feeling and deepen with thought. A man gaze, and finally his soul, could easily be lost in them.

The play of ideas between Aurore and Aurélian was stimula ing. Their minds and natures met, then merged, then could n pull apart.

4

Madame Dudevant had been too weak and ill for music; but ow, when she played the harp or sang to the piano, Aurélian tened with pleasure, and she could play and sing for hours. She d been too tired to ride horseback; but now, when she went on peditions with Zoé and M. Rayel and Aurélian, she could ride ithout fatigue. Because Aurélian found her interesting, she was terested in herself.

But Aurore was a good woman. When the young lawyer, no nger able to restrain himself, confessed his love, Aurore "re-ilsed him" with severity and coldness. He was hurt, and an es-angement followed. For three days they did not speak to each her.

She had been good and she was miserable. The joy went out of r walks and rides. There was no beauty in the scenery, no pleas-e in life. Even Zoé's friendship failed to console her. After all, e was not first in her friend's heart; Zoé had a lover, and Aurore as alone.

All this time Casimir had neglected her. People noticed the sit-tion and commented on it. His neglect followed naturally from s opinion of women. In Casimir's opinion women were either od or bad. He had classified his wife as good, therefore he could fely neglect her. Since his property was self-protecting, he was eed from responsibility, he could go where he pleased and leave r to loneliness.

Aurore did not live up to Casimir's classification. True, she was rribly good, but she was even more terribly lonely. She could t see happiness in the person of Aurélian de Sèze go out of her e. And so she did a shameless thing; she gave him an opportunity explain. Given this opportunity, Aurélian assured her that he d not ask to be her lover in the ordinary sense of the word; he d not ask anything. He wanted to give, not take.

At last she had found someone who could love as she herself

was capable of loving. At last he had found someone to whom h could devote his life. In the joy of this first mutual understandin Aurélian forgot for the moment to be wholly consistent. H pressed her to his heart and touched his lips to her cheek. An Aurore, equally inconsistent, in the violence of her emotion di not this time repulse him. She "accorded him a kiss."

They could have forgiven each other, for they understood tha the caress was innocent and exceptional, and could never occu again. But how can an onlooker understand two lovers who for get even for an instant the "rights of a husband"? And if tha onlooker happens to be the injured husband? Yes, it was Casimi who caught them. He had followed them when they withdrev from the crowd, he had come upon them at the supreme momen and he was horrified.

There were violent scenes between husband and wife. Auror confessed her guilt, begged forgiveness, and promised never to ac cord another kiss. But the conflagration had been started. Tw souls were on fire. Aurélian and Aurore understood each othe that was all they asked, all they needed. They had sacrifice earthly passion, they had sublimated love.

"You know me, you know me," she wrote in ecstasy.

And his answer was, "I would rather love you without hop even without return, than to have the affection of all the wome in the world."

She had found love.

All her life she had been seeking this one man, Aurélian. Fo him she was born, for him she would live. Never were two youn people so infatuated, and so determined to be good.

Aurélian being a lawyer, his point of view was legal; a husban owns his wife, a wife should therefore conduct herself as a sacre piece of personal property. The man who touches another man wife commits a penal offense. Alas, his lips had touched the chee that belonged to Casimir Dudevant! It had been criminal— criminal caress!

Aurore was as moral as Aurélian was legal; unfaithfulness was sin of which she was incapable. Her grandmother's teachings, er convent religion, and her own ideals of purity would have rotected her against the boldest lover. And Aurélian was neither old nor bad; he was a second Sir Galahad.

"If I forget the respect that is due you, resist me," he entreated. he held herself in readiness to resist him. Indeed it was easy, nce the more she resisted him the more he respected her, and the nore he respected the more he loved her. Love-making was not ndispensable to Aurore's happiness; what she wanted was love.

Aurore had never objectified any of the dream worlds she had reated, because no one had ever believed in her creations. But Aurélian believed with her, created with her, lived with her in heir world of two-in-one. It was all she needed for happiness, he was no longer alone in the world.

5

Aurélian went back to Bordeaux, sustained by the thought of is beloved who was always close to his heart. Aurore at Guillery ved in an exaltation of spirit that was like her religious exper- ence. She had found an object of worship. Wherever she moved, vhatever she did, Aurélian was by her side. To be together, al- hough separated, did not seem strange to them. They knew and elt the truth of their mystic union, therefore it was true.

Casimir did not rightly know what a mystic union was. He lidn't want it himself and wouldn't have known what to do with t, but he didn't propose to allow his wife to give it to another nan. And he could not prevent it. He could prevent meetings, he ould prevent letters, he could positively and legally prevent any hysical contact. But this thing that his wife gave to another man vaded him. She gave it over his head, into the air, up to the moon nd the stars, and somehow—that was the strange irritating part f it—the other man received it. Even though Casimir should lace his wife under lock and key, the other man could still take

what she gave, and by so doing deprive a legal husband of his rights. That's what happens to a man who marries an idiot.

And the idiot wife became idiotically happy. The color came back in her cheeks, the light in her eyes. She kept well, recovered her appetite, derived more health and happiness out of a spooky relation with a man who was absent than from the presence of her normal husband. Of course, Casimir continued to assure himself, there is nothing in it, and yet there *is* something in it, a maddening something that makes a red-blooded man feel like laying down the law. But here is where the law doesn't help a man. There are things, mean, tricky, mysterious things, that evade the law.

Casimir was therefore unable to rejoice in his wife's improved health. He could not take pleasure in her happiness, he felt wronged and dispossessed. He begged her to surrender her source of health and happiness for his sake.

She took long walks to think it over. Must she sacrifice her mystic love? She was torn between her desires and her ideals. If she goes on writing to Aurélian she hurts Casimir; if her letters cease she will break Aurélian's heart. She must choose between them. Aurélian means more to her than anyone on earth. But Casimir is her husband, so Aurélian must be sacrificed. She is a good woman. Her ideals are stronger than her desires.

6

The Dudevants had long planned a trip from Guillery to Bordeaux. A business trip for Casimir, it was something quite different for Aurore. A terrible ordeal was before her; she must tell Aurélian that all is over. She must explain.

A meeting was arranged between the lovers. Aurore explained Casimir's suffering. The excellent Aurélian recognized the superior claim of a husband's pain. He had already surrendered his desires. With equal nobility of spirit he renounced his dream. Then, burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "Now let me die!" Aurore almost fainted with emotion. And of course Casimir

ad carefully followed at a distance and witnessed this scene. He arried Aurore away with him and talked to her all night. She as terribly ill, and he cared for her tenderly while between her ttacks of pain he continued to plead his own cause.

The day after this painful scene Casimir, Aurélian and Aurore ere driving to La Brède, the home of Zoé. In the carriage Casiir took the seat beside his wife. Aurélian was opposite, with his ack to the horses. Aurore could study them both, choose between iem if she would.

Aurélian was distinguished by a sensitive, expressive face. He as dark like Aurore. His black eyes flashed intelligence and spirit; moods of tenderness they spoke his love. But in the presence f a husband, since breeding imposes restraint, his eyes now seemed ttracted to the landscape; he leaned back, looked at the scenery, id talked generalities.

Casimir was a florid blond. According to a description by the oet Heine, he had "porcelain eyes and a Philistine physiognomy iat expressed nothing." Also there must have been something our-square, set, monotonous and repetitive about Casimir, since Ieine says that he was like a Chinese pagoda.

On the drive Casimir was all solicitude. Would his darling like lap-robe? Would his dearest have a pillow? His attentions were s officious as they were unnecessary. There was someone sitting pposite who longed to care for her.

Aurélian's hands, long-fingered and slim, were clasped, careully restrained, close to Aurore's magnetic fingers, yet Aurélian ared not touch her. A husband has a right to caress his own wife efore a lover's eyes. Casimir took his wife's hand and held it.

What was passing in the mind of Madame Dudevant? Was she miling to herself at Casimir's possessiveness? Was she comparing is present devotion with his past neglect? The simple creature as incapable of suspicion or rancor. She was grateful that Casiir had suddenly become a perfect husband, and responded to his indness, feeling that she had never understood him, never appre-

ciated him before. Her face lighted, her eyes held a deep content ment. She was with the two beings who were dearest to her in th world. The two seemed friendly and her heart was full of peac

Casimir looked at her and saw in her a weak inferior. Sof helpless, feminine thing! She was unable to cope with him, h would always have his way with her, that he knew.

Aurélian raised his eyes discreetly to study the delicate fac pale from sleeplessness. Had Casimir argued with her half th night? Aurélian found her infinitely touching. To know her wa a privilege, to love her was a sacrament. She would always hav her way with him, that he knew.

But of the two men who loved her weakness, neither realize that the frail body was merely the outward envelope for a tre mendous force that carried her, compelled her, and made her d its bidding, so that even now, as the two of them were trying t amuse her, she was thinking to herself: if only there were som kind of world in which we three could live together and be happy some world apart from laws and social sanctions where each coul be free without hurting the other. Why couldn't we three mak a world of our own, above human passion and prejudice?

Only last night she had surrendered her dream of love. Nov she began to weave a new dream, less ecstatic, less perfect, farthe from heaven, nearer to earth, a dream made to include Casimir since he so wanted to come along and enter in. If he entered h would have to act in the only capacity he understood, that o master. She would allow him to be master if he would only let he keep Aurélian, in some way that did not hurt his masculine self love. If he could trust her, if he could trust them both, oh, ther how she could love Casimir and keep faith with him!

She dreamed on and forgot the painful illness from which sh had suffered. She was weak from loss of sleep, but she felt s happy, so full of love for all mankind, that she was no longer ill The new dream had made her well again.

7

The next day Aurélian and Aurore walked in the garden together in plain sight. This was their idea of a pure rendezvous, and it gave them a chance to finish their interrupted talk. If the first explanation of two months ago had led them away from duty, this one was to bring them back to the right path.

"Forgive my momentary weakness," said Aurélian, "I am calm now. I have collected my ideas, I have conceived a hope. May I ask you to share it, and will you promise me to agree to it?"

As Aurore looked at him her eyes were full of trust. "I think I can promise you that, because you would not suggest anything that I ought to refuse."

Encouraged by this confidence, Aurélian explained his cherished hope. Was he so close to her that he had read her thoughts in the drive the day before? Or was he so like her that they thought together and shared the same ideals?

Aurélian, like Aurore, had decided that Casimir must be master. They would take nothing that Casimir could not authorize, they would ask for no happiness he could not share. According to Aurélian's plan, Casimir, who had no interest in love, marriage, literature and religion, was to listen to all their conversations. Casimir, who could not understand books, philosophy, poetry and ideas, was to read their letters. He was even to read Zoé's letters, so as to assure himself she would not act as an intermediary. He was to treat them as abject beings completely in his power. He was to put his wife away from Aurélian and keep her under observation. If at the end of a year she had proved her wifely virtue he might then trust her to see Aurélian occasionally, perhaps once or twice a year, but then only in his presence. They would humbly request a friendship of three, with Casimir as the always welcome third. They would begin a new life.

But they did not agree to begin immediately. They needed to wait a week—or two—or three. Their souls had merged, and

needed time to pull apart. Is it quite safe for people to drop suddenly from the mountain-tops? No, they should descend step by step. They must descend slowly, roped together. Not until the bottom is reached can the rope be cut.

The correspondence between the lovers continued after Aurore left Bordeaux. Then Casimir made a trip to Nohant, and Aurore found herself writing letters of love to Aurélian and letters of wifely affection to Casimir. A sense of guilt began to overwhelm her. She knew she was immoral. She had been kissed, she had been pressed to a heart that was not her husband's, she had leaned on Aurélian's shoulder, and both had written letters in secret. Both were sinners, therefore, and deserved punishment. They decided that confession and the cessation of all love letters would be sufficient punishment. It would be the equivalent of sending themselves to prison.

On the appointed day, the day of Casimir's return from the trip to Nohant, Aurore could almost hear an iron door clang behind her as she sat down to write for Casimir a full confession. It comprised eighteen pages of fine handwriting, in which everything was laid bare. But in writing her confession and in stating Aurélian's legal brief on their case, she added a wife's entreaty: would Casimir take Aurélian's place in her life and interest himself in her tastes? Would he read aloud in the evenings while she sketched or sewed? Would he be her true companion, her best friend? She would be Casimir's wife to the very spirit of the law, if he would be her companion and relieve the loneliness of her life.

Casimir agreed to the compact; he would gladly be her true companion. But since they were spending the winter at Guillery he felt that the matter of intimate comradeship, reading together and all that, might better be postponed until their return home. Then in the spring, when they reached Nohant, he found that business called him away. He spent the entire summer in Paris and Bordeaux. The close companionship never began.

Casimir's business affairs at Bordeaux were vague. He talked

nportantly of ship-building interests. The truth was that a man med Desgranges had persuaded him to invest money in a ship. asimir gave notes to Desgranges to the amount of 25,000 francs hich it took two years to pay off. When the debt was settled discovered that the ship had never existed. He could not under- and this catastrophe, because Desgranges had shown him a pic- re of the ship. Casimir's chief affair at Bordeaux, it developed ter, was with Desgranges's mistress. Casimir had, in fact, run vay from his wife's companionship to find a woman who suited s own taste.

When news of this scandal came to Aurore's ears she felt a sick rror. Was it for this she had sacrificed a true and beautiful love? e tried to express her misery in words: "If you wish to know hat suffering is, tear your flesh with your nails, cut it with a arp instrument, and pour on your wounds melted lead and boil- g oil, or hold in your hand burning coals, or hit your head gainst the wall of a prison. Even then you will not know what ffering is."

When Casimir went to Bordeaux, Aurore could not ask to with him because Bordeaux was Aurélian's home. She kept ith with her husband, and as soon as she was alone she used her eedom as she had used it once before, to nurse and doctor her iends, the peasants. Casimir had given his wife charge of the tate during his absence, had told her exactly how much money e could spend. When, upon his return, he looked over her ac- unts, there was a terrible scene. He found that she had bought edicines for the peasants, and had even on certain occasions nded out hard cash. This was to Casimir the height of frivolity. there was one thing about his wife that annoyed him more than sobedience, it was generosity. Her giving nature had always af- onted his sense of justice, except in the one case where she had ven him her personal allowance. That seemed to him just—was not her husband?

Aurore was crestfallen by her failure as a manager. She had

tried in vain to cultivate what Casimir called thrift. The account she kept during the year of her management had been a dail torture. The mere sight of ledgers gave her a headache. Even as child the study of arithmetic had always made her sick. She hate figures, they were symbols of money, and she had no money sens But although she was humbled by constant quarrels about money she could not feel that she was an extravagant wife. When at th end of nine years of marriage she asked her husband to settle he personal debts, he discovered she had spent on clothes and per sonal expenses the sum total of five hundred francs (one hundre dollars).

8

During the five years from 1826 to 1831 Aurore's real life—what is called real life, that is, her outer life—was uneventful. Sh lived at Nohant, with occasional escape by trips to Paris or to L Châtre. Sometimes they lived at La Châtre all winter and enter tained the country aristocracy.

Throughout this period Aurore was constantly thinking o ways to earn money. She could not spend a sou without Casimir permission. Money had always meant to her merely something t give away, and now whenever she felt generous she was power less to give. She determined to extricate herself from this humil ating dependence.

How could she develop an earning capacity? She was certainl intelligent, and she was accustomed to extravagant praise for he many talents. Which of these talents could she turn to some ac count? She embroidered beautifully, she played the piano an harp, and her painting was considered remarkable. Perhaps as portrait painter she might achieve success. She made several por traits but was critical of the results. She saw that she would nee to study under a master to perfect her technique. Music was h passion. She preferred it to all the other arts. But she did not fe qualified to teach. She had been badly taught, and her attainmen

d not enable her to compete with professionals. For a long time e continued her efforts to write, but they came to nothing. She cided that her talents were mere accomplishments. Having ached this decision, Aurore brooded over her uselessness. Life emed futile and she was beginning to feel old.

All this while she kept up a correspondence with Aurélian. Casiir was allowed to read the letters, but found them hard to unrstand. They were about books, philosophy and morals. They emed to him maudlin. It was easier to let them go without overght.

And so, as time went on and the friendship endured, Aurore oured out her soul to her one friend. She told Aurélian everying, even told him of her soul's revolt from prejudice and aurity. Against the revolt Aurélian preached submission, endurce and patience. But no matter how often he told her to calm rself, she could not remain calm.

From the beginning he had constituted himself her mental ide. He had told her what to read and what to think and nether her thoughts were wrong. At first she had yielded to all s opinions. Gradually she dissented from some of them. Then e discussed their differences of viewpoint, and finally dared ink for herself. This was the beginning of the end.

There was some dissonance in the quality of their minds. Aure was seeking for truth. This compelled her to discard any traion or superstition that seemed rooted in error. She looked tord the future, while Aurélian faced the past, so that instead standing side by side they found themselves back to back. He as reactionary and conventional, she was progressive and free. er mind was growing, his was fixed. His ideals would never alter any particular, while her ideals changed from year to year. nfortunately for their friendship, the only contact they had was istolary. They saw each other at long intervals, sometimes two three times a year, more often once a year.

On one of his rare visits to Nohant Aurélian found Madame

Dudevant busily occupied. While she talked to him she did n put her work aside. "What are you doing?" he asked, as watched her folding a formidable array of little garments.

"Don't you see?" she replied. "I am getting ready in haste f someone who may arrive sooner than I expected."

This unlooked-for news was disillusioning. Aurélian had alwa thought of Aurore as spiritual and ascetic. If the expected ba had been his own child, the mother might have seemed to h sacred. But there stood Casimir, who had come in from the fa wearing corduroys and heavy leggings. Casimir had never seem to Aurélian so red-faced, heavy and coarse. Where was the appr priateness, the beauty, or the poetry, in such a woman bearing child for such a man?

As Aurélian looked at his matronly friend she seemed to h very different from the fascinating young woman of five yea ago. True, he had told her to do her whole duty, and doubtl her duty included motherhood. If he had married her they wou have been happy, he felt sure. They were perfectly mated exce for that mental quality of hers which disturbed him, that fre dom of mind. If she had been his wife he could have dominated h mind, and their union would have been perfect. But as thin were, the relation was too ethereal. He was tired of inhabiting dream world, tired also of his rôle of celestial purity. He want a woman of his own, a wife, a home.

After this visit he wrote one friendly letter. Then came a g in the correspondence. The six-year-old web of dreams had beg to break. There were no explanations and no reproaches. By t following summer they had arrived at what Aurore called "tranquil divorce." They remained friends, but the letters w almost discontinued. During the summer of 1830 he wrote to h once. Three years later he married.

9

After the birth of the child Solange many changes took place the life of Madame Dudevant. In order to leave her time free r the baby she engaged a tutor for Maurice. This tutor was les Boucoiran, a young man who possessed a chivalrous nature d a capacity for friendship. As soon as he realized the domestic uation of the Dudevants his sympathy went out to the young fe. She had hidden her unhappiness from other friends, but thing could be hidden from a member of the family. Jules came her devoted ally. She found in him an understanding art.

The family group was still further augmented by the inclusion Aurore's half-brother, Hippolyte Châtiron, who came to live rmanently with his sister. He brought his wife Emily and his ild Léontine, who was about the age of Maurice. Hippolyte and asimir were great cronies; they were, as Aurore had always felt, rprisingly alike. Each was the illegitimate son of a gentleman d a woman of the people. Each had married a fortune, each ministered it badly, and each drowned his sorrows in drink. As young man Hippolyte had possessed something of the charm of father. By the time he reached thirty he had lost his looks, refinement and his amiable character. This was equally true of asimir, who began to deteriorate at the same age.

After the advent of Hippolyte, Aurore tried to arrange family enings, games, conversation, reading, anything to create a semance of companionship. But Casimir protested. How could a an make a companion of a woman? Why should he bore himf with feminine things like books? Casimir felt himself a real an and he sought manly pleasures, such as drinking and swapng masculine stories with other men. Besides Hippolyte, the conant companion of his drinking bouts was their neighbor, Aure's former teacher of anatomy, Stéphane Ajasson. Often the mily friend Dutheil, who lived at La Châtre, formed a fourth.

The joys and the noise of these parties were sometimes prolonge until six or seven o'clock in the morning.

Aurore escaped to the little room which had been her grand mother's boudoir. It had only one door, so that no one could u it as a passageway, and it adjoined the large bedroom where t children slept. While she read or wrote she listened to the chi dren's breathing and watched over their sleep. The boudoir w small, and it was filled with books, herbs, butterflies, and t stones she had collected in her study of natural history. In t midst of this clutter of possessions there was no room for a be She therefore hung a hammock from wall to wall and slept the when she needed to be alone.

Since she felt herself an exile from Casimir's world and interes she was obliged to create a world and an interest for herself alon What should she do with her evenings, those long evenings s had so often begged Casimir to share with her? She studied a gre deal, but she was not satisfied with books. She felt a craving f blank paper, pen and ink. Five years of writing to Aurélian ha formed a habit, and a five-year habit is not easy to break. Sin her friend had lost his passionate eagerness for her letters, s would write for herself.

She began a novel—how many times she had begun a nove This time she was capable of sustained effort. She carried through to a finish, and christened it *Aimée*. Her beloved boo *Aimée!* She put into it all of her ideals and none of her desires. T characters were virtuous, high-minded, devoted to duty. No cha acter was any less perfect than she had been, or than Aurélia had been. Sacrifice and suffering was the philosophy of her boo as it was the religion of her life. After the book was finished s could not decide what to do with it. She tucked it away with sense of waiting. Would someone come along, would somethin happen, to create an opportunity for her book? Nothing ha pened, no one came.

10

One day when Aurore was lying in bed beside her baby she eard Casimir making indecent overtures to the chambermaid in e next room. The young mother felt heartsick with disgust. The aid Pepita evidently did not react as did Aurore to these pro-osals, since Casimir had an affair with her which caused a village andal. He had already had a notorious affair with a preceding aid named Claire, who sued him for the support of an illegiti-ate child.

Madame Dudevant, who had been so sensitive to the rights of a usband, was beginning to wonder what were the rights of a wife. atience and forgiveness seemed the chief of them. She had for-ven the affair at Bordeaux, but felt that there were limits to for-veness. Two months after the birth of Solange she wrote to a ose friend that all intimacy between herself and her husband had ased.

"Your honor," she had said to Casimir at Guillery, "is dearer to e than my life." For this honor of a husband she had sacrificed ideal love. What of the honor of a wife? Did it not deserve pro-ction? Apparently not. Her friends and neighbors, even the rvants, knew how she had been deceived, but her humiliation cited no sympathy. These amiable weaknesses of Casimir's were garded by the friends of the Dudevants with good-natured nusement. Casimir's scandals were the subject of gay jokes. No ne was horrified by his looseness or his drunkenness, because such laxations were considered the masculine pleasures of country e.

Often Jules Boucoiran was astonished at Madame Dudevant's lasticity and force of character, which enabled her to rebound ter the most violent scenes with her husband and laugh the next y as though nothing had happened." It seemed to him that "un-r the weight of her unhappiness her head was unbowed." In the tumn of 1830 this unbowed head, however, was stricken with

cerebral congestion, and for forty-eight hours Aurore Dudevan lay unconscious.

During the period of convalescence she went to her husband desk one day to look for something. As she opened the drawer, bulky package caught her eye. It was addressed, "To my wife. She picked up the package and read, "To be opened after m death." Was it his will? Was it a letter? Would it tell her th things he would never say or explain? Under his meanness an drunkenness and infidelity, did Casimir reproach himself for h disloyalty? Would he at last speak from his soul?

She needed to know, but had she any right to open the letter Right—what were rights in comparison with this compelling nee to know? Her life depended on knowing. The inscription sai "After my death." Her own inner urge said: "Why not suppos him dead? Then I can open it now." So she supposed him dead she supposed it so thoroughly that it seemed as though the funer were over. She opened the letter.

It contained nothing but maledictions. She read on; nothin but accusations against herself. And curses. He cursed her fo perversity, stupidity, coldness. He covered her with contumely She was stunned.

He hated her; she knew now. There was no more need o patience and forgiveness. She was free. The question was settle as though by a court decision, as though a judge had announced "Let the prisoner go free."

Free to leave him? No, she would never be free. Her life wa bound to her children, and they were his to control. She could no would not, leave her children. But the voice insisted, "Let th prisoner go free."

It was impossible. The law made no provision for divorce an the church forbade it. To defy church and state requires money She had none, not so much as one sou. These facts beat like ham mers on her brain, but throbbing in her head was another fact,

rtainty. She knew she would leave him. The revelation gave her rength.

She could not wait to sleep on her resolution. That evening she ught him out.

Madame Dudevant's little figure seemed almost tall as she con-onted her husband. The law was behind him, the church upheld m, public opinion was on his side. But she had lost her fear of m; he was not her master. For nine long years she had belonged Casimir, now suddenly she belonged to herself. Her inner re-lt was surging to her lips.

Her eyes were luminous. As they tried to look into his, she und no light or depth behind the glazed surface of Casimir's ue gaze. She noticed with surprise that his eyes were porcelain; e seemed to her a big doll stuffed with sawdust. And dolls stuffed ith sawdust should be thrown away. She discarded him with the west possible words.

"I am going to Paris, but I cannot leave my children. I shall back and forth, here half the year, in Paris half the year. As on as possible I shall take Solange with me. I must have my al-wance."

Casimir was staggered by this sudden announcement. He gued and scolded but she remained unmoved. He begged and ntreated, she did not yield. He wept, but since he no longer gave illusion of reality she watched him without concern, waiting r his acceptance of her plan.

Where was her feminine softness now? Where were her pity nd mercy? She was as hard as a man, as unyielding as a master. asimir summoned all his strength in opposition to her wishes, here was nothing left between them but the battle of two wills. e tried bullying. It had always worked before, but now her will as more powerful than his. As he looked at her set face and blaz-g eyes, he who had always had his way with her could no longer minate. He found her proposal atrocious, but he was obliged to ve or pretend to give a grudging consent.

He expected her to change her mind. During the next few day he got their friends to plead with her. Hippolyte took his side as did Dutheil. The only person who sided with Aurore was Emily Hippolyte's invalid wife. Emily saw reason where the others saw nothing but madness. Upheld by the invalid against their little world, Madame Dudevant stood firm. She was relying on Jules Boucoiran, who was away at the time, to take her place with the children. She wrote to him and explained the situation:

"Up to the present time he has treated me as though I were odious to him. Now that I am sure of it I am going away. To-day he weeps for me; so much the worse for him. I shall show him that I will not be supported like a burden, but sought out and asked for like a free companion, who will not live beside him unless he is worthy. Please do not think me impertinent, remember how I have been humiliated. It has lasted eight years."

Jules responded like the true friend he was, and pledged himself to guard and teach the children. If they were ill, if for any reason she were needed, he would summon her from Paris. The diligence service was remarkably quick. She could get back to Nohant in a day and a night.

It seemed to Aurore entirely natural to leave this young man as a mother to her children. He had lived in the family for two years, and she knew no woman whom she could trust as she trusted Jules. The children's welfare being settled, she made her preparations for departure, and on January 4th, 1831, just one month after her discovery of the momentous letter, Aurore Dudevant deserted the man who was regarded as a kind husband, and fled from what everyone but Hippolyte's wife considered a comfortable home.

II

In France in the year 1831 there was no divorce, there was only Christian fortitude. There were no girl bachelors, there were only old maids. The people of Madame Dudevant's world saw no reason

ny any wife should ever leave any husband. Desertion on the rt of a woman was without precedent. It defied the canons of od taste.

On her journey to Paris Aurore Dudevant faced the awful fact at she intended to violate public opinion. She knew that as soon her new way of life was established, her aristocratic friends, en her dear Aimée and Jane, would have nothing more to do th her. She realized that her beloved nuns would not approve of r life. It was not too late to change her mind, she could still turn home. She considered her plan of independence, saw how ocking it was, and decided to carry it through. When she ached this decision she was no longer merely Madame Dudevant. e began to be herself.

It seemed to her that she could now pick up her life from the ace where it had been broken off by marriage. She could return the person she had been at seventeen.

There were in Paris three young men who had come from Aure's own province of Berry—Berrichons, she called them. They ere Jules Sandeau, Félix Pyat, and Alphonse Fleury. Jules and lix met the diligence on her arrival and escorted her to Hippote's apartment at 15 rue de Seine, where she took up her temrary residence.

During the first few weeks at Paris she was too busy and exted to think about the future. She heard music. She devoured oks at the National Library, and spent long hours at the uvre standing in front of Titian, Tintoretto, Rubens, drinking the color with intoxication. To her Berrichon friends who atched her enjoy her first taste of liberty she seemed drunk with thusiasm.

The country girl in Paris was timid and apologetic about herf and greatly impressed by others, especially by others who did ings, who painted pictures, made music, acted, or wrote plays. ch person who did any one of these things became to her a ight star. From each celebrity she expected a revelation. Not

that she was able to meet celebrities as yet. She was nothing, sh was nobody. A woman nine years married is old to make a be ginning. How do people begin? How do they learn? How do the make a place?

Her painting seemed more immediately promising than he writing. She made a small portrait of her janitor and hung it i the café which occupied the ground floor of her building. Th was her advertisement as an artist. She had a knack of catchin a likeness. Everybody recognized the janitor, but nobody ordere a portrait.

Painting did not seem likely to prove lucrative. Summoning he courage she decided to apply for work on a newspaper. A lett had been given her to M. de Kératry, the book reviewer of th *Figaro*. She called, found him at home and confided to him he ambition. M. Kératry was a middle-aged gentleman with a pretty young wife. He gave it as his opinion that women should be pro tected and that no woman could or should write.

"In that case," said Madame Dudevant, rising, "we have noth ing to talk about."

Following her to the door he uttered this parting advice: "Don' create literature, create children."

"Apply the preaching to yourself if you like it so well," smile Aurore as she closed the door.

Another more fortunate visit was made to the editor of th *Figaro*, Henri de Latouche. He also was a Berrichon. Perhaps i was because he wanted to help a young compatriot that he too an interest in Aurore. Then, too, he was amused at Kératry opinion of women, and it pleased him to prove himself mor broad-minded. It was almost impossible to find a place for female in journalism, but Latouche had moral courage and liked t attempt the impossible, so he put Aurore on his staff, hoping t teach her to be useful. Aurore began by feeling prejudiced agains him. He was brusque and rude, and his criticisms were neve

mpered by tactfulness. But after a time his fundamental kind-
ss won her affection.

At last she had found a critic for her beloved *Aimée*. Aurore
owed Latouche the novel. He read it and laughed. He told her
was all very charming but lacked common sense. It was too
rtuous. No people in the world ever did such moral things in
ch a moral way. The public would never stand for such heaped-
goodness. He advised her to do it all over again from the very
ginning.

In the meanwhile he set her to writing articles for the *Figaro*.
ch morning he gave her a subject, told her to do her best and
bring him back the result. And each evening the result was a
ilure. Aurore could not stick to the subject. Her imagination
ent out on either side of it, soared above it, circled around it.
e covered many sheets of paper and then threw them into the
e. Latouche had promised to pay her seven francs a column for
of her writing that he could use. At the end of a month she
d earned fifteen francs.

12

She soon tired of the Louvre and the library as her only means
recreation. She wanted to meet the young literary group. That
eant entering Bohemia. But Bohemia was limited to men, and
women of no reputation. Ladies in those days were not literary,
d they could not afford to be seen in the Latin Quarter. Aurore
sitated to hurt the feelings of her family and friends by defy-
g this convention. There was the haunting fear of gossip and
e daily danger of meeting somebody from home.

Before leaving Nohant Aurore had discussed this difficulty with
r friend Jules Boucoiran. He reminded her of the boy's clothes
e used to wear as a young girl when riding or tramping with
eschartres.

"Why not dress as a student of the Latin Quarter?" he had sug-
sted. "Then you will pass unnoticed."

Aurore had decided to think it over. And now as she trampe the streets of Paris she did think it over, from more angles tha one. Women's skirts of the period were clumsy and voluminou puffed out with crinoline until they looked like huge balloon They swept the floor and hampered all free movement. They we appropriate only for those who possessed a carriage or who re mained indoors. The rainy weather of Paris was destructive to h clothes. Day after day she came home drenched, dragging he heavy skirts soiled from the muddy streets. Her one good gow was in constant need of repair. Her thin shoes were broken, an the flapping soles tripped her feet. Shoes, clothes and little velve hats were all going to ruin with frightful rapidity, and she had n money with which to buy anything new.

The three Berrichons were kind and neighborly. From time t time they showed her about Paris and taught her how to econ omize. She envied these young friends of hers. Their clothes co so little. She envied especially their stout, comfortable boots. Ho easily they walked! And their coats, those long frock coats tha reached to the knees, seemed to her appropriate for women especially for a woman like herself, with a thin, undeveloped fig ure. People were always telling her that she looked like a boy i girl's clothes.

It really seemed ridiculous *not* to dress like Jules and Félix an Alphonse. All the masculine customs of dress made it easy for woman to pass as a man. The literary youth of the day were wear ing long hair, often to the shoulders. Effeminate young poets an writers were the vogue. What could be simpler than to wear th costume of the Latin Quarter? It would save the feelings of th family, it would save her strength, and it would save hundred of francs.

The expense of being a woman in Paris was not merely a matte of clothes. Aurore could not afford to live in the style which he station demanded. At theatres and concerts the Baroness Dude vant should occupy a box or an orchestra seat. But no one know

notices a student. He may perch in the gallery or sit in the pit and save money.

As a result of these considerations Aurore ended by accepting ucoiran's advice. Privileged by her boy's attire, she occupied eap seats where Madame Dudevant could not properly be ted. She ran about to republican clubs and students' meetings here Madame Dudevant could not prudently be seen. She loafed cafés along the Boulevard Saint-Michel, where there was much lk of books and art. She wandered about at night without at-acting attention. By the simple expedient of a change of cos-me she was free, as no other woman in Paris or in all of France as free.

But how was this freedom to be maintained? Even Bohemia sts money. The frugal meals along the Boulevard, combined th her trifling expenses, demanded more than her allowance, d the allowance did not always arrive. Aurore was obliged to rn money or go back home—she could take her choice. She cided against going home. But as her work on the *Figaro* did not prove, the situation grew daily more desperate.

13

Latouche was not satisfied with his lady editor. He began to re-et his bold experiment of trying to train a female to work like man. He could not teach Aurore to be useful, because her im-ination was beyond control. Seeing that she romanced all over articles, he suggested that after all she had better stick to tion.

Jules Sandeau also had been added to the staff of the *Figaro*. he two literary apprentices had already begun to work together. urore had persuaded Jules to help her write an article for the *evue de Paris*. She needed his help for two reasons. She felt she uld not write in "the sublime style of the *Revue*," and, more portant still, she was obliged to borrow a man's signature, since e editor of the *Revue* detested women and refused to consider

their work. The would-be authors, having dashed off an article to gether, now decided to continue their collaboration with a mor ambitious attempt. They would follow Latouche's advice and tr a novel.

Jules was twenty years old, and looked up to Aurore's maturity Aurore felt great respect for Jules's manhood. Each of these com panions in inexperience needed the other to lean on, and eac needed money. They went to work in feverish haste.

Aurore conceived the idea of two contrasting heroines, a actress and a nun. She called them Rose and Blanche, and pu them into a convent so that she could use the material of her ow experience. The two heroines talked in an exalted manner on re ligion and the consecrated life.

Jules, who thought all this a bit soft and school-girly, intro duced a libertine hero named Horace. In an effort to offset th convent atmosphere he wrote of orgies, dives and the lower worl hoping, no doubt, that Horace's wickedness would help to se the book.

When Aurore showed Jules a deeply religious chapter, he woul want to discard it because it was so lofty. And when Jules showe Aurore a scene of debauchery, Aurore would vote against it be cause it was so low. But both collaborators were in a hurry. Th pressure of their debts prevented argument. Wickedness and re ligion were run together and the book was finished in six weeks.

At the Café Pinson they had met a publisher. He was persuade to read the manuscript, which he accepted. He thought it migh please the people at each extreme. M. Dupuy was so uncritic that he even accepted Aurore's title, *Rose et Blanche*.

Then arose the question of the signature. How could the tw young authors conceal their identity? Aurore realized that he name signed to a book would mean certain scandal. Her mother in-law had already said to her, "I hope you will never put th name I bear on the cover of a *printed* book." Aurore had answere

eekly, "No, Madame, certainly not." And she intended to keep r word.

Young Sandeau feared to displease his father by his scenes of bauchery. They took their problem to Latouche.

"Cut Sandeau in two," he suggested, "and drop the last half."

This seemed a clever way for the budding authors to escape tection. The book was signed Jules Sand.

Rose et Blanche was a second-rate novel, but it brought the thors what was to them a small fortune, 200 francs apiece orty dollars).

Aurore had taken a tiny apartment at No. 5 Place Saint-Michel. p five flights, it contained three rooms, and cost 600 francs a ar. She wanted to make a home so that she could have Solange th her. From time to time she bought a cheap table, a second-nd chair, and a few dishes, until the place became habitable.

For the furniture and her frock coat she had gone into debt to e extent of 500 francs. This debt weighed on her mind and kept r awake nights. She would have to write another novel. But she eded encouragement. She longed above everything for someone no believed in her. Had she any talent? Or was she stupid and mmonplace? Under the influence of Latouche she had lost faith herself.

As a friend Latouche was generous and helpful, but as a literary itic he had been crushing. He was always telling her what not to . He reproved Aurore for her dreamy detachment from life, d accused her of living within herself.

"You don't know the world nor the people in it," he would claim, "you haven't lived. You have no experience. You must ait a long time before you can write. Your mind is empty."

Aurore agreed with him. She decided that she could not write.

14

With the coming of spring, April, 1831, she went back to ohant, taking up her life where it had been broken off in Jan-

uary. But now there was a difference in her position at the châtea She had lost her place as mistress of the house. Even the servan regarded her as an outsider, and Casimir treated her as a visito She spent the days as well as the evenings in the little cell-li room beside the children. This was neutral ground reserved f her. The rest of the home belonged to her husband; she had fo feited all claims by going away. She made an effort to adjust he self to the new ways of the household. But as the days went on a she continued to feel herself a stranger, she withdrew from t life around her and sank back into the world of fantasy whe she felt at home.

Living in dreams and reveries, she conceived the character of poetic Creole whom she christened Indiana. The character b came more real to her than herself, more real than any of t people around her. When Aurore went into the garden she sa Indiana walking among the trees. She seemed to read her though and fathom her unhappiness. When Aurore sat alone in the ev ning she saw Indiana in a corner of the room and they commun together.

Aurore had no intention of describing Indiana as herself. Th were indeed very different, because the Creole was surpassing lovely and Aurore was not beautiful. Besides, Indiana was trus ing and inexperienced, whereas Madame Dudevant had becon quite worldly-wise. No, Indiana was merely another wom whose life seemed enacted before Aurore's eyes. The other wom suffered, and Aurore ached with sympathy. It soon became ev dent that the innocent, trusting creature was married to a hu band who was far too old for her and who was violent and mea Certainly the husband was not Casimir, because Casimir was com paratively young.

What would be the fate of the beautiful Creole? What wou life do to this wistful soul?

Aurore drew toward her paper and pencil. Where could s sit and write? There was a little cupboard in her room. It had

ding door that let down to form a table. She drew her chair front of it, placed her paper on the improvised desk, and began write.

She began without any definite aim or hope, without any plan. e had no theory of the novel, and no intention of criticizing rs, institutions, or society. Shutting the door of her memory on that had been taught her, she had a sense of yielding herself to outward power, that took possession of herself and of her aracters and did with them as it pleased. If she thought out a ne, the characters would behave unexpectedly and change rything. Aurore was as interested in each day's happenings as eader who begins the next chapter of a new novel.

Who was writing the novel? It was not herself. She had written *mée,* she had written her share of *Rose et Blanche.* But this s different. Whoever had created her several-years-old serial am, whoever had told her the childhood tale between four irs, was telling her the story of Indiana.

The author was Corambé. It seemed to her that Corambé zed her as easily as she picked up a pen. He used her as his pen. e could feel him and yield to him until they two became one it. Then, without wholly knowing him, she waited and lis- ed while he spoke to her, and wrote what he spoke.

While Corambé possessed her she was almost unaware of the about her. Casimir, the servants, the friends who called, were dows whose voices came to her faintly as from a great distance. nen Casimir scolded it sounded rather soothing, like the patter rain on a distant roof. No one hurt her, nothing annoyed her, ause she was out of reach, like an indrawn turtle who scarcely ows whether or not someone is touching its shell.

For three months while she listened to Corambé she went about own existence like a sleepwalker. Finally the fate of Indiana s determined, Corambé disappeared, Aurore stopped writing, l behold, the book was finished. She awoke from her obsession l the life about her became distinct.

15

When she returned to Paris she carried with her the preci manuscript. She intended to have Jules edit it, but Jules was la and delayed helping her. Then she forgot the story. She co hardly realize she had written it. She could remember the c cumstances under which it was written, but not what the bo contained.

If her Paris experience had altered her attitude toward Noha how much more had her stay at Nohant changed her point view toward Paris! She was tired now of the carefree life of a st dent and more than ever bent on serious work. It was too late go back and be a wife again. She was going forward into a life her own.

She had made up her mind about the new world she wished enter. It was man's world. How could a woman get into th wide, free, wonderful world of men? It was merely a matter independence; the key to man's world was self-support; if y could pay your way you could enter. She would pay and she wo enter. She would take what she wanted of their freedom, she not want it all. If she assumed masculine responsibilities th would admit her to their privileges and immunities, and judge h as they judged themselves. She was sure they would, because th was fair and logical, and it was only women who were illogi and unfair.

It was this delicious mixture of knowledge and ignorance th impressed itself upon her young companion, Jules Sandeau. In novel, *Marianna,* of which the heroine is Aurore, he says of h

"She had been brought up in the country and now for the fi time left it, and her manners showed a strange combination boldness and timidity. Her proud chastity and her instinctiv aristocratic air mingled the suggestions of a virgin and a duch contrasting strangely with her disdain for the proprieties and h ignorance of the world. Life—palpitating life—seemed to m

ong the curls of her beautiful black hair, and there burnt as were a hidden fire beneath her delicate and transparent skin. e expression of her eyes spoke of terrible interior struggles, seless but unconfessed."

Jules Sandeau had become acquainted with Aurore in the coun- at La Châtre, where he had been somewhat in awe of her, but en they became fellow workers in Bohemia and fraternized on ms of equality he lost his fear and began to make love to her. e was not sure whether she loved him or not. It took her sev- l months to make up her mind.

One day suddenly she heard herself telling Jules that she loved n. She said naïvely that he knew of her love, therefore, as soon she did. It seemed to her right and beautiful to love Jules.

Her ideas were free enough now to permit a lover. Why not, leed? Was she not in everything but appearance a divorced man? Was not Jules in everything but appearance her real hus- nd? She was through with appearances. Their union was to be nified by permanence. It was to continue as long as they lived. les understood that they were as good as married. She asked so le of him—just two things, love and faithfulness. These he omised and gave, and they were happy.

There was no concealment about it. A room in her apartment onged to Jules, and she received him openly and with the owledge of their half dozen friends. Irregular unions were usual the Latin Quarter, and nobody noticed or cared.

Her letters to Emile Régnault, Jules's intimate friend, were full dreams and plans of work and travel. She had one complaint inst Jules—he was frightfully lazy. Otherwise he seemed to ideal. In a letter to Régnault she wrote:

"To live! How sweet it is and how good, in spite of annoyances, sbands, boredom, debts, relatives, scandal-mongers, suffering l irritation! To live! It is intoxicating! To love and to be loved! is happiness! It is heaven!"

16

In December, 1831, about a year after her first departure fro Nohant, *Rose et Blanche* was given to the public. It was n noticed by the critics, but it sold fairly well; so well, indeed, th the publisher came demanding another novel by Jules Sand. T collaborators had no other novel. But the would-be author, A rore Dudevant, had one ready, entitled *Indiana*. Would M. Dup accept it?

He would and did. He had been impressed by the fact that t best passages of the Jules Sand story had been written by Auro He was willing to risk her first novel, but he wanted to use t same signature, as it might help to sell the book. Aurore w willing to use it and give Jules half the credit, but Jules object to the subterfuge. Would M. Dupuy permit Madame Dud vant to choose another signature? No, M. Dupuy for once w obstinate. He insisted on the pseudonym Jules Sand.

Once more the two authors took their problem to their fait ful councillor Latouche. He settled the question with Solomo like wisdom. Each collaborator deserved one-half of their co mon property. The Jules half was obviously Sandeau's own, ther fore the Sand half must by rights belong to Aurore. Jules Sa deau could continue to use his own signature, and Aurore cou select a first name to go with Sand. Any name would do, Willia Jack, George. Aurore decided on George.

The new novel was signed George Sand.

Aurore was indifferent to her pen-name because she had idea of becoming famous. She had written *Indiana* with an em tion that was sometimes ecstasy and sometimes pain, but s did not divine that the story was remarkable. She wrote to Bo coiran that her pen-name would not be discovered by the peo at home because her fame would never travel as far as La Chât

Having sold *Indiana*, she returned to Nohant in January, a worked with increased self-confidence on a second novel, e

ed *Valentine*. When she had finished *Valentine* she felt her-
f in a fair way to earn more money. That meant she could
ord to keep her child.

April, 1832, was a triumphant month for Aurore Dudevant.
hen she returned to Paris she brought Solange back with her,
d soon after her arrival *Indiana* was given to the public.

It was too late now for Aurore Dudevant to choose a better
udonym. George Sand was an immediate celebrity. "His" book
s a sensational success. On the evening of the day on which it
peared people talked of it with palpitating interest. Indiana
s a new type of heroine, a type that was to be imitated for
enty years. She was the misunderstood woman, *la femme in-
mprise*.

"If you had seen her," Aurore had written, "so pale, so sad,
fragile, beside her aged husband, sitting elbow on knee, half
lden under the mantel of the vast fireplace, you would have
ied her."

And the readers did pity her! They pitied her all over France,
Germany, in Russia, wherever French was read. They pitied her
nard that they made the author famous.

The fury of enthusiasm began in Paris. In the salons of the
stocracy, at Madame Récamier's, in the foyer of the Comédie
nçaise, at the St. Simon Club, and in the offices and stores,
eryone was discussing *Indiana*. The book was not only read, it
s devoured.

Novels of adventure were the fashion of the day. Here was
ovel of the heart, written with an intensity of conviction that
pped and held the most sceptical. People began to question,
Who is this George Sand?" And no one was able to answer.
ter a time rumors began to circulate. George Sand was said to
a woman, a young woman, attractive but totally unknown.
ter this first rumor, nothing—no further information to be
cured. A woman, it is true, but a woman of mystery, who

refused to be interviewed or advertised. She hides behind the nam George Sand.

Her way of hiding was to remain in plain sight. In the afte noon she was in the Luxembourg Gardens with Solange. Towar evening she returned to Place Saint-Michel. She carried the chi up five flights of stairs, prepared their simple meal and put S lange to bed. Then she rested in the little balcony looking out o the Seine and Nôtre Dame.

As she sat in her balcony alone and dreaming, all literary Par gathered about their dinner tables, were discussing her. The were critics who insisted that George Sand was a man. The were others who concluded that, if a woman, she had a bo masculine personality. A few had heard shocking accusations. S had left her husband. She was a loose woman. Some claimed s was a beauty who dazzled and seduced.

They might all have looked in upon her in her hiding-plac They would not have recognized their celebrity, she was so unli the pictures they had made.

The boy's costume had long since been laid aside. She wore plain loose gown of nondescript appearance. Her brown hair f in curls to her shoulders. Her elfin height, her slenderness, h pallor, gave her a seeming frailness that was appealingly feminin There was nothing unusual about her face except its sadne nothing noticeable about her features except the great dark eye "eyes that devoured the face,"—"once they rested on you th took possession of you,"—"the whole face is focused in the eyes said her friends.

While the outside world discussed her she was being obsess by a new set of characters, dreaming them into a new drea weaving her dream into words. She had forgotten *Indiana.* anyone had asked her opinion of the book she would have be obliged to reread it in order to have something to say. She h forgotten *Valentine.* She was absorbed now in a short story. ought to take a month of work. She would do it in a week.

Every evening after Solange had been put to bed she lighted r lamp and covered page after page. When the oil was used and e lamp went out, she brought candles and went on writing til the daylight came through her window. Then, exhausted, e fell asleep.

The next morning she would awake heavy-eyed and silent. e always felt apologetic about her silence. She could not pre- ıd to a keen wit or ready repartee. Her friends often spoke th surprise of the clever dialogues in her books, contrasting strongly with her own lack of conversation, though they for- ve her silence because she was such a good listener. It was a ief, after all, to find an author so detached from self. She never nted them to listen to the last chapter. She never asked them discuss her characters. She didn't solicit their advice on the t title or the best ending. "George," they said laughingly, "is e only man of letters who never talks about his work."

She had sold *Valentine*, but she had not spoken to anyone out this second book. No wonder, then, that friends as well the public were amazed when in July, three months after *diana*, *Valentine* appeared.

Sainte-Beuve tells us that he opened *Valentine* with fear and eboding. He had felt about *Indiana* that it was partly per- al experience, and that probably the talent of the author, like t of so many women, was limited by the one situation she l actually lived. He believed that everyone who has lived a life emotion and who dares write simply what he has lived is cap- e of one novel, but between that achievement and the creative t there is a great distance. From the first pages of *Valentine* foreboding gave way before the charm of the book. He lived l moved in the story, he was carried along by the current of nts. "The author," he concluded, "is not merely endowed h a soul which has suffered. She has the key to human hearts. e has the creative gift. The name of George Sand conceals e of the masters, to whom the whole world is open."

Reading these words of praise, Aurore was elated and frighened. She had written two books, and the prince of critics had placed her name among the famous. This meant to her that by her work she could go on earning her freedom.

Would she be able to go on? She was almost rich. For *Valentine* she had received four times as much as for *Indiana*. She wanted to move into a better apartment. She wanted a governess for Solange, a servant for herself. She would educate the children. She would pay her husband's debts. Perhaps, who knows, some day she would be able to afford a home of her own for her children.

All these things were possible if she could continue to work as she had been working. But she was always upset emotionally about something or someone. Last winter it had been separation from her daughter, and now it was the fate of her son.

The nine-year-old Maurice had been placed by his father in a boys' military school at Paris. Maurice hated the school. Aurore wanted him with her, but Casimir insisted on keeping the sensitive, delicate child in a school where he suffered. There were scenes, the child crying to be taken away. Aurore had wept until her eyes were bloodshot.

Every family tie tortured her, yet she could not break the ties. Though a new personality had begun outside of herself, though a name had been projected and thrown out to the public, she was not the virile, successful author. She was still the mother, still the half-tied, half-free wife.

To George Sand the year 1832 was a year of triumph, but to Aurore Dudevant it was the saddest year of her life. She was fighting against odds to keep her freedom.

Must she always dispute with Casimir the control of the children? Was she to spend her entire existence traveling back and forth between Nohant and Paris, living one half the year with the man she no longer cared for, and one half the year with the man she loved? If only the law would permit her to keep the children, divorce Casimir, and marry Jules! The long absence

wice a year were weakening the bond between herself and er lover.

17

Jules Sandeau as a pseudo-husband was not a great success. Ie had not as yet been sufficiently energetic to prove his earn- ng capacity, whereas Aurore was rich enough to give her poor oy financial assistance. In one of her letters to Emile Régnault rom Nohant she expresses regret because that month she had a ig debt to pay and had not been able to send Jules any money. he fears he cannot afford to buy proper food.

In November Aurore moved to a larger apartment at 19 quai Malaquais. At last she had a servant to cook the meals and help ake care of Solange. During the time that Solange was with her ie wrote more of Solange and less of Jules in her letters to Emile Régnault. Nevertheless she was full of solicitude for her careless over. A room was reserved for him in the new apartment.

Why did the gifted and fascinating Madame Dudevant give er heart to young Sandeau? He was to become a distinguished uthor, and no doubt he had budding possibilities. But during he period of her infatuation he was a rather crude youth, far rom interesting and not even handsome.

There was nothing remarkable about Jules that made Aurore all in love with him. But there was something remarkable about Aurore that made her fall in love. She was endowed with a thou- andfold power of imagination. When she found an object on vhich to center and expend emotion, her powerful imagination egan to function and that object was glorified. He became the olden lover of her dreams and she was hypnotized by the mirage he had made.

A hypnotic subject when brought to his senses by a clap of he hands will exclaim, "Where am I? Who are you? What have said or done?" So Aurore, if awakened from her dream with a hock, looked at the abject creature who was no longer golden,

no longer glorified by illusion, and said to him, "Who are you? I do not know you."

Poor little Jules, unconscious that he had mated with a magnificent imagination, took advantage of his sweetheart's absence to establish the laundress in her place. George came back from Nohant unexpectedly and found them together. The shock awakened her. Jules ceased to be her golden lover: she was dazed to find in his place a stranger. She wrote of her suffering to Emile Régnault, "I have been too deeply wounded by Jules's conduct to feel for him anything more than an affectionate compassion."

She suffered, but with her usual generosity she paid Jules's rent to the end of the year, and since they had talked of a trip to Italy and she did not want the boy to be disappointed, she paid his expenses for the trip they were to have taken together.

18

While Jules was enjoying sunny Italy, George, in rainy Paris, tried to rearrange her life. But she could not adjust herself to work or play or loneliness. In losing her illusion she had lost her mental poise.

In the crisis of her childish life, when her passionate love for Sophie had been ruthlessly destroyed, Aurore had reverted to the primitive. The woman of twenty-nine, with the identical nerves, temperament and inheritance of the child of thirteen, reacted to shock in the same way. She swung around the same circle of emotion: wildness, defiance, melancholy, despair.

But now there was no one to shut her in a convent and subject her to the influence of nuns. On the contrary, she was living in the midst of Romanticists and the core of their philosophy was the conviction that the artist is a law unto himself. George had heard this philosophy for two years. True, it was preached by men, for men, and they never intended it for women. The trouble with George was that she listened to men and then applied their teaching to herself. Had not Sophie, Madame Dupin and Deschartes

lways treated her as though she were Maurice? How often had he said to herself and others, "I have never been a young lady."

After this experience of man's infidelity, George not only suffered intensely, she was mentally confused. She had felt so safe in er conviction that a monogamous permanent free union was deal. It had looked simple and logical when she had reasoned about . Living with a husband whom she did not love was evidently mmoral, therefore living with the man she did love seemed obiously moral. Yet her ideal love affair had ended as her marriage ad done and left her wondering, "Is man's love always casual?"

She was seeking an ideal union. What mistake had she made? n thinking it over it seemed to her that if she had taken her love ffair lightly, as men do, she could have recovered easily, as they o. But she had taken it seriously, as a marriage, and she suffered ccordingly.

It was the woman in her that made her suffer, she reasoned. he had loved like a woman and a wife. What was the use of tryng to live as men lived if she could not love as men love? She ad not proved herself a citizen of the man's world which she had ried to enter, nor could she go back into the woman's world he had left behind. She stood between the two, alone. She did ot belong anywhere. There was no one of her kind, no group vith which she could identify herself. She had broken with conention and propriety and had put in their place her own innate ense of right and her self-respect. Was this enough? Was she eeing straight? She needed a friend like herself, one who faced he same problems—a woman. How could she find the sort of voman she was seeking? The women of Bohemia were light and oose, she disapproved of them. Her former women friends disapproved of her. Both groups of women lived in dependence and er integrity demanded independence.

For friends she was limited to men. They saved her from olitude, but they did not penetrate to her identity or understand her problems. The right to independence was granted them.

She had to prove hers and earn it by work. They could not see, not one of them ever saw, that her work was the price of her freedom.

Decidedly she needed a friend of her own sex. She knew a woman who was more like herself than others, one who had a career in the only profession open to women, that of the theatre. Marie Dorval was emancipated from prejudice. Aurore knew her slightly, for she had once, in a moment's enthusiasm over the great actress's art, written Dorval an admiring letter, and Dorval had answered impulsively by coming to call. This responsiveness had warmed Aurore's heart so that now in loneliness she remembered Dorval and turned to her for companionship and counsel. She wanted to listen to another free woman's philosophy of life.

Marie Dorval was delighted to befriend the fascinating and mysterious Madame Dudevant. She poured out her confidences and willingly gave advice. She was positive and convincing. Aurore was tending to believe that friendship with men gave more happiness than love, but Dorval contended that the cure for love was more love. "If your heart is broken, love again, recklessly," was her advice. She was sincere, charming, magnetic. She believed in yielding to every emotion without thought of consequences. Aurore said of her, "I had beside me a woman who knew no restraint and she seemed to me sublime. I seemed to myself hideous in my egotism and my isolation."

While under the influence of this friendship Aurore met a man for whom she felt great admiration. He was handsome, distinguished, and apparently very wise. In Prosper Mérimée it seemed that she had found the masculine intelligence suited to her own. His calm philosophy impressed her. She thought he knew the secret of happiness and believed he would teach it to her. She was fascinated, her imagination began to function, and Mérimée was glorified.

She lent herself to the new attraction in reckless haste. But

nstead of trying to understand and help her he ridiculed her deals and laughed at her seriousness. His realism was materialism. His sympathy was sarcasm. A week of misery cured her. She left im in disgust.

Five months after the affair was over she tried to understand hat she had done. Writing to a friend, she said:

"You have not asked my confidence, and in telling you this I m not being confidential, because I do not ask discretion. I would e ready to tell and publish all the facts of my life if I thought ney would be helpful to anyone else. . . . In one of my moods f restlessness and despair I met a man who was free from all oubts and questionings. The force of his character completely ascinated me. I believed he had suffered as I had suffered and nat he had mastered his sensibilities. Instead of an affection nat could pity me and relieve my suffering I found only a bitter, nocking frivolity.—But why should I be ashamed of being diculous if I have not been guilty?

"After having believed that years of intimacy were required n order to unite my life with another's, I jumped to the con-usion that a fascination which had lasted only a few days could etermine the course of my life. And in the end I did at the age f thirty what a girl of fifteen would have known better than to o. The experiment failed completely."

She did not know why she had failed. But she had learned rom failure what she needed to know—love was not for her, le could not take it lightly.

And that incapacity to take love lightly was exactly the dif-erence between herself and her men friends, the difference, too, etween herself and her friend Marie Dorval.

There was, to Aurore's way of thinking, no moral question volved in her experience with Mérimée. She merely reproached erself for lack of intelligence. She had been stupid, she had made mistake.

But her way of feeling was in conflict with her thought. The

mistake she had made so violated her nature that for her it changed the face of the universe.

A third novel was slowly taking shape. In her writing she analyzed herself. Always she had needed an object of worship. When she had dreamed of Corambé she had felt her loneliness consoled. Her first love also, it seemed to her as she re-lived it, had been a dream love. Aurélian, like Corambé, had been a sort of god to her. The mere fact of his existence in another city had saved her from mortal loneliness.

But Jules and Mérimée had been real. And they had plunged her into despair. Dream love had satisfied her better than reality. What was she? Why was she completed so easily through imagination? She could identify herself with everything in nature. She could become one with the stone she touched, the flower she gazed upon, the river she bathed in, the cloud whose flight she followed through the sky. In moods of communion she felt herself one with God. Man alone, actual man, as she knew man, had failed to meet her spirit. He had been incapable of or indifferent to a need of completion, a merging of two beings into one.

Then why could she not resign herself to loneliness? Why could she not accept a scheme of life that left man outside of her unrealizable longing? Alas, she was only half alive unless she was in love. There was something lacking in her. Was it self-sufficiency? Wholeness? She was the half of someone who eluded her. She needed her male, her mate, her answer. She was woman, made for man.

And now, at less than thirty, she must renounce love, she must face growing old alone, she must continue to drag on half alive until she died. Her search for love, she told herself, was over. She would accept friendship, nothing but friendship, from this time forth.

As she brooded, remembered, analyzed, her soul went into her book. It was the expression of her own inner life. She called it *Lélia.*

"I have offered myself to God in every way," cried Lélia. Ferociously I have sounded the depths of my own heart. I have atched that heart from my breast to see what it was made of. have torn it into a thousand pieces. I have pierced it with a ousand poignards so that I might know it! I have offered the reds of it to the most high gods, as to the least significant. I have oked spectres, struggled with demons. I have implored all the ints, all the angels, I have sacrificed to all passions. Truth, truth! hou dost not reveal thyself. Ten thousand years I have sought ee and found thee not!"

IV

GEORGE AND ALFRED

LELIA had been begun as a journal, a series of sad and cynical reveries not intended for the public. But the mood of melancholy was sustained from week to month, and the journal grew to book size. Slowly it took on some sort of story form, part fantasy, part allegory. It was anything but a novel. It became a prose poem.

A letter to George Sand from one of her friends expresses the amazement that greeted *Lélia.*

"What the devil is the matter? Why did you write this book? Where did it come from? It is not in the least like you who know how to be gay and appreciate a pun, you who sew so well and make such good jam."

Lélia came from the depths of Aurore Dudevant's despondency. The defeat and disgust of her own soul were repeated and reflected in the world outside her. Wherever she looked she saw suffering. She was oblivious to joy. The misery that Aurore could not, would not, talk about, Lélia wrote. Her lament was the cry of a lost soul.

In the midst of the admiration and criticism produced by *Lélia* two book critics from two different magazines met and fought a duel to decide the value of the book. It seemed that George Sand could not write without causing commotion.

There was in her a many times multiplied capacity to feel. This capacity, suppressed, denied, and suffering, had turned to cynicism. Failing an object of worship, she had spent her emotion in cursing the world.

"She outdid Goethe. She outdid Byron. To the many masculine voices which had been lifted to blaspheme life," says Rene

oumic, "a feminine voice was now added and it dominated
em all."

During the time that she was writing this blasphemous book
identified herself with Lélia. Strangely enough, the lover of
nical Lélia was Stenio, a poet. Aurore had never known and
d never wanted a poet lover. But Stenio seemed to belong with
lia. Somewhere out of Aurore's imaginings he came and
imed her.

No two highly endowed human beings, it seemed to Aurore,
n ever find happiness together. They try to approach and know
d understand each other. But they do not meet each other, they
et whirlpools and frozen barriers and floating ice. They sing
oss impassable distances that widen between them. They wave
d shout, but the two remain separate. They remain alone, Lélia
d Stenio, woman and man, you and me, she seemed to be say-
, you and me. And who was the you whom she seemed to be
ling forth from the unknown? Who was the poet lover she
d never wanted and had never known?

There was no one. She lived almost in solitude. Her most de-
ed friend was uncouth Gustave Planche, literary critic for the
vue des Deux Mondes. Planche was a caustic critic with a
utation for rough bitterness, but under the surface manner
this big intimidating man Aurore saw a sensitive little boy,
ely and in need of a home. She took him into her family
up, and in gratitude he followed her about like a faithful dog;
her errands, helped look after Solange, took Maurice back
forth from school on his days of vacation, and in general
yed the part of dependable friend. If he was in love with her
was too timid to tell her so. He seemed content to make a cult
her and defend her against adverse criticism.

ules Boucoiran, equally devoted and faithful, was also a fre-
nt caller. These two men, with an occasional Berrichon
nd, came sometimes to sit in front of her fire, drink her beer,

and scold her for working so hard. Outside of this casual grou she had no contacts. In the literary world of Paris she had n friends.

In the month of January, 1833, Aurore made the acquaintanc of the master critic of the nineteenth century, Sainte-Beuve. H was brought to call by Gustave Planche at her request, as sh wished to thank him for his sympathetic criticisms. The ac quaintance rapidly developed into friendship. Sainte-Beuve rea to her from his novel *Volupté*, and she let her new friend rea from her own uncompleted book. Sainte-Beuve was deepl moved by the lyric quality of *Lélia*. In March he wrote Madam Dudevant a eulogistic letter expressing his admiration for he work and the pride he felt in her friendship. He protested agains her hermit-like existence. He felt that he had discovered a wo derful personality, and he wanted to bring his friends to her among others, Alfred de Musset.

The day after this suggestion had been made and accepte Aurore wrote to Sainte-Beuve:

"By the way, on second thought, I don't want you to brin Alfred de Musset to call on me. He is too much the dandy. W wouldn't get along together. I think I felt more curiosity tha interest in agreeing to meet him."

There the matter might have rested had it not been for a editor, one of those editors who represent fate. The man w François Buloz, the great Buloz who had lately taken over th *Revue des Deux Mondes*. For two years now he had drawn abou him the best writing talent of France, and he was not slow t notice the two dawning stars, Sand and Musset. These two ap peared above the horizon at about the same time, so Bulo hitched them to his wagon with business contracts. Alfred w to contribute to the *Revue* all the poetry he felt inspired t write. George Sand, as a person more amenable to busines promised to provide the magazine with thirty-two columns ever six weeks at a salary of 4000 francs a year.

In June, 1833, two months after Aurore's sagacious letter re-ing to meet Musset, the great Buloz gave a dinner to his con-butors. It pleased him to seat the two young authors side by e. So they found themselves together, the dandy and the blue-cking, each prejudiced against the other. Aurore was sur-sed to find the dandy so unaffected. Alfred was impressed by modesty of the blue-stocking. He regarded her with curiosity. e was singularly unlike his preconceived idea of her. Was it ssible that this girlish creature had written two virile novels? ould she ever produce another?

Alfred stole a glance at the slim olive-brown woman, the only man capable of competing with the Buloz group of dis-guished men. He kept saying to himself, "How small she is!" Quietly, without smiles or animation, she sat beside him. She not exert herself to please. He had never seen a woman so king in coquetry. All the mystery of her being was in the great k eyes that looked at him candidly, as a man would look at a n. He noticed her hands. Lovely, lovely hands, small, white, h pointed fingers, the hands of an artist. They were deeply sfying to his sense of beauty.

He lifted his eyes, furitively noticing her attire. Her dress was usual, not Parisian, rather oriental. Instead of the fashionable f large hat set on top of rolls of hair, she wore a sort of turban t suited her small head and the short dark hair. Instead of the sleeves and small waist of the prevailing style, her brown vn of dull silk had no modishness, no particular cut or line. the wren-like quality of vague brown was contradicted by ay short jacket of braided gold. That jacket and the turban e a Turkish effect not unpleasing to the eye of the poet. red felt confused. He wondered why her appearance pleased n. He liked a woman to follow the dictates of fashion.

Aurore, who despised a dandy, observed that the poet was ssed in the extreme of style. A green coat heightened the effect his blue eyes and blond coloring. His cheeks were pink like a

girl's. His hair revealed an almost infantile tendency to the kin of curl a woman likes to wave around her finger. He was un deniably handsome. He looked the aristocrat. His manner wa almost too excessively polite and well-bred. Decidedly he wa unlike her group of friends. The men she knew and liked wer all Bohemians, careless of dress and of demeanor.

The conversation at the table was general. Aurore, the onl woman present, talked little and listened much. From time t time her dark eyes were lifted to the poet. He exerted himself t be agreeable; he was agreeable, but, oh, so young! Too young, to precocious, to be writing poetry. And what about the rumor of his dissipated life? In his world, the aristocratic world, mos young men were dissipated, but this one was notorious.

Aurore did not pretend to compliment the poet. The firs words she spoke to him were serious and sincere. She confesse that his poetry was too frivolous to move her deeply. His *Tale of Italy and Spain* and his *Ballad to the Moon* were lightness an laughter mixed with naughtiness. They were charming, she ad mitted, but would he not lend himself to something more worth of his gift?

As she talked to him she realized that she did not respond t youth any more. She felt old. She found life tragic. She wa writing *Lélia*.

Alfred in turn was entirely flattering. He understood wome too well to treat them with sincerity. He told the author o *Indiana* how much he had enjoyed her book. True, he had en joyed it in his own facetious way. He had taken a blue pencil an had scratched out all the superfluous adjectives, much to th amusement of himself and his friends. Now he found himsel praising the lacerated novel. Lies like these were to Alfred merel the necessary social amenities. Luckily for Madame Dudevant h was too much the gentleman to speak the truth to a lady. Wha would she think if he blurted out his thoughts: Madame, I hav said to others, and I now confess to you, I cannot bear you

roes. Why are all your men characters cowards and poltroons? ave you never in all your life known a decent man worth scribing?

While these irritated comments, carefully repressed, were cing through the brain of young Musset, he continued his ession of polite phrases until the dinner was over.

The dinner was over, and no attraction was evident between e two new stars of the Buloz *Revue*. Nothing had happened. urore went home to curse the world in a few more pages be- e falling asleep. While she was thus occupied, Alfred lay awake d re-lived his impressions of the evening, remembering those s of hidden fire.

There was a subtle excitement to Musset in meeting this strange adame Dudevant, so different from his mother, his sister, the men he knew in high society, the women he had known in half world. Many women had made a sex appeal to him. But s one was sexless. Or was she sexless? Was she perhaps a new arnation of sex! She was irritating, she was arrogant. She did t suit his ideal of helpless womanhood. A salaried worker on men's magazine—horrors! He fell asleep reminding himself t he did not care to meet her again.

The next day Alfred found himself restless, touching the piano, cing back and forth across the floor of his study.

The one thing he demanded in a woman was beauty. Madame devant, he assured himself, was not beautiful. Yet she acted on his nerves and imagination with all the force of rich fem- ne seductiveness. He kept seeing those deep glowing eyes of uid amber. Why was she alone in Paris? Why did she write oks? He tried to think of some excuse to call on her. He had excuse.

Baffled, curious, he re-read *Indiana*. Strange, it was not so long that he had treated her book with ridicule. Now he was con- ous of enthusiasm. Scarcely had he finished the second chapter en he felt inspired to write a poem. After the poem was fin-

ished he felt moved to send it to the author. The poem wa accompanied by a note:

"Madame, I take the liberty of sending you some verses whic I have just written in re-reading a chapter of *Indiana*. Their valu is so slight that I would hesitate to offer them, were it not tha they afford me an opportunity to express to you the sincere an profound admiration by which they have been inspired."

This respectful note received a courteous response. The re sponse was followed by a call, by several calls. The two new star wavered slightly in their orbits, as though drawn by a commo force.

The first conversations were literary. After pledging her t secrecy, he showed her fragments of his new poem, *Rollo*. The talked poetry. As she followed his flights of fancy, his thought unfolded before her.

After knowing Madame Dudevant, Alfred lost his taste for th talk of other women, that talk, half chatter and half flattery to which he was accustomed. He found that this one woma listened with entire attention, understood without protestation and responded quietly without effort or strain. She had, h thought, a mind that equalled his own, the mind of a man.

They discussed everything, books, plays, life, morals, and ende inevitably by discussing themselves. Alfred learns that Madam Dudevant is a disillusioned human being. She is through wit love, emotionally dead. She is capable of friendship alone. H hears these statements and he believes them.

Not wishing to be outdone in world weariness, he assure Madame Dudevant that he will never make himself ridiculou by falling in love with her. He has possessed so many women tha possession has lost its attraction. A lofty companionship is a he demands.

He enters upon this experience with all the elation of a nev adventure. He loves novelty. He is a chaser of sensation. Her is something sensationally new, friendship with a woman, an un

ralleled woman, one who has somehow, by a freak of nature, mbed to the level of men.

In an impulsive moment he writes another letter:

"I can be, if you consider me worthy, not exactly your friend that is much too moral for me—but a sort of comrade without portance and without rights, consequently without jealousy d without embroilments. . . . If, in this capacity, you would e me for an hour or an evening when you have nothing better do, I will go to see my dear Mr. George Sand, who is hence-rth for me a man of genius."

On receiving this letter Aurore believed Alfred's self-analysis entirely as he had trusted hers. Each was accepted by the other possessing complete self-knowledge. Alfred was above jealousy, ırore incapable of passion. They would meet as two liberated nds.

And so the Platonic friendship began. It was absolutely safe. ey could never fall in love, because too many things stood be-een them.

They were separated by difference in age. Alfred was twenty-ee years old, while Aurore was twenty-nine. She felt motherly ward the young man, and a motherly impulse is a safeguard ainst romance.

They were separated by difference in education. Alfred had en brought up to have his own way. His family had always sted to help him get his own way. He was born lazy and trained self-indulgence. Aurore, subjected to the severe training of her ndmother and to the strict discipline of a convent, had ac-ired habits of self-denial and self-control.

They were separated by associations. Alfred went with a fast wd in the great gay world. Aurore stayed at home and re-ved a few friends, mostly men.

There was also the difference of temperament. Alfred lived on citement and needed constant stimulus which he spent his life eeking. The only recreations of a gentleman, he said, were wine,

women and gambling. Aurore sought her satisfaction in the student life. She liked tranquillity. She was by nature and necessity a worker.

Love between two such different beings would be dangerous. On this they agreed. But friendship was appropriate and permissible.

On their long walks, they lingered on the bridges or bargained for books at the stalls along the quais. They sat at little tables on the sidewalk across from the Seine, where they drank their wine or coffee as they watched the world pass by. When the evenings were cool they gathered round the porcelain stove in Aurore's salon, with good old Boucoiran and devoted Gustave Planche and the artist Laurens. Sometimes Buloz dropped in or Sainte-Beuve. There were a dozen others, painters, writers, critics, journalists, new friends of George Sand. To them she was not Aurore, but George, and from this time on she was to be called George more often than Aurore. At her table in the corner she wrote while the others talked. She smoked cigarettes and half listened to the talk while she wrote. In the little apartment on quai Malaquais there was an atmosphere of home and family. Once a week Maurice spent his holiday with his mother, and Solange was always dancing in and out of the apartment. Alfred made a sketch of George with Maurice and Solange. He wrote jingles about the family group, making fun of them all and describing George as an abbess wrapt in dreams. During all this time George called Alfred her good child or her bad child, as the case might be. She tried to help him to keep straight. Strange to say, he did keep straight. He had lost his taste for dissipation. He found in this adventure all the new thrills that he needed.

Toward the end of July, after a long walk, George told Alfred that she was soon to leave Paris for Nohant. Alfred felt suffocated but he said nothing. He was still somewhat timid in the presence of his idolized friend. On returning home he wrote to her:

"My dear George, I have something stupid and ridiculous to

ll you. I don't know why I am so foolish as to write it instead
f having said it when we came back from our walk. You will
ake fun of me, you will think that in all our association up to
ie present I have been only a maker of phrases. You will shut
our door to me and you will think that I lie. I am in love with
ou. I have been in love with you from the day I first called
ı you."

2

She did not shut the door on him, neither did she open her
ms to him. She dared not take a lover. She was more afraid of
ffering than she was in love with love.

Men had always made her suffer. Perhaps it was the fault of
er own nature. She could not give a casual love, she gave wholly
ıd ended by being broken. Whether or not it was her fault,
e felt that she must protect herself. She must harden her heart.

His letter had ended on a plaintive note: "The truth is that I
ffer." He suffered, and she was afraid of suffering. Which should
e considered?

In the following days they debated the question. She argued
r the emotional freedom of friendship. He argued for love. As
st as she set forth her fears he overcame them with promises.
e swore by all that was holy that he would make her happy.
e reproached her for classifying him as a man like other men,
ıd assured her that he was different, exceptional, trustworthy.
is love was eternal, incapable of change or faithlessness. She
as his guardian angel, his guiding star, his savior, and he wanted
be guarded, guided and saved.

Their friendship had endured for a month. Their argument
sted half as long. At the end of two weeks she surrendered.
Aore out of friendship than love," she wrote to Sainte-Beuve.
ıter she added, "It was his tears that made me yield."

The poet's tears! From this time on they brought him what-
er he begged for. Tears of self-pity, of entreaty, of repentance,

of sorrow, of anger. As child or man, he wept his way to what he wanted. His tears ended by touching his own heart and making him weep again. Infantile tears, voluptuous, tyrannous tears they were, but for some mysterious reason they endeared him to George.

That he needed her and that his need appealed to her were the essential facts of their mutual attraction. She had no egotism as a writer and almost none as a woman. All her egotism was maternal. She needed to be needed.

On August 25th she wrote Sainte-Beuve that they were lovers, and that there was no reason to keep it secret; he was welcome to tell anyone.

They lived in an intense mutual absorption. All former experiences fell away from them and were as nothing. Each gave the other a first great passion. It was as though he had never touched a woman, as though she had never known a man.

What had become of the barriers that once seemed dangerous? They seem to have been disposed of, one by one. What if they were of different temperaments? George gave up her serious ways and lent herself to his gayety. What if they did belong to different worlds? Alfred left his world and came over into George's. Not that he adjusted himself to her or her friends, he adjusted them to himself. He insisted that George's Bohemian group should imitate the elegancies to which he was accustomed. His sensibilities were outraged because Boucoiran and Gustave Planche lounged in their chairs or sat on the floor. He criticized their manners and opinions. One day he criticized George. He found her too moral, too religious. He felt it too evident that she had been brought up in a convent. When her friends defended her, Alfred was annoyed. George was the only one who never reproved him, the only one who understood. He wished the others would stay away.

Alfred's first act of dominance was to get rid of Gustave Planche. One had to give in to the poet's jealousy. It was ab-

ormal, a sort of frenzy which ended in illness if it was opposed. ut as soon as one yielded to his frenzy he fell asleep exhausted d woke up sweet-tempered and repentant.

Gustave Planche was banished, and George looked forward to period of peace. Yet there was no peace. George's life became series of excitements. Alfred the accepted lover was a different erson from Alfred the respectful friend. He took possession of eorge's apartment. He ran it. He ran her. He did it all so armingly that George could only look on and smile. When he as happy, when he had his own way, he was adorable. He or- nized parties which were but backgrounds for his ebullient ex- bitiveness. The guests were their co-workers of the Buloz group they were George's new friends. Deburau, the famous panto- imist, was sometimes invited. There were sleight-of-hand per- rmances, costume parties, masquerades, charades. On one oc- sion George was persuaded to give a dinner to some literary lk. Alfred's place was vacant. The guests were served by a new rvant dressed in peasant costume with short skirts and bare ms. The awkward waitress broke the plates, dropped the food d made everyone uncomfortable. Finally she emptied a carafe a solemn gentleman's bald head. At this climax of hilarity e maid took off her wig, pulled down her sleeves and revealed rself as Alfred. Everyone except the bald man was delighted. At these and other escapades George looked on and smiled. She iled as a mother does, watching her clever boy, his tricks, his ars, his cunning ways of showing off. Alfred was like a child o keeps calling out, "Now look at me!"

During these weeks of close association George was learning ny new things about her "sublime child." He must never be ossed, it destroyed his equilibrium. He passed in quick succession om tears to laughter, from anger to tenderness, from exaltation gloom. And every mood was excessive. He could not be merely pressed or merely unhappy. If depressed he wanted to kill him- f in utter despair. If happy he wanted to die from sheer ecstasy.

Calm bored him, agitation was his natural element, and a brain-storm was the height of his delight. He was a sentimental sadist. He deliberately precipitated his own mental crises, that he might feel himself tremble, hear himself cry out, and taste the delicious salt of his own tears. He enjoyed unhinging his mind from time to time. But he was haunted by the dread of a permanent unhinging. In the reaction after drinking or in the collapse that followed a mental crisis he sometimes spoke of this dread of insanity. In these moods one had to treat him as an invalid and nurse him back to mental health. Poetry, intoxication, madness, were the one-in-three and the three-in-one of his religion. He worshiped this holy trinity of his own temperament.

Alfred was at his best as a talker. His use of words was little less than inspired. There was never a lover who could vow such splendid vows. He told his beloved that he loved her as no man had ever loved woman. He swore their love would go down in history like the love of Romeo and Juliet, like that of Abélard and Héloïse. Her name and his would be linked together throughout the ages, to prove the reality of deathless passion.

If gradually he seemed less magnificent than the words he spoke, George excused him because he was a poet. When he was childish she excused him because of his youth. Whenever he failed her she forgave him. Was he not a genius?

She accustomed herself to his moods, and learned to take his words as little poems unrelated to life. No hurt, no disappointment really mattered. She loved him. He was as he was. He was jealous of everyone, of everything, of her work, of her past. But one could not blame him for these jealous rages, because they were uncontrollable. And always afterward he was so tender, so full of promises, so lovable and loving, one could almost forget the rages, almost believe they would not recur.

Their first slight disagreements were due to the difference in their social viewpoint. George sympathized with every democratic tendency and sided instinctively with the oppressed. This

ritated Alfred in every nerve of his being. He considered such mpathy vulgar. It was a matter not of social ethics, but of good ste. He believed in a privileged upper class and sided with the onarchists. This was merely the correct attitude of a gentle- an. As fast as she found out these dangerous topics of con- rsation George avoided them, until at last they could congrat- ate themselves that all barriers were removed.

The contemplated visit to Nohant had been postponed. George d not work any more. She did not think, she did not reason. e was like a ship loosed from its moorings, carried out to sea d caught in a whirlpool. The calm safe land lay miles away, t and forgotten. Nothing was close or remembered or real but e daily maelstroms by which she was alternately drawn under driven forth.

3

Alfred's desire for exclusive possession drove them at last to ntainebleau, where they spent a belated honeymoon late in ptember. They lived outdoors all day, and their changed sur- undings brought them into close accord.

Sometimes they rode horseback. Alfred had heard that George uld ride astride but he had scarcely believed it. Now he saw is novel sight. His adored one, riding in knickerbockers and gings, looked like a boy of sixteen. Sometimes they spent whole ys tramping in the forest. For these walks George wore her dent costume, with a loose blue blouse held by a black belt. ntact with nature lent her a mysterious vitality. She seemed Alfred at the height of her attractiveness. He liked her best en she was gay and spontaneous, and to please him she sang peasant songs of Berry and danced the steps she had learned a child in Spain. The further they went into the forest the re at home she seemed. She ran after flowers, and called them by their names. She knew the trees and the birds and was with them. She belonged in wide green spaces with all that

was wild and free. She was a wood nymph, a fairy, a creature who should never be caged.

What had become of the silent woman, the worker, the mother? She had been left behind in Paris. And now at last Alfred possessed an ideal mistress who devoted her days to delightful childish play.

He also was transformed. The outdoor life restored his balance, and he was at his charming best.

On September 21st George wrote to Sainte-Beuve:

"I am happy, very happy, my friend. Every day I grow more attached to him. Every day I can see the gradual disappearance of the little things which made me suffer, while the fine things I admire grow more plain."

One day at Fontainebleau they were sitting on a high rock that overlooked a dangerous abyss. As Alfred's spirits rose he soared into a mood of exaltation. He covered her face with tears and caresses. Putting his arms around his loved one, he dragged her to the edge of the rock. Then he demanded that they throw themselves over, declaring that they must die together. It was one of those moods in which he liked to feel his mind unhinge. George fought for her life and finally succeeded in pulling away from him, although she was obliged to kick at his hands. She did not want to die.

It was the first time she had ever refused him anything. He never forgave her. Several times he referred to the incident and reproached her for lack of sensibility because she could not understand a poet's love. On their way home after this experience he made a bed of moss and asked her to spend the night in the forest. Still frightened, she refused.

"Afraid of what?" he exclaimed. "Afraid of me who would die a thousand deaths to protect and guard you!"

There was another brief madness in the forest. Late one afternoon George had wandered away and Alfred was left alone. He saw coming toward him a man who was a stranger yet vaguely

miliar. He was clothed in torn black garments. His face was pale, hair was ruffled by the wind. On looking closer Alfred recogzed in this ghostly being the image of his own future self. The n was Alfred as he would look at forty, sick, dissipated, worn th debauch. The revolting creature was drunk, horrifying: he st looks of hatred and scorn at the young poet. Alfred sat paraed with terror until George came to his rescue. And then when e tried to lead him home he would not take the paths they ew. He dragged her through the thick woods where they ndered around until dawn. In this long tramp he restored his lance and rested his nerves, but George reached home in a state collapse. The next day she was sick with exhaustion, but Ald arose in the morning refreshed and strong.

He seemed to revel in this experience. Much to her surprise he ated it lightly. He made a sketch of their expedition and enled it "Honeymoon in a Cemetery." Under the figure of George wrote, "With heart as badly torn as her dress." Later on he de poetry out of the hallucination. The spectre of debauch pears in one of his most famous poems.

On their return to Paris Alfred made a book of drawings. ere were sketches of George lying down, standing, sitting, oking a long thin pipe, leaning on the balcony, dressed in orial clothes. There were sketches of Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, loz, of himself as Don Juan, imitating Byron, who was his al. "Musset must have been extremely gay," says Adolph Bris, "when he was not suffering from sickness or debauch."

The parties began again. George was criticized for giving a erary dinner to which Planche, Boucoiran and Laurens were not ited. But regardless of her friends she continued to indulge fantasies of her sublime child. It was not difficult to keep n amused. He loved the unexpected. Just before sitting down dinner she would put on her hat and announce that they would e instead at a restaurant. As they prepared for an evening at ne she would suggest the theatre. These diversions satisfied his

restlessness for a time. Then he demanded change, excitement something new. They discussed a trip to Italy. George welcomed the idea as a solution to all her worries, because he promised that in Italy he would work and allow her to work.

Alfred had lived as a guest in Madame Dudevant's apartment from the first week in August to the second week in December. To the poet the apartment represented warmth, light and comfort. He knew there was a servant and he saw that there were meals. He took all this as a matter of course. Whenever he returned to his mother's home he found it running smoothly. It seemed reasonable that George's home would conduct itself in the same way. His mind saw no relation between the upkeep of a household and the need of earning money. His hostess never spoke of bills. She pored over her accounts when her guest was absent. She hid the accounts as well as her worries when he returned.

Whenever she spoke of working he reproached her: "You don't love me any more. You are a cold woman. You are too moral, too serious. You know nothing about love." When she tried to keep regular hours he jeered at her. "A creative artist should not work like a dressmaker or a laborer." George's habit of life had been to write for a certain number of hours every day. By so doing she had produced a book in four months and for this book she had been paid 4000 francs. During the four months of her intimacy with Alfred most of her time had been expended in entertaining Alfred. Her time was her capital and he was consuming it.

All this was invisible to the poet. His mind was on other things. He liked being seen abroad with Madame Dudevant on his arm. She was known and noticed. People would turn and look and whisper, "There goes the author of *Lélia*." Alfred and his world called her his mistress. Alfred was proud of his possession, his achievement. Not every young man of twenty-three could afford a mistress.

4

Lélia was daily becoming more celebrated. No book George r wrote created such a stir or added so greatly to her fame. ny little Lélias sprang up in France and Germany. She had ated a new vogue.

n *Lélia* George had advocated woman's independence, her ality, the need of changed laws and a single standard of mo- ty. These ideas were a sensational novelty. They awakened a pest of indignation. The author was called impious and im- ral, a dangerous teacher of corruption. Young girls were for- den to read the book, and married women read it in secret. George was a precocious feminist. The slow, conservative man movement would some day pave the way for feminism. t the woman movement had not yet begun. Her ideas were refore not chronological. They antedated history. She con- ed the thinkers, angered the critics, and threw the times out joint.

While the superficial woman question was thus agitating public nion, the author of *Lélia* was facing the permanent woman blem, man. Whenever Alfred grew restless they talked of y. It was necessary to give him a change of surroundings and find a place where he would let George write. Over and over promised that when they reached Italy he would work and let work.

But how could the trip be provided for? George had spent all money. She persuaded Buloz to advance her some hundreds francs for extra writing which she promised to forward from y. She borrowed more francs from her friend La Roche- cauld. The question of money being settled, George was free leave. Maurice was at school. Solange was spending her half r at Nohant in charge of a faithful maid. George was beholden no one.

But Alfred was not entirely self-supporting. He could not

leave until his widowed mother gave her permission. She was doting mother, she had not objected to his long stay in George apartment, but she was afraid to let her boy go far away.

George wished she could talk to Alfred's other mother, bu there were difficulties. George might feel herself an independe woman with a right to a free union, but Madame de Musset an all her friends looked upon George as Alfred's mistress. Nothin could change the point of view which held it improper fo mother and mistress to meet. They were the two women mo interested in Alfred's welfare, but they could not talk it ove The more George thought about it the more she resented the absurd proprieties. Finally she took a carriage to 59 rue de Gre nelle and sent up word that a lady was waiting below. Madame d Musset, accompanied by a maid, went down to investigate. Sh appreciated the delicacy of Madame Sand's reception of her i a carriage. Of course the woman was wicked, but were not a dear Alfred's women wicked? It was rather a relief to see on of them.

Instead of a panted jade she found a simple sincere woma who talked devotedly of Alfred and his soul. The silent Georg could be very eloquent when under the sway of conviction, an she was certain that she had been chosen to save Alfred. She prom ised his mother to take good care of their genius. Madame d Musset was impressed by George's personality, she was certain o her sincerity. She wept, like Alfred, with emotion, and in weep ing she gave her consent.

The lovers left Paris December 12th. They traveled b diligence to Lyons, by boat on the Rhône from Lyons to Avignon by diligence again to Marseilles, and by boat to Genoa.

At Genoa they rested. One evening they received a call fro two young Italians whom they had met on the boat. These tw with de Musset, talked, as young men will, on love and women They spoke freely before Madame Dudevant, as one may befo a married woman. Some remark was made about bad women

denly George took up the cudgels. She asserted that a free man was often more moral than a conventional hypocrite. contended that a woman might be unconventional, even irular, in her love affairs and yet remain good. She quoted her her as a glorified proof of her argument. Her own mother, said, was a good woman, yet she had lived with Maurice pin before their marriage. She was not blaming her, she was ending her. She regarded her as a victim of social injustice. ce again George was eloquent with the force of conviction. y had hit at her, at her mother, at a hundred other women o did not deserve their contempt. George defended them all, elf, her mother and the others. She knew these men were ers and self-righteous. She tried to make them see and underd.

Alfred was shocked. It was perfectly proper for him and his nds to discuss their liaisons with women, because they knew e women were bad and they called them bad, therefore the ily and moral standards were not disturbed. But for George talk about bad women as though they were good women was ructive to morality and the family. For the good name of nce he felt compelled to assure the Italians that such ideas did exist in Paris.

When the men left he told George just why she was wrong and what she should and should not talk about. George was ous and for once did not yield. Alfred flew into a rage and once his rage was not followed by repentance.

He was sure he was right. He was proud of his world and his h. All his sex traditions were back of him. George was sure was right. She was passionately loyal to women and her sex victions were back of her.

This first serious quarrel frightened the two lovers. It pushed n asunder. In a passage of words they had felt their way back heir beginnings. Each was true to his roots. No one who wants o on living can be expected to pull up his own roots. The sub-

ject was dropped but the estrangement remained. There w
something like a garden wall between them. Alfred belonged
the garden and George flourished better in the field outside.

At Genoa George began to suffer from a fever. She visit
Campo Santo in a state of apathy. She saw Pisa without car
whether the tower was crooked or straight.

Sixteen days after leaving Paris they reached Floren

In Alfred's version of the Italian journey given by Lou
Colet he says: "When we went to the opera the music awaken
in us divergent impressions. The cries of passion to which I r
sponded did not reach her. She was moved most by religio
music and by the choruses expressing collective feeling. It r
quired a merging of many souls to move her own. She has a wi
universal sympathy which goes out to the infinite in charity,
love, in utopia, but the personal and passionate escapes her. Ev
in the hours of most complete happiness I never felt her entire
mine. She never was jealous and possessive, as I was. Her emotio
were not concentrated on me.

"When we met a beggar we were equally ready to give mon
and I often felt my eyes fill with tears. She would express h
emotion by condemning extremes of wealth and poverty and
saying that we ought to put an end to human inequality. I wou
listen with a lassitude which hurt her. I would often run aw
from her to get back my liberty to think as I pleased."

At Florence Alfred ran away often to think as he pleased a
to do as he pleased. He began to seek his own amusements. A
he found occasion for jealousy because George visited the galler
alone. When she went out without him he felt sure she must
meeting some other man.

For the first time since Alfred came into her life George h
moods of loneliness and sadness. She was indifferent as to whe
they went. They flipped a coin to decide whether their destin
tion should be Rome or Venice. The coin turned up Venice th

es. They continued the journey in a kind of fatalism and ched Venice on January 19th. The trip had lasted twenty-ee days.

Twenty-three days of exclusive possession. Twenty-three days prolonged tête-à-tête. Days of riding side by side in stage ches, and on boats where Alfred was seasick. The long journey a severe test of companionship. Part of Alfred's mind was genial to George, and part of George's mind was congenial to red. But they could not talk poetry all day long and then be-on it again in the evening.

Twenty-three long dinners and longer evenings at strange els. George had found Alfred fascinating in Paris because he different from her Bohemian friends. Now she sometimes ged for someone who would not be bored by social questions impersonal conversation. One of de Musset's friends, Count lton-Shée, says of him: "When he was with men he talked e and laughed good-naturedly at the wit of others. He re-ed for women all the grace and charm of his coquetry; with n he was gay, amusing, eloquent, mocking, having, like them, rror of politics and of serious subjects."

George Sand," says Wladimir Karénine, "could not endure ing for the sake of talking. She frankly admitted that she ferred the conversation of men to that of women. Women ried her by their silly gossip and their chit-chat."

Alfred had fallen in love with George because she was different n other women. Now he resented the difference. He had ad-ed her seriousness, her calm detached mind. Now he wanted to chat and laugh. The more she saw his irritation the sadder grew, until he begged for brightness, even a little coquetry. When the stage coach rattled out of Paris Alfred had said to rge, "At last I have you all to myself!" When the gondola them at their hotel in Venice he exclaimed, "George, you are most tiresome woman I ever knew."

5

On the day of their arrival in Venice George fell ill, but in spi of fever and lassitude she struggled to begin writing. Her effo at work annoyed Alfred, and her illness seemed to him a pe sonal injury. He saw her lying in bed, weak and in need of syr pathy and attention. Had he not told her a hundred times th he would gladly die to save her a moment's unhappiness? No was the moment to prove his Romeo devotion, his Abélard pr testations of exalted, loyal love. One glance at his sick Juliet a the poet-lover felt extreme irritation. One long look at the patie Héloïse face, propped up by pillows, and Romeo Abélard Alfr ran away. All his vows could not withstand an attack dysentery.

George was left alone at the hotel without nurse or docto She could work or she could sleep or weep or grieve. She was fr to do as she pleased.

Alfred went forth into Venice like a schoolboy on a holida But the schoolboy began to regret that he had brought teach along. He couldn't pull away from her. She was always there, not in fact, at least in consciousness, spoiling his good times.

The French consul called and offered his services. Alfred want to see the dives and vulgar resorts of Venice. He had known th side of life in Paris since he was a collegian, and he was eager compare the excitements of Paris with those of Venice. The co sul was delighted to play host to the charming Frenchman. H took him behind the scenes of the theatres and introduced hi to chorus girls and dancers. All this would have been wholly e joyable to Alfred except for the disagreeable fact that he h to go back to Her, take dinner with Her, see her pleading ey and listen to her counsels. She begged him not to gamble, not drink to excess.

But according to Alfred it was her fault that he drank to e cess. Her face haunted him. He drank from the highest motiv

deaden his sensibilities, drown his memories and forget his con-
nce. Alas, she had become that horrible thing to him, a
science.

t was her fault, too, that he ran after women. He was used
the courtesan type and she would not play the courtesan. He
used her of failing to give him the pleasures of love, of forc-
him to seek those pleasures elsewhere.

When a man feels like being good he naturally craves the love
an angel. But when he feels like being bad an angel is a bore.
was all very well for George to take care of him when he felt
being cared for, but now he wanted to escape from the
rdian angel, and there she was, remembering his appeals to be
ed. Even if she said nothing, her very presence was a reproach.
George, who could never blame Alfred, blamed her illness for
r temporary estrangement. This illness, she always contended,
the beginning of the end.

Poor boy! Poor poet! She understood, she was sorry, but what
ld she do? She could only wait until he had exhausted his
od of dissipation. Then he would come back to her and adore
again as he had adored her before. She waited, and her wait-
was a fresh source of irritation.

Before she was strong again George was steadily writing in bed.
er two weeks she was able to sit at her desk. Whenever Alfred
rned to the hotel he found her absorbed and apparently con-
ced. He looked at the sheets of paper covered by her firm,
e writing. The sense of her achievement filled him with secret
e. He tried to dissuade her, as he had always dissuaded her,
n working. But now she refused to yield to him because, she
lained, she had given her word of honor to send some manu-
pt to her publisher.

Alfred told her that such language from a woman to a man
humiliating and that it seemed to him that she was trying
usurp his place. A woman, it seemed to Alfred, should be a
ture of emotion. By all the books, plays and poems that were

ever written, by all his traditions and all his desires, a woma should be passionate, instinctive, personal and jealous. This woma outraged all traditions. If she had wept and made scenes an begged and entreated, he could have understood her. But in h attitude to her lover she unsexed herself. She was calm an patient. She never stooped to jealousy or reproach. Worst of a and most unwomanly, she used reason. She told him quite reason ably that after she had mailed her first bunch of manuscript s would devote herself to him again. She was irritating, she w arrogant. He had known it from the very first day.

He was angry and suffered from self-reproach. The more h reproached himself, the more he drank and gambled and playe with women. He offered to share part of his gayety with he But she hadn't the strength or time for these interruptions. S it happened that each went back to his own old habits. Eac devoted half the night to an interest which the other could n share. They lived in a tangle of miscomprehensions.

Alfred saw George as his mistress. He was blind to the oth sides of her. He undertook to make his mistress happy. But h wanted to do it in his own way, the only way that he could unde stand, by giving her excitement. These were the things that u set her life, disturbed her tranquillity, and made her a strang to herself.

George in turn saw Alfred as an unbalanced genius. She unde took to restore his balance, quite unconscious that if she restor his balance she destroyed his genius. She tried to cure him dissipation so that he could do his best work, but he wrote be when he was recovering from debauch. Then, in a fierce rage self-disgust, his soul awakened and he felt inspired. George w bent on making a man of him. But he was not meant to be man. He was meant to be an eternal bad boy. To make a man him would have spoiled his poetry and broken his spirit.

As a woman she wanted him to need her. As a worker she e pected him to allow her to have several hours a day alone. As

et he wanted her to leave him to his poetry-inspiring dissipa-
on. As a man he wanted her to concentrate on him. He wanted
r to give him all her capacity for emotion, yet he expected her
remain unmoved while she watched him go to the dogs.
When they tried to get out of the tangle they only intensified
e snarls. Silence did not untie them, words only made the knots
orse.
One evening as they were lingering over dinner, Alfred began
express his resentment and pour out his grievances against his
mpanion. She was so good she got on his nerves. He hated her
enity, her steadiness, her capacity for work. She was preachy,
e was interfering, she was stupid, she was religious. She ought
take the veil and stay in a convent. Finally his accusations came
a head in a definite attempt to break with her.
"I beg your pardon, George," he said. "I have made a mistake.
do not love you."
George wavered for a moment, rose from her seat and walked
vay from him. But before she left the room she flung back
loudly:
"We no longer love each other."
Back in her room she tried to think. But the pain that tore at
r nerves made thinking impossible. She would act and act
uickly to ease the suffering that left her dizzy and weak. She
ted her gowns from the hooks and began to fold them. She
ould pack and go back to Paris. She would leave him alone.
e pictured him alone in Venice. Alfred the helpless, the self-
dulgent, penniless and forsaken in a strange land! She could
ot forsake him. He had jilted her, it hurt cruelly. It struck at
r pride, it bruised her heart. But she could not leave him to
el deserted as she now felt deserted by him.
She tried to decide on some plan of action. If only she could
ut off for a few moments the sharp-edged force that was cut-
ng at her like the drive of little knives. She sank on the floor
nable to move. She closed her eyes and began to remember. She

had felt the same stabbing pain before, some time long ago—when was it? She thought back—desertion—deserted—a little girl, an old coach moving into the distance, in the coach a loving passionate woman, her mother, going away forever, to live somewhere else forever. The child Aurore running, screaming "Mother, mother, take me with you!"

And now grown-up George was feeling the same sense of desertion, the isolation of spirit, the fear of life that had agonized the child. The child Aurore had promised to be good, she had hidden her grief. George also had made a promise and was trying to keep her promise.

What was this insistent thing in her that made her keep her word and feel responsible? Why didn't Alfred have it? He couldn't even keep his word to Buloz. Why couldn't he be a man? She needed a man to lean on. Whenever she tried to lean on him he was a broken reed.

No matter, he would have to lean on her. She had enough money to carry one of them to Paris. Could she persuade him to take it and go? She knew too well that in their strained relation his sensitive pride would take offense at the suggestion. They were totally estranged. No, they were only estranged as lovers. They could be friendly, behave as friends, go on speaking decently, ignore the broken romance. They could do all this if she were able to conceal her suffering. She owed him something as a friend. She was older, her love had always been maternal in part. Could she make it wholly maternal? That was the one solution. No use thinking of escape. She must wait for money, work for money to carry them both home. So much emotion was making her ill. If she fell ill again he would hate her worse than ever. To-morrow, no doubt, they would be dining together and she must be able to talk and smile. No emotion, no tears.

There was a door between their two rooms. The key was in his room and the bolt was on her side. George rose quietly and very quietly bolted the door.

6

From this time on the door between the two rooms remained osed. They did not dine together the next day nor for many ays. To escape facing her, Alfred took his dinner elsewhere. ften he came back to the hotel in the morning while she was at reakfast. She would put him to bed, draw the curtains, and re- rn to her desk.

She deadened her emotions and the deadening was successful; hardened the ache in her heart, it closed the wounds of her irit. But as soon as she succeeded in ceasing to feel she began to ve frightful headaches. She could not eat or sleep.

There was a morning when Alfred came home half crazed ith wine and despair. He had gambled and lost his last sou. He ved a strange Englishman a sum of money which he could not y. Alfred had a very high sense of "the honor of a gentleman." e feared he would be talked about and dishonored. At the time at he confessed his debt of honor, George, who had been pay- g their bills, had very little money left. She could not help him cept by working harder. She worked harder, while Alfred ank to drown his sorrow. He was amazed at her labors. Some- nes he was angry, sometimes he was ashamed. He worked by fits d starts, after a night's debauch, but sustained effort was in- mprehensible to the poet.

"We poets," he explained, "are the lilies of literature. We toil t at all and we spin when we please."

He accused her of touching a spring in her head and starting agination to flow like water from a faucet.

"Oh, my great George," he said to her, "you who earn money easily!"

Night after night she continued her easy earning of money. ften in the late afternoon she would go to the Place Saint Mark d drink strong black coffee to keep herself awake. Work! ork! Nothing but her work would pull them out of this pain-

ful impasse. They decided to return to Paris as soon as possible, but for the present they lacked money for the long expensive journey. Until funds arrived from Buloz nothing could be done.

For two weeks they dragged on together, outwardly friendly, inwardly estranged. Then Alfred began to act queerly. He was drinking immoderately. He talked of suicide, and, more frightening still, he talked of insanity. He repeated his fears all day. "I am going crazy! I am losing my mind!" He threw himself on the bed and lacked strength to get to his feet.

There was only one thing to turn to—bloodletting. Modern science was all for opening a vein; it cured everything. A doctor was called. He was a doddering old man and he could not find the vein. George was distraught. She remembered a physician, a Dr. Pagello, who had attended her two weeks before. He had skilfully opened a vein and had cured her headache. She wrote this man an appealing letter, begging him to come immediately and to bring another doctor for consultation.

Her letter to Dr. Pagello explained Alfred's condition:

"He hardly knows what he is saying or doing. I fear for his reason more than for his life. He weeps and says he is dying or going insane. He is the being I love best in the world. I suffer agony in seeing him in such a state."

Dr. Pagello responded promptly. As soon as he walked into the room George knew they were in competent hands. Dr. Pagello, with his colleague Dr. Juannini, diagnosed the case as "typhoid fever, complicated by alcoholic delirium"; in other words, delirium tremens. That night two strong men could not hold the frenzied poet. He grabbed George and tried to strangle her. He shrieked and went into convulsions. The paroxysms were repeated many times.

Now was the test of George's friendship and her strength. She became a nurse. She became two nurses, day nurse and night nurse. There was no longer any question of leaving an unfaithful lover. He was merely a friend now, but he needed her again. How

ankful she was that she had not deserted him. How grateful at this young doctor was so devoted to the patient. Together ey would save him.

Dr. Pagello came each evening and stayed far into the night. e was unwilling to leave her alone with a sick man who might ow violent at any moment. George leaned on Dr. Pagello. At t she had found some one to lean on. He helped her through e long ordeal. Together they watched for the crisis on the elfth day. It passed and the gifted poet was saved for posterity.

On February 4th she wrote to Buloz:

"Your reproaches reach me at a sad moment. I am in despair, erwhelmed with fatigue, suffering terribly and waiting for I ow not what. How can you expect me to think of literature, of anything else, at such a time? I only know that we now have t only sixty francs; that we are spending enormously for drugs, ctors and the necessities of illness, and that we live in an ex-nsive hotel from which Alfred cannot be moved for a month. he lives I don't know how we shall pay the expenses of his ness and his return. I am sorry you have been inconvenienced having to wait for my manuscript. If Alfred has a few days' m I will quickly finish my work. But he is in a state of fright- delirium. I cannot leave him for a moment. It has taken me e hours to write this letter."

Nine days later she wrote to Buloz again, telling him that she st be on her feet at all hours, that she could not undress at ght and that she slept on the sofa. Nevertheless she had man-d to write some pages each day during the hours that Alfred s asleep.

In one letter she begged Buloz to forward the thousand francs owed her. In another she entreated him "in the name of the sick et" to advance Alfred the money he had lost to the Englishman d added, "If as a result of his illness he is unable to work for ne time, do not worry, my work will take the place of his."

7

The doctor had given his patient some quieting medicine and had left for the night. George could rest now, without worry. She could write to Madame de Musset, telling her that all was well with her son—her son, not theirs any more. After a few weeks she would take him home and give him back to his mother.

How strange it would seem at quai Malaquais without Alfred. She tried to imagine what life without him would be like. She pictured herself waiting for him, watching for a letter. What if he never came any more to quai Malaquais! The old horror of loneliness swept over her. She rose and looked at her invalid. He was sleeping peacefully. The poor boy was wasted by fever. His white face was pitiful. How bad he was and how maddening, but she wanted him to be happy. Her heart tightened, and the muscles of her throat contracted as she gazed at his still face. The emotion she felt—what was the emotion she felt? She did not know, she could not analyze, her feeling for Alfred. If he had died, she would always have felt that he was the being she had loved best in the world. She had forgotten herself completely in fighting for his life. But now that he was certain to live she would fight for herself.

After the crisis was passed, the invalid required careful watching. George and Pagello watched, drawn together by their common concern. Alfred was weak, he slept a great deal, but he did not want to be alone. He needed the nearness of human beings. Doctor and nurse withdrew to the far corner of the room, where they conversed quietly. Dr. Pagello could not speak French, George spoke but little Italian. She was trying to learn the language and she was eager to know about Italy, its history, its art, its legends. Pagello was all of Italy that came through to her, shut in as she was by the four walls of a room. He was the interpreter, he be

me the symbol of the land she had traveled so far to study. By
e charm and beauty of Italy he was transfigured.

And what a contrast he was to the poet! Alfred, as he grew
tter, exhibited the impatience and the irritation of invalidism.
gello was calm and patient. Nothing disturbed his serenity, his
ll-being, his poise. He was all healing; and Alfred was not the
ly one who needed to be healed.

George was aware that this young doctor did not find her tire-
ne and stupid. His devotion to the patient, it became evident,
s in part devotion to her. His admiration dated back to the
y several weeks ago when he had first caught sight of her sit-
g on the balcony of the Hotel Danieli. He had observed her
a slim, dark foreigner beside a blond young man. The mel-
choly face, the great sad eyes, the red kerchief worn turban-
e, the Spanish cigarette, had attracted his attention and had
otivated his imagination. All this and more he told her slowly
careful Italian, trying to make his words so simple that she
uld understand their foreign sound. She was the first im-
rtant woman he had ever known. Her famous name was fa-
iar to him, to all his friends. He was almost in awe of her.
e admiration she excited was shown in his eyes, his face, his
ole attitude. He blushed when she asked his opinion and his
lids fell before her candid gaze. But he did not confess his love.
e seemed beyond his reach, like Dante's Beatrice. He spoke
h eyes of worship but he did not speak in words.

Night after night she paced the floor, unable to sleep or work.
r brain was weary and yet she could not stop thinking. What
she want? What had she always wanted? Happiness, her own
d of happiness, a single-hearted love. Alfred had promised it
l had been utterly unable to give it. His conduct at Venice
been treason to their dreams, it had been treason to their ideal.
all men would agree, all women would agree, that Alfred had
right to what they called affairs of gallantry. Strong in his
se of traditional right, backed by his certainty of public ap-

proval, he had deliberately betrayed her by playing at love wit these Venetian women.

What would he think, what would they all think, if she too one, just one, Italian man? And why shouldn't she? The hand some face of the young doctor flashed on her mental vision. Sh saw the dark eyes. She felt with a tremor of eagerness that he w always admiring her, desiring her. Pietro Pagello! Perhaps, sh was not sure, perhaps the Venetian doctor was her fate. He pleas me, she mused. Perhaps later on I shall hate him, but now h pleases me. Is it only the appeal to the senses? I don't know. Wha difference does it make? One must take what one can get out o life, as men do. They are happier than women, they know mo than women, they are more nearly right than women. And o reaching this conclusion she was soothed and at peace, ready t throw herself down and fall asleep, dreaming of the dark ey that were always admiring her, desiring her.

8

One evening Pagello asked her if she had ever thought of wri ing a novel about Venice.

"Perhaps," she said, and smiled mysteriously as she took pe and paper and began to write.

Wishing to obliterate himself he picked up a book of Victo Hugo's and pretended to read. He watched with thrilling intere as she rapidly covered page after page, never looking back what she had written, never seeming to weigh or consider h words. After a time she finished and gave him the hurriedly wri ten manuscript.

In his timidity he did not dare to assume it was for his perus "Whom is it for?" he asked.

She took back the paper and wrote on the outside, "For stup Pagello."

He carried the precious manuscript home and read it in rapture of intoxicated senses. It purported to be a chapter of

vel. It revealed to him a woman disillusioned, disappointed, ching out to a new love.

'I do not know, I shall never know, whether you really love . You speak only a few words of my language and I do not ow enough of yours to ask such subtle questions. Perhaps I not make you understand me even when I do know your lan- ge. We have thoughts, feelings and ideas that we cannot lain to each other.

'Perhaps you have been brought up in the belief that women e no souls. Do you know whether they have or not? Do you derstand companionship, patience, friendship? Shall I be your npanion or your slave? Do you desire me or do you love me? you know what I am? Are you dissatisfied at not knowing? I something which you search and dream of, or am I merely oman like any woman, like those who grow fat in harems?

'If you were a man of my own country I could ask you ques- is and you could understand them, but then [if you were one my countrymen] I should be still more unhappy because you uld deceive me.

'You at least will not deceive me with words. You will not r me empty phrases and false promises. That which I have ched for in vain in others I may not find in you, but I can ays believe it is there. I can interpret your reveries as I please make your silence speak the words I need.

'Looks and caresses have always lied to me. Let me explain rs in my own way and do not add to them any lying words.

'Let us remain as we are. Do not learn my language. I do not to find in yours the words which convey doubts and fears. I would like never to know your name. Hide your soul from so I may always believe that it is beautiful."

This is a part of the remarkable letter in which George re- ed to Pagello that she loved—love.

On the following day George and Pagello walked and talked three hours. Pagello's journal explains how she made love to

him. A strange love-making! She talked about Alfred. She to Pagello the history of the last few months. She related the sto of her wrongs. She poured out all her passionate resentment poor Italian or in rapid French. He did not understand half of That made no difference; what she needed was relief. And P gello, who was a doctor and who knew how to bleed sick bodi apparently knew nothing of bleeding hearts. With all his medic training he did not realize that he was but a clean rag applied a wound.

He forgot that first letter written when George was afra that Alfred would die or lose his mind, the letter in which s said, "He is the being I love best in the world." He forgot the l letter, full of complaints of Frenchmen and the French att tude toward women. All that Pagello saw was that George seem almost to hate Alfred. He had perhaps never heard that hell ha no fury like a woman scorned, or that hatred is the reverse si of love. It was not in vain that George had inscribed her lett to "stupid Pagello."

In his journal he stated, "On that day we came to an unde standing. It was not until three weeks later that we becar lovers."

They waited because Alfred needed them. George and Pagel would have liked to go away together. They would have liked take an apartment and leave Alfred at the hotel. But all th wishes were put aside for the sake of the poet's recovery. It w not only that he needed their physical care, he would have la guished without companionship. He was a sick child who d manded constant attention.

George stayed on at the Hotel Danieli. It was this good th she did which made her conduct seem so bad.

9

Into this situation came Alfred Tattet, Musset's best frien Tattet was a man about town, rich and dissolute. Traveli

ough Italy with his mistress, an actress, he called to see how other Alfred and the other mistress were getting along. He nd Musset dressed and sitting up in an arm-chair. He ad- ted that the poet was more in need of a nurse than a sweet- rt. He admired George in the new rôle and he was shocked ier appearance. He found her looking battered and worn.

t did not occur to either of these two Alfreds that there was thing unusual in George's ministrations. If they had wit- sed such devotion on the part of a celebrated author whose e was important they would have been deeply impressed. But y did not see a celebrated author whose time was important. y saw only Alfred's mistress or ex-mistress, it did not matter ch. She was a woman who belonged to Alfred. Her sacrifice elf, her personal devotion, her paying of bills, her service as a se, all these things had no bearing on her conduct. There was y one question of ethics in a woman's relation to a man. Did keep her body for him and for him alone? Alfred had the sex cs of a Turk. Even though a Turk is through with one of his men she still belongs to his harem. Tattet and Musset shared same viewpoint. Musset had no money and Tattet had no ius. Otherwise they were as congenial as two peas in a pod.

With the appearance of Tattet it would have seemed natural Alfred to find a solution of what was in fact his chief prob- . Here was his opportunity to lift their financial burden n George's shoulders. He might so easily have set her free by rowing money from his rich friend. But even though Tattet his best friend Musset did not ask him for a loan, nor did tet offer one.

oth men were obsessed by the question of sex. Tattet felt it duty to tell the invalid that George was getting interested in ther man. Musset was made to see the situation through Tat- s eyes, the eyes of the world. As long as George stayed with he "passed as her lover." Therefore appearances were on side. Musset and Tattet, siding with appearances against

George, agreed that something must be done about the poe honor.

Alfred's first impulse of honor was to kill George. In his co fessions he relates the scene in which he threatened her with knife. She smiled at him, saying, "Come, my child, these horr will make you ill. You have a fever. Give me the knife." He ad "I fell into a complete delirium. She ran out of the room."

Alfred's second impulse of honor was to kill Pagello. wished to fight a duel. Tattet succeeded in dissuading him, f which he earned the gratitude of George. In a letter written him after his departure, George tells Tattet that she does n blame him for taking sides with Alfred. That was quite natur She thanks him that the poet's precious blood had not been sh

After the upheaval of Tattet's visit Musset thought back in the period of his fever. There had been a time when he scarce knew the difference between reality and hallucination. He tri to remember whether during his delirium George and Page were not embracing each other at his bedside, or even while s ting on the bed. He decided that they were. He accused her these rather tactless embraces, which she firmly denied.

George wrote to Pagello that she wanted to tell the po frankly of their love for one another. "He will weep for a ti and then get over it." Pagello, as Alfred's physician, forbade h to do so. If Alfred were a normal human being they could ta to him frankly, but jealousy made him insane. Concealment w a matter not of choice but of necessity, since scenes of violen were not conducive to the invalid's recovery.

George was caught in a situation which would cover her wi reproaches no matter which way she turned or in what directi she moved. Her new love affair did no violence to her own feeli of fair play. She was indifferent to appearances but she hat concealment.

Later when Alfred was far away from her, he saw himself "a miserable coward" for having called her deceitful. "Even

my suspicions were true, in what did you deceive me? Did
u tell me that you loved me? Was I not warned? Did I have
r right? Oh, my dear, when you loved me, did you ever deceive
? What reproach did I ever have against you during the seven
nths that I was seeing you day by day? You do not lie, that
vhy I love you. You are as sincere as you are noble and proud."
But this was later. His present mood was one of tyranny, the
anny of an invalid whose weakness is his chief power. He used
sickroom as a trap in which he caught George and held her,
his sickness as a chain by which he tied her to his side.

"My life beside Alfred is terrible," she wrote to Pagello. "All
conversations are full of bitterness and we cannot speak of
past, of the present, or the future without reproaching our-
es directly or indirectly for the harm we have done. I hope
t in a few days he will have the strength to occupy himself or
distraction and that our intimacy will become more bear-
e. While waiting, boredom and sadness devour me. Help me
be patient. This morning you were sad, you spoke words of
ouragement which I understood. My friend, my friend, I beg
, hide your sufferings from me. It takes a great deal of stoi-
n not to yield to my own and not to claim and take back the
rty which belongs to me. This evening when I was obliged to
se to go out with you my heart was torn, and when you left
lt so much like crying that it was torture. But I saw so much
lness and sadness on Alfred's face that I felt forced to make
sacrifice. However, our relations are so spoiled and poisoned
everything goes wrong with us. When he saw that I was
ing at home he reproached me for being sad and for not
wing how to conceal my displeasure."

she put on her hat and coat he would burst into bitter ac-
tions. She was going to meet her lover. Let her try to escape
. He was sick now and helpless, but she would find out some
that he could create a scandal that would ruin her. He
ld tell the world that she was an unmentionable name of a

woman. He would write it on her tombstone for every passer
to see. The doctor had forbidden excitement, and her invalid w
evidently starting a brainstorm. She removed her coat and h
and stayed at home.

As she looked back upon her passion for Alfred it seemed
her that it had meant slavery and the slavery had always ma
her suffer.

"What can I do?" she wrote to Pagello. "I cannot feign a lo
which I no longer feel for him. The love which he shows me
present and which would have given me so much joy a mon
ago touches me no longer and convinces me still less. What
such a love? When I was his slave he loved me feebly, now that
am once more in possession of my reason his wounded pri
clings to me and pursues me as though I were a difficult co
quest. . . . He does not know real love. It does not requi
quarrels to keep itself alive. It is neither languishing nor sick,
has no need of excitations; it is healthy and strong. Happine
does not put it to sleep, peace and trust do not kill it, it knov
neither jealousy nor anger. It never asks pardon, because it nev
gives offense. . . .

"I have gone as far into despair as a human being can go.
have thus taken on a strength of inertia which is above heroism

"A hundred times I have been told that love is a chimera a
that happiness is a dream. I have said it to myself a hundred time
but as long as I feel within me the force to desire happiness a
love, I shall have the force to hope for them. You are so loy
and good that you believe in many people. As for me I di
trust the whole universe excepting you alone."

Whenever George went to lie down, Alfred tiptoed into h
room to make sure she had told the truth. He spied on her da
and night. He crept to her bedside when she was asleep to fe
and see if she were really there.

"It will be very difficult for me to meet you," she explains

ello. "You see what scenes it leads to. Because of a few hours' ence he quarrels with me three days and three nights, for does not sleep, he wakes every few minutes and comes to see at I am doing. This surveillance is odious to me. It seems to that I live in a cage which suffocates me and at night I wake with a mountain on my chest."

f she protested, Alfred had an attack of nerves which led to er and violence. She sacrificed her liberty to ward off these pses, but as time went on she grew resentful and in resent- at she dreamed of Pagello; he at least was neither jealous nor icious. Alfred, in playing the part of persecutor, left to Pa- o the rôle of deliverer. Pagello seemed almost godlike in his plicity and poise. Everything was done to make her idealize good-looking stranger. She never had a chance to see his im- fections. Her fancy, fed by opposition, became infatuation.

I have delayed too long in giving him his liberty and in tak- back my own. Oh, my liberty, my sacred liberty, which it been so difficult to conquer and which I have sworn to keep! ll, I want it only in order to suffer once more. My heart breaks chain only to forge a stronger one. It is madness, I know it, it is impossible not to have blind faith in you and not to be- e that happiness is enfolded for me in your love. If you knew life and if you really understood my burdened heart, perhaps would tell me yourself that I am reckless. . . .

If unhappiness comes to us, if some day our affection makes uffer, or if sickness, misery or human weakness assails us, never d, we shall have loved, we shall have been happy. I still feel courage to suffer. Come what will, happiness is worth paying "

lfred's condition was aggravated by drink. When he began o out again he found occasion to buy the wine of Cyprus of ch he was excessively fond. Drinking was followed by de-

lusions and delirium. After the poet had indulged in too muc wine, Pagello was in the habit of seeking him out and leading hi back to George.

"This poor sick child whom you have brought back to me th evening . . . I well know that this madness will not be the la . . . Nevertheless I cannot help feeling despair when I see hi abandoned and in need of care, friendship and help. . . . Po young poet, he has a feeling for great things, but he has not th force to execute them. . . . He obeys all his bad impulses an suffers from them; he is to be pitied."

In spite of protestations, George was so emotionally involve with Alfred that she could not pull away. Pagello was kind, u selfish, devoted. But George would rather talk about Alfred faults than Pagello's virtues. Watching the excitement wi which George complained of Alfred, Pagello, if he had know anything about psychology, would have said, "How you lo him!" What he did say was, "Forgive him." George consented forgive and forget the insults and injuries Alfred had heape upon her.

"But when I see the injuries begin again after the tears, the r pentance which follows once more seems to me merely a weakne His heart is not bad, but his soul has neither strength nor tru nobility. You tell me to be generous, but I fear that will on make all three of us more unhappy than before. Anyhow, I don believe in repentance. I don't know what it is myself. I have nev asked forgiveness of anyone."

This letter was written when George was suffering from h spoiled child's worst behavior. He seemed possessed by a dev and there was no one about who could cast the devil out. Pagel stood by helpless. Bleeding did not seem a proper remed George waited with the wisdom of experience. She knew Alfre His bad moods swung back to their ultimate reach and then can to an end, after which there was nothing left but reaction. H good moods would force him forward equally far in the opp

e direction. She expected the poet's better nature to assert itself. nd finally, assert itself it did, overwhelmingly. One could almost a shining halo hovering over the poet's blond hair as an angel me to take possession of his soul.

The angel was as excessive as the devil had been. In the place meanness it breathed magnanimity, in place of selfishness it ulted in renunciation. The change began, as always, by re-ntance. Alfred heaped reproaches upon himself. He blamed nself for all George's suffering. As soon as he blamed himself orge stopped blaming him. Her heart melted into tenderness. er sublime child was restored to her heart. Resentment dis-peared.

Alfred, grown suddenly sympathetic, asked George to confide him. Was he not her best friend? Could she not tell him frankly ether she loved Pagello? George, who had been longing for nkness, was not quite sure whether the new mood had come stay. She dared only say, "That is my secret."

Alfred insisted upon being taken into the secret. In the eve-ng he turned to Pagello and with the same tender sympathy ked if Pagello loved George. Pagello, seeing his patient's calm meanor, told the truth. Alfred's face, so long distorted with lousy, was now transfigured with ecstasy.

"You love each other, and yet you love me!" he cried exult-tly, and putting their hands together in the manner of a priest blessed their union, exclaiming. "You have saved me, body and il."

A scene like this reveals better than any description why women l in love with Alfred. Life at his side was always exciting. His rves, his emotion, his imagination, lent him a divine madness at subjugated all judgment. His excited ego exalted himself and eryone else. He was not merely persuasive, he was over-wering.

One might imagine that George and Pagello would feel uncom-rtable, standing with hands joined beneath the young man's

blessing, but, no, he carried them along—not George alone bu even the stolid Pagello entered into his vertigo. They found hin magnificent. They enjoyed being blessed.

The remainder of the evening was spent by George and Pagell in admiring Alfred. It was spent, in fact, by all three of them i admiring Alfred. He was superhuman and he knew it. In a voic trembling with emotion he gave George into Pagello's keeping In making him the gift of his own former sweetheart he de clared that the Italian was the better man and more worthy o her.

Poor Alfred, who could not see that a woman has a right t give herself! Poor George, who had already given herself! Di Alfred know it and ignore the fact? She could not ask. It woul spoil the beautiful scene and disturb his happiness. It was s moving, so dramatic, that Alfred, touched by his own magna nimity, wept, but his tears were tears of joy.

And now their plans were changed. George had expected to g home with Alfred, but the poet would not accept the sacrifice The martyr rôle was for him alone. He had made her suffer an now he must make amends. After some discussion it was finall agreed that the faithful servant, Antonio, should accompany hin to Paris. George was daily expecting money from her publishe She begged Alfred to wait, but the hero was impatient. On th following day he went away forever.

But forever was not very far away, it was merely to a neigh boring quai where Alfred hired a gondola and a gondolier. Th gondolier was not engaged to propel the gondola. He was merel to act as messenger and carry to George a letter of supreme fare well. The poet sat in his gondola resting while he waited for hi answer. In his letter he said:

"After the first step that I took away from you, with th thought that I had lost you forever, I realized that I deserved t lose you, and that no punishment is too severe for me. He wh did not know how to honor you when he possessed you, now see

truth clearly through his tears and honors you in his heart, ere your image will never fade."

The answer was scribbled by George in pencil on the back of envelope:

"No, don't go away like that. You are not well enough, and loz has not yet sent me the money necessary for Antonio's veling expenses. I cannot bear to have you go away alone. My d, why do we quarrel? Am I not always your brother George, ur old friend?"

Alfred returned for another more lingering farewell, and to let orge pack his trunks and buy him a few presents and a new veling bag.

The whole last day they spent alone together. She went with n as far as Mestre, where he was joined by Antonio. Alfred, ttle and affectionate, now seemed to George to express his true ture. He was, had always been, would always be, an angel. One t farewell and then the pain of separation. She kissed him sadly d watched the post-chaise carry him away.

10

When George left Alfred at Mestre and turned her face toward nice, her nerves broke and nothing in the world about her looked rmal. She found herself suffering from an optical illusion. She v the bridges upside down with their bases stuck into the air. e houses along the canals behaved in the same way. She winked r eyes to see if the illusion was due to tears. No, the upside-wnness continued for hours, it was the result of nerve strain. the turmoil of life at the Hotel Danieli she had not known a ment's release from tension, and now the tension ended ruptly. She was like a horse whipped uphill with a heavy load. e pulling was over and the result was collapse.

Under the strain of Alfred's goading, she had thought it would heaven to be left alone with her lover, Pagello. She was free be alone with him now but she did not go to him. She went to

the home of two new friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rebizzo. They in
vited her to spend the night and rest. She stayed with them, bu
she could not rest without news of Alfred. The first day after hi
departure she was unable to move. On the following day she wen
to Vicente, the neighboring town, which had been Alfred's firs
stopping place and where Antonio had promised to leave a not
for her. On arriving at Vicente she was disappointed. The care
less travelers had left no word, and her second return to Venic
was as wretched as the first had been.

Seeing her sick lassitude, Pagello insisted on a trip into th
mountains. He arranged a week's outing. They walked severa
miles a day, slept in little mountain inns, and tried to stop think
ing about Alfred. But George only remembered him the more
Her monthly installment for Buloz weighed on her mind. Sh
was too tired to write fiction, so it occurred to her to send th
magazine a long letter describing her travels. Because she was ob
sessed by thoughts of Alfred she could not limit herself to de
scriptions of scenery. She described the poet, his corrupt youth
the curse of his temperament and his gift of genius. This letter
dedicated "To a poet," she forwarded to Alfred, telling him t
keep it in his portfolio, put it in the fire, or give it to Buloz fo
publication, as he pleased. It was published as first of a series o
Lettres d'un Voyageur.

The third return to Venice found her improved in health bu
still suffering from nervous strain. For nine months she had bee
living in and through another being. For two months she ha
watched over a sick man, and now her nerves craved their accus
tomed habits, and her attention, so long riveted on the invalid
refused to turn immediately to other things. She slept badly, wak
ing to listen for his voice that was always calling her.

Pagello was self-reliant and unselfish. Determined to make n
demands upon his weary sweetheart, he tried to take care of he
and thus missed the chief appeal he might have made to he
strange maternal egoism. He neither wept at her feet nor aske

giveness. He never was ill or unreasonable or crazy. He was d and devoted and left the mother in her to utter loneliness. her first letter sent to Alfred at Milan she wrote: "Ah, who will e care of you, and whom shall I take care of! Who will need and whom shall I feel like looking after now! How shall I get ng without the good and the harm you have done me!" She rried at not hearing from him. She felt the strain of uncer-nty "in this country where letters so often get lost or are six eks en route." She received a short note from Padua and finally ng letter from Geneva. He still maintained the new tenderness wn before his departure. He was well, comfortable, almost ppy, but had wept many times in the dreary hotel rooms.

"I love you still with real love," he wrote. "At this distance I ther grow violent nor have attacks of nerves. Tears fall on hands as I write, but they are the sweetest, most precious tears ver wept. I did not want to write before I was sure of myself; many things have passed in this poor head of mine! I seem to aken from a strange dream. Poor George, you deceived your-. You thought yourself my mistress, you were only my ther. Heaven made us for each other, but our embrace was too ense, we committed incest."

He told her how he ran around Geneva looking into the shops, how he bought a new vest which delighted him. He put it and looked at himself in the glass. Suddenly he realized what a d he had been. As he looked at his image in the mirror he ed, "Was that the man you wanted to love? For ten years you ered. For ten years you carried in your heart the inextinguish-thirst for happiness, and that was the reed on which you tried ean! I left you so worn out, so exhausted by those two months uffering. I made you so unhappy! For a long time to come I l see your face, that has grown so pale with watching those teen nights at my bedside."

George was deeply touched by the discovery that the self-ab-ed poet was capable of such sympathy. Why could he not

have given it to her when he was there beside her? How she ha needed it then! It would have meant balm and healing. But sym pathy is always welcome even when it comes too late. How clo he seemed now that he was far away. She was impelled to ope her heart to him and expose the feelings she had been too prou to express.

"Do not believe, never believe, Alfred, that I can be happy i the thought that I have lost your heart. Whether I have been you mistress or your mother is not important. Whether I inspired yo with love or friendship, whether I was happy or unhappy wit you—all that does not alter my present state of mind. I kno that I care for you and that is all."

She refers to the happiness she used to feel in doing for hin surrounding him with diversions and guarding him from harm "What fatality has changed into poison all the healing I offere you? Why did I become to you a torment, a scourge, a spectre When these terrible memories assail me (and when do they leav me in peace?) I am driven mad." She tells him that except fo the appeal of his youth and for her own weakness caused by h tears on a certain morning, they would have remained broth and sister. "What difference does it make, after all? We have bee lovers, and we know each other to the bottom of the soul. So muc the better! Oh, what misery it would have been for us if we ha separated in a moment of anger without understanding eac other, without explaining ourselves. It would have poisoned ou whole existence. We would never have believed in anythin again."

The farther away he goes the more completely she forgets a her injuries. Was he unkind or cruel? Did he call her offensiv names and cease to love her? All that miserable period is obli erated. She does not remember any wrongs. She does not want hi to ask her forgiveness. She would rather ask his. She does not r member anything except that they were very unhappy and the

arated. "But I know—I feel—that we shall always care for
h other until the end of our lives."
More and more she wrote about this faith, that there was some-
ng left from the wreck of their love affair—a fraternal friend-
p that would endure throughout old age. Always they must be
e to say to each other, "We have loved, we have suffered, and
w we esteem each other." She encouraged him to find another
eetheart. He must not fear, he must have trust, he must be will-
to take the risk. It is better to suffer and to be mistaken than
live without love. When he finds that sweetheart, perhaps she
l say, "Do not speak to me about Madame Sand. She is an in-
nous woman." If such is the case she will stay away from him.
will understand.
So they agreed that each should find another love-life, while
intaining an affectionate friendship that would endure
oughout old age.

II

Gradually George absorbed the shock of Alfred's departure and
tled down with Pagello. She even felt at times a sense of libera-
n and freedom. She reasoned with herself. After all, what she
lly wanted was a husband. She hated changes, upheavals, un-
thfulness, uncertainty. She longed to be united to a manly man
changeless, restful bond that made for permanence and peace.
this she had stayed with Casimir long after her hopes had been
ken. For this she had taken Jules. In this hope she had taken
rimée and now again Pagello. And Alfred? No, she had not
en Alfred as a husband. Marriage was not Alfred's vocation.
at she had taken him as a lover was her great mistake. She loved
. She continued to love him, but only as her child. Pagello
uld make a model husband. He was faithful and devoted. They
uld spend their life together, at least part of their life; of
rse not all of it. One half of each year she would give to her
dren, the other half to Pagello and Italy. At Venice, and with

Pagello, she could work without interruption. It would be a so of marriage. She was really a moral being. It would satisfy h moral ideas.

And so they began their new life. Pagello had a brother Robe and a half-sister Julia. The two men shared the second floor of shabby old house, the Casa Mezzani. The two women occupie the apartment beneath. The room which was to serve them all salon was bare, and George furnished it. She made the curtai and cushions, upholstered all the furniture in chintz and slowl succeeded in embroidering tapestry for six chairs, re-upholsterin them one by one as the work was completed. Although she spe most of the day in writing, during her odds and ends of time s was domestic. She helped their one servant prepare meals. S knitted socks for the two men, and presented brother Robert wi four pairs. She renovated her own clothes and trimmed her ha On Sunday she went to church with Pagello. The music and t slow intoning of Latin always stirred her emotions. Thinking her children, her three children, Maurice, Solange and Alfred, s wept with loneliness.

There were long family evenings. Julia sang and George accom panied her on the piano. Pagello looked on with husband-like prid approving these feminine accomplishments, extolling Geor to the skies. He anticipated her needs, ran her errands, symp thized with her headaches, felt her pulse often and bled her occ sionally to keep her in good health. He found that George he self knew a surprising amount about medicine. The profession physician and the amateur exchanged stories about their cas Pagello was amazed at his sweetheart's versatility. There nev was a woman who knew so much about so many things, nor o who was so active and industrious and serviceable. It seemed Pagello that she was made to be the good wife of a good man.

He could not do enough for her. When she wanted flowers a he felt too poor to buy them, he started early in the morning a

ged the countryside, bringing home great armfuls of wild-
vers with which to decorate her rooms.

He was solicitous about her work and protected her from call-
Literary Venetians, who had discovered that the author of
ia was in their midst, were keen to meet her. They sent invi-
ons, wrote letters, applied to the French consul for introduc-
is. Pagello answered the letters, refused their invitations, and
t them away so that his Lélia could write in peace. How won-
ful she seemed to him! He was too modest to intrude his own
irs and his own ideas upon the marvelous mind of his beloved
npanion. His part was to listen while she talked about what-
r she pleased.

t pleased her to talk about Alfred. She spent the happiest hours
ner day talking to Pagello about Alfred, his bad conduct, his
gnificent behavior, his future, his genius, his wit, his wicked-
, and how much she missed him.

agello was not jealous. Why should he be jealous of a man who
far away, who was, besides, only a child? Pagello could
udly measure himself against this infant. He was thirty years
a trifle older than George. He was so good he did not need to
aved, so strong he did not require protection, so grown up he
not demand indulgence. It seemed to him natural that George
ferred him to Alfred. He was not conceited, but anyone could
that he was the better man of the two.

Was George in love with Pagello? She was very fond of him,
appreciated his faithfulness, but—there were so many buts.
was "a mute who would cut off his head for her," but she did
like mutes. He lacked enthusiasm and she was accustomed to
nusiasm. He saw her only as a wife. He was used to Italian
men and he liked them stupid and good. He had not read *Lélia*,
ld not understand it, did not understand romanticism. In
t, he was not Alfred. No one but Alfred had ever given her
illusion of complete oneness. She had been the mistress of a

poet. She was now the wife of a general practitioner. It rested h it was conducive to work, but it did not satisfy the soul.

There was something substantial about Pagello. All his hab were different from Alfred's. He was out all day as a husba should be, he came home to dine as a husband should, and spe his evenings at home. He was a lump of solid virtue. And sin George never went anywhere and since Pagello hesitated to i trude his affairs, they were soon talked out. Besides, it tired Page to try to talk French, and, although he would not confess it, was almost equally tiring to listen to George's Italian. Her soot ing embroidering made him feel drowsy, so that shortly aft dinner Pagello would fall asleep. At first he merely dozed in chair, but after a time, as he felt more at ease with George, would throw himself down on a sofa and fall asleep there.

George would gaze for a time at her model husband, so goo so devoted, so fast asleep, and then her thoughts would go Alfred. She would re-read his letters to relieve her loneliness, a answer them to create in herself a sense of companionship.

Her one link with the outside world was Alfred. Her moth disapproved of her stay in Italy and did not write to her. Hipp lyte did not write, Casimir sent brief family letters at long inte vals, Boucoiran, who had charge of her affairs, was a poor cor spondent, and her other friends had long ago been alienated her exclusive devotion to one man. Her only real letters ca from Alfred. He alone knew her surroundings, her associatio her contacts. He alone would care to hear about the little ha penings of every day or the thoughts and emotions of her in life. That he cared to hear, that he hungered to hear, became mo and more evident as his letters grew longer and more impassione They arrived by every post. Each letter that penetrated into h humdrum workaday life lifted her into exaltation, and while t mood continued she would answer, pouring out her soul.

It seemed that at last they had found the right relation to ea other, that of mystic spiritual union, which left each one fr

ello was not self-centered. He was willing to revolve about rge. He deferred to her and let her take the lead. To please ello, George tried to be interested in herself, to dwell on her- , to be self-centered, but the effort went against her nature. ıade her restless, filled her with vague homesickness for some- more demanding, more assertive, someone upon whom she ld spend herself. Each of these two natures was outgoing, each ded an egoist. They often wished Alfred were with them. They ılled the delightful trips the three had made together to the nds and neighboring quais, days on which they had spent long rs in the gondola. On those occasions they had never been ed, because Alfred talked and they listened, feeling between mselves a secret silent sympathy which drew them together. lfred had related them to each other. Without him they fell rt. How they longed for their little egomaniac! He was excit- absorbing, upsetting, exhausting. How time had flown when listened to Alfred while he talked about himself! How time gged now that they were left alone to talk about each other!

12

While George was adjusting herself to new conditions in Italy, red was readjusting himself to old associations in Paris. He re- ıed home hungry for pleasure and diversion. He found himself bject of curiosity and interest, fêted like a prodigal son of om everyone was a near relative. Two weeks before his arrival ryone who was anyone in Paris had been told his whole sad his- . The poor poet, so they said, had been preyed upon by an mous woman, who had carried him away to Italy where she ruined his health, broken his heart, and eloped with another ı. His youth, his beauty, even his vices, made him in the eyes he world a fascinating figure.

very afternoon he would dress with extreme care for his ap- rance in public. He would draw on his white gloves, put a er in his buttonhole, pick up his ornate cane. Then, with his

hat carefully set over one ear and a tuft of blond hair sticking o over the other, he would saunter along the boulevards or t Champs Elysées, conspicuous, romantic, a sad smile playing abo his full red lips. Picturesque he was, and, in the light of his s history, pathetic. He was invited everywhere. He was pitie petted and admired.

In the midst of new distractions he forgot George, forgot send her any word of his safe return. He did not even instru Antonio to send her a line. On the 21st of May he mailed her letter which was dated the 19th. He had arrived in Paris on t 12th. In this letter he repeats to George the calumnies that a being circulated about her, and assures her that his voice will ways be raised in her defense. The faithful Planche defends h he says, so do Jules Sandeau and Boucoiran. Sainte-Beuve a Buloz seem non-partisan or non-committal. The women bla her, and kind friends run to Madame de Musset with tales again "that wicked woman." Alfred tells Madame de Musset how d votedly George nursed him. That should be enough to pacify mother's heart.

"I have thrown myself head over heels back into my old li I have come home with the firm intention of amusing myself a of seeking a new love. I have not yet dined with my mother."

One has visions of Madame de Musset overseeing the prepar tion of Alfred's favorite dishes, the waiting of dinner, the night disappointment, the daily hope that he will stay at home. But t fond indulgent mother knew at least that her son loved her. S has the last letter preceding his return in which he had writte "I am bringing back to you a sick body, an exhausted soul, and bleeding heart which still loves you."

That letter was written by the poet at a distance from mother. Again at a distance from George the poet wrote, "It not my mistress whom I miss. It is my comrade George. I do n need a woman, I need that rapt attention which I used always find at my side ready to respond to me. Adieu, my first and l

e, my friend, my only mistress. Write to me, above all, write me."

Alfred's escape from the vampire seemed to have excited the es of other would-be vampires. Many women made over- es to him. One said with a sigh, "The day you were born, be e a woman was born to be your mate." He agreed with her itely, decided that she was not the born mate, and went home wrote about it to George.

On another occasion when a woman asked him three times in cession whether it were true that Madame Dudevant was rable, he smiled and said nothing, while he thought to himself wrote to George, "I will not deny my savior."

He tells George he has made up his mind to fall in love again quickly as possible, but is determined to find a woman who is ng and who has a virgin heart. Never again will he give his st to a woman who has loved another. He cannot bear the ught of a predecessor. It is not enough that his sweetheart uld belong to him in the present. All her past must be his. He s not care about beauty as much as he used to.

For some reason personality seems more important to him now n physical allure. But the one thing he cannot get along with- is brains. When he finds himself at dinner next to a chorus she bores him to extinction. Yet there was a time when her e delighted him. Now he demands "a lofty intelligence, youth, a virgin heart." This exact combination is exceedingly rare, nothing else will do for Alfred de Musset. He knows himself rupted by dissipation. Nevertheless, or perhaps therefore, he uires a fresh untouched nature. Youth and virtue are all about , but in his yearning for a pure young girl he finds himself ng a great danger. All pure young girls have set their hearts marriage. He must of course protect himself from falling into trap. And where are the women with lofty intelligence? He not discover them. His thoughts keep returning to George. w she understood him! How tolerant she was and how forgiv-

ing! She alone recognized the poet in the lover. She saw his idi
syncrasies as part of his genius. What he wants is another Geor
Sand, one who will give up her work and concentrate on him a
use her lofty intelligence in his service. It ought not to be impo
sible to find another younger, fresher, more virginal George.

He was always on the lookout, and yet in all Paris, perhaps
all the world, he could not find another George Sand. He was su
prised and hurt by his failure. He was dazed at his own insisten
on intelligence. Why had he changed so in his attitude towa
women? He was a year older, that explained it. A year ago he h
seen women merely as bits of decoration or creatures of sex. No
he saw them as beings who could respond to and understand
man of genius. Yet no one was fully responsive to him, no o
understood his genius, no one appreciated how different he w
from other men. Everyone seemed to lack sympathetic imagin
tion. What had happened to make him so fastidious? It must ha
been his illness. That was it, illness had made him more seriou
more discriminating about women.

All this he wrote to George and she sympathized. "Tell me th
you are happy and I shall be," she repeats again and again.

He wept often and always told George about it. He went
her rooms at quai Malaquais, where he found some cigarett
she had rolled and left there. In a mood of intense suffering
smoked the cigarettes that had been touched by her fingers. H
found also a bit of broken comb and carried it in his pocket b
cause it had touched her hair.

Notwithstanding all that was childish, vain and snobbish,
sent her poetic letters full of tenderness, loneliness and longin
and George, in spite of excessive solicitude and many little preac
ments about health and moderation, answered with mother
letters full of a great love that gave all and asked in return
corner of your heart."

She had found in him, now that he was no longer in love wi
her, an ideal lover freed from possessiveness and jealousy. And I

v that she belonged to another, had found in her the perfect tress, always desired and desirable because she was beyond his ch.

t took ten days at least for mail to travel between Paris and nice, and the post was often delayed. The letters went their v way back and forth, carrying their exaltation of soul, the e of their hearts, and the inconsistencies of their shifting ods. There was much fine language and flowery speech, since t was the manner of the times. There was the exaggeration romanticism, since that was the romantic period. And woven h the artificial literature they made for each other there was simple appealing story of two human beings who struggled to lerstand each other and themselves. One reads of eagles and untain peaks and heaven and ecstasy and God, and perhaps very next paragraph will relate to practical matters that are dled—by George at least—with businesslike dispatch.

George, when she descended from the mountain tops, was oc- ied with two overwhelming, ever present anxieties, her chil- n and her debts. During all her stay in Venice she had worried r her children. She had written for news of them to her hus- d, to her mother, and to Boucoiran, and she had written often her son, Maurice. Her letters to Casimir were surprisingly ely. Casimir wanted to rid himself of Solange as once before he rid himself of Maurice. George begged him to postpone his sion until she returned to Nohant for the autumn holidays.

he was concerned also about Maurice. Boucoiran had not writ- about the boy for two months. Her worry and suffering were stantly growing greater. She dreamed of Maurice at night. en she dreamed he was dead. When Alfred left she asked him all at Maurice's school and send her word of the boy. But Al- l wrote that he could not obey her because to see Maurice ld awaken painful memories, since the boy had his mother's . Whom else could she ask? Sainte-Beuve was not an inti- e friend of that sort, and Planche had been alienated.

"It is ages since I asked Boucoiran if they are satisfied with m son at school and if he has seen his reports. I have received n answer. Forgive me for speaking of my anxieties, but for the lo of God go and see my son; tell me how he is and if he remembe me."

After this appeal Alfred went to see Maurice. He found th boy well and in charge of his two grandmothers.

As for the ever present problem of money, George owed Bul and La Rochefoucauld and her rent bill in Paris. In Venice sh had borrowed from her Italian friend Rebizzo. She would n take money from Pagello. "That would be too odious." Bul would not pay her until she had finished *André*. Very well, sh finished it, and probably Buloz handed the money to Boucoira who had charge of her business affairs. But no word had been r ceived from Boucoiran. She had earned the money and it did n come. She was sleeping on a bare mattress. She would have economize on her food. Finally, in desperation, she told Alfr about her money worries. Alfred rose to the emergency. "R member that in all circumstances my life belongs to you and yo will be doing me a service in asking me to perform one for you."

He then told her to borrow some more money from Rebizzo.

On June 15th she was almost in the position of one who hes tates whether to steal or beg, thanks to the indifference of h friends Buloz and Boucoiran, who had left her since April 1 with only a hundred francs. She had worked enormously and ha earned enough to pay her most pressing debts and live in com fort. "This extreme misery poisons my life and forces me to co tinual privations. You have no idea of the economy with which live and the persistence with which I work. It is getting fantasti but I prefer an existence a trifle less sublime."

Alfred once more rises to the emergency. "Remember th nothing but your life proves to me that I live. If you tell me contract a debt for you I will do it gladly, and I will pay it lat by my work."

But he did not work, nor did he contract a debt. He could ily have borrowed from his mother—he did not conceal this ct from George. On the contrary, he naïvely confided to her at his mother had offered to give him what money he required. did not occur to him to take advantage of this offer. To- rd his own mother he was sensitive and proud. But, like Casi- r, like Jules Sandeau, Alfred had no economic pride in his atti- de toward George. Her nature was over-generous and in con- quence her men became irresponsible.

In her reply to Alfred she told him that he must wait three ars before repaying what he owed her, and that he must work ly to amuse himself.

13

George's first disappointment in Pagello was his silence. Her ond disappointment was named Arpalice. Pagello, who had so ccessfully protected his Lélia from callers, did not succeed in elding her from a visit from Arpalice. For this visit there were preliminaries such as letters or introductions. With the simple rectness of a primitive nature, the woman made her way into adame Dudevant's room and demanded her lover.

George did not, perhaps, expect that Pagello had no ties to eak, although she might have expected him to have broken em more thoroughly before taking up his existence with her. t here was Arpalice explaining her side of the question. She d been deserted, and she wanted Madame Dudevant to give gello back to her. There was something about Arpalice that was miniscent of Jules's laundress and Casimir's chambermaids and fred's chorus girls.

A few days later George heard a noise in Pagello's room which unded "as though he were trying to operate on thirty cats tied gether." George opened her door and looked out. She saw Pa- llo chasing Arpalice from his room with terrible language. eorge protected Arpalice, who then turned on George and

threatened to assassinate her. George replied that she would call the police. Julia took the threat seriously and was absurdly worried about George's safety. Arpalice pulled out handfuls of Pagello's hair and destroyed his beautiful new coat. And George wrote about it to Alfred.

By this time George had disciplined herself to accept the French point of view toward women. She had only to extend her tolerance to include the Italian. But in spite of philosophy, her sensibilities seem to have been jarred. She decided to go away and thought longingly of Constantinople. She wrote home, "I should be very glad to get hold of the small sum of seven or eight hundred francs to make this trip to Constantinople." She could not follow her feeling for the same reason that she could not go home. She had no money. After she had made her last loan to Alfred, at the time of his departure, she was left with one hundred francs and she had received no more. She adjusted herself to the inevitable, reminding herself constantly how good Pagello was, and yet wondering all the time how she could ever have imagined him ideal.

Lonely, homesick, consumed by longing for her children, oppressed by debt, struggling with the fatigue of overwork, she wrote to Alfred, making light of all her troubles. As for health she is strong as a horse. As for loneliness, she is surrounded by friends and a happy family circle. As for Pagello, she praises his goodness but she cannot restrain herself from confiding to Alfred: "At last I have learned to love with my eyes open. For the first time in my life I love without passion. When we are together I become stupid and good as he wishes me to be."

No golden glow remained about her Italian lover. His ex-mistresses—there were three of them—had destroyed the magic. Her mind reverted to her old preference for friendship. She regarded Pagello as a kind elder brother. If she could not go to Constantinople she could at least leave the family circle. "At the end of a month," relates Pagello, "she decided to move, and establish

rself near the Bridge Barcaroli in a side street leading to the idge. In this house she wrote *Lettres d'un Voyageur* and the vel *Jacques*." George wrote Alfred that Pagello still came to ne with her, but often left at eight o'clock.

She no longer wrote letters explaining to her friends that she pected to spend half of each year in Venice. In a letter to her other she said, "If I had the money I would go to Paris and no-here else," and she told him, "I am now able to write thirteen urs a day without fatigue, although my average is seven or eight urs." In great haste she completed a short novel entitled *Léone oni*. The scene is laid in Venice. Léone Léoni is a fascinating oundrel. He is about to marry the beautiful Juliette, but on the e of the wedding he persuades her to elope instead and dispense th the ceremony. Juliette loves Léone in spite of his sins and his sordered life. In the course of time Juliette finds herself de-rted. She then falls in love with an excellent young man who oposes marriage, but on the eve of her wedding Juliette hears one's voice calling her. She returns to her wicked lover and ves her devoted fiancé to undeserved loneliness.

This story of self-abnegating love fascinated George's readers, d was an enormous success. It is asserted that the influence of is novel on the mind of Countess d'Agoult decided her to share e fate of the musician Liszt and follow him into his voluntary ile.

Léone Léoni comprises two hundred and fifty pages. It was mpleted in one week. What an example of George's capacity r imagination and emotion and work! It may be presumed that ring this week of creative obsession George was not very lively mpany in the evening. Knowing how she identified herself with r characters, one can imagine her gazing at Pagello, thinking w good and devoted he was, and at the same time hearing in-rdly the sound of Alfred's voice which she would willingly llow to the ends of the earth.

Next followed *Jacques*, a long serious work. *Jacques* was the

novel which shocked the world. Even George Sand's ardent ad mirers apologize for it and beg us to forget it or to regard it as work of temporary aberration. She allows her hero Jacques t criticize the institution of marriage. He prophesies that, as w grow more civilized, marriage will be outgrown and will giv place to some kind of civil contract or experimental union whic can be dissolved at will. Jacques is a heroic character. Living i an age which does not permit divorce, he tries to give happines to his young wife and the man of her choice. As the only solutio to their problem he commits suicide by falling over a precipic in such a manner that his death seems to have been an accident.

Jacques outraged public opinion. Husbands especially disap proved. What if every wife in search of happiness should expec her husband to commit suicide! It seemed to many readers tha the book should be suppressed. However, this excitement wa created later when the book was published.

While George was writing *Jacques* she was wholly absorbed i thoughts of Alfred, magnanimous Alfred, who went to Paris an nobly resigned her to Pagello. Alfred is, of course, the idealize Jacques, whose exalted character is a tribute to the poet's super human nobility. If Léone suggests Alfred's fascinating wicked ness, Jacques is undoubtedly the prototype of the poet's ange side.

14

George never wavered from the plan she had made in April t reach Paris in time to attend the closing exercises of Maurice' school. She looked forward to the September holidays, which sh intended to spend with her children at Nohant. Toward this sh bent her energies. *Jacques* was completed before her departur The first volume reached Buloz in time for him to forward on thousand francs. With the money received for *André* she paid he most pressing debts in Paris and all her Venetian debts. Wit *Jacques* she paid her way home and had money to spare for an

ergency. Pagello adds to the universal testimony that George as prodigal for others but miserly toward herself." Considering s tendency, emergencies were sure to arise.

Pagello was undecided whether or not to go to Paris. George ed him to accompany her, and Alfred wrote urging him to me. "You must come, my friend, or else you must not allow to leave. Three hundred *lieus* are too long for a woman to vel alone. I know that her answer to this objection will be t she is as strong as a Turk. But I will whisper something in ur ear so low that she cannot hear me. The smallest Turk is onger than the strongest woman in Europe. I who am not a rk assure you that this is so. Believe me and come.—Alf'd M't."

Pagello's own account of his decision follows:

"I arranged my affairs as well as I could so as to raise a little ney. On the next day I told her I would go with her, but that sisted on living alone in Paris and did not want to be urged go to La Châtre, as I preferred to benefit by my stay in the at capital by visiting the hospitals and pursuing my profes- al studies. I said it rather sadly but emphatically, and she wered, 'My friend, you shall do as you please.' I had under- od her and she had understood me. From that time the rela- h between us was that of friends—at least on her side. As for , I was satisfied to be only her friend, but I felt that I was still ove with her."

15

George reached Paris completely happy. Not only was she re- ed to Maurice, but she had beside her, her kind elder brother gello and her sublime child Alfred. She felt that the triangular ndship was certain to be harmonious. It had been so when red left Venice, it so continued in all their correspondence, it so now in their three souls.

Had not Alfred said of Pagello, "Splendid fellow, when I think

of him I can hardly restrain my tears!—He is a noble creature who loves you as you deserve to be loved—I love him almost as much as I love you"?

Had he not called Pagello his own better self? Had he not placed George under Pagello's protection? Had he not written directly to Pagello declaring himself one of Pagello's best friends?

Alfred was a changed being. He said himself that his jealousy had been infantilism. It was a thing outgrown. He assured George that he was a man now. And George believed him. As for Pagello, the beautiful thing about the calm Italian had always been his large incapacity for jealousy and suspicion. Toward Alfred he felt as a father. He had sent his love to the poet repeatedly. He had written to him, "Love me as I love you." He had referred to the sentiment which linked them together as "an affection sublime to us and incomprehensible to others."

George believed in both her men. She based her faith on their explanations of their own high-mindedness. It looked as though the dream she had expressed to Alfred might come true: "Why can't I live between you two and make you both happy, without belonging to either of you? I could live like that ten years." She meant it quite literally. She could have lived like that as long as her two men were happy. It may be said that her naïveté was ridiculous, or with equal truth it might be urged that her faith in perfection was magnificent.

But her idealism, whether naïve or magnificent, unfitted her to cope with human nature as it is. She could never see that sex was more important than love. Both men professed to love her. Both had surrendered the sex claim, so why couldn't they all be happy together? It never seemed absurd to her to demand the impossible of herself or others. The fact that each man had been her lover was to her a matter of no great importance. To each of the men it was the most important thing in life.

Pagello took up his residence at the Hotel d'Orléans. He seemed in no hurry to begin his studies. He hung around the apartment

19 quai Malaquais. He could not tear himself away from orge.

When Alfred came to call, Pagello was present. The two men first meeting greeted each other cordially. But when Alfred lined his head toward George in that little way he had, and ed his blue eyes to hers adoringly, Pagello felt like murder. And en Pagello stood stolidly by in his best proprietary manner and uld not budge from her side, Alfred shot hot hatred out of his l-lidded eyes. George looked at them, astounded. The passion t blazed between the two men scorched the very soul of her. destroyed her hopes, devastated her illusions, and laid waste dream.

After Alfred's visit she was exhausted, and Pagello, who out-yed him, regarded her exhaustion as proof of her preference the poet. Alfred, in his turn, wrote a heart-rending note to orge. He had counted too much on himself in seeing her again. was leaving for Spain in order to put the mountains and the between them. He would never return to France. He would atriate himself. And since he was leaving forever, he begged one last interview with her alone.

George's idealism had led her into an impossible situation. She ld not see Alfred alone without hurting Pagello, so at first she used the interview for Pagello's sake. Alfred wrote again, in re heart-rending phrases, insisting that she see him secretly. would not see him secretly and yet she could not let him suffer. ello agreed to absent himself while Alfred called once more.

George and Alfred met alone. George tried to make him see t his banishment was wholly superfluous, since she was leaving Nohant in four days. But the poet would not be dissuaded m his dramatic exile. He wanted it understood that he intended die under foreign skies. George talked to him of his youth, of ure glory, of hope and faith in himself, and then, before George given Alfred his eternal farewell, Pagello walked in on them.

George rose to the emergency. She kissed Alfred on the

forehead, and then, in French fashion, once on each cheek She did it so simply that jealous Pagello did not seem to mind a all. There were moments, evidently, when George was able to lif men to the level of her dream.

Alfred left France "forever." Was he trying to win sympathy to attract attention, or merely to dramatize the situation? What ever his motive, he accepted the money from his mother, packe his bags and left. But he did not go to Spain. He went to Baden and there he stayed. He did not work for glory as George ha urged, nor did he write for Buloz as he had promised. He mope in solitude and wrote a long letter to George. He had put he beyond his reach and he loved her to distraction.

Before her departure for Nohant George turned her attentio to Pagello. The Italian doctor was introduced to several eminen physicians and was given the run of the Paris hospitals with ad mission to the clinics. Buloz presented him with a free pass t the theatres, and Boucoiran promised to take charge of h welfare. But Pagello preferred Alfred Tattet, whom he ha known at Venice; Tattet, who, next to Alfred's brother, Pau de Musset, was George's worst enemy. After George went awa Pagello was lonely and began to feel injured and critical. In fluenced by Tattet, his eyes were open at last. He saw clearl that George was a vampire. He forgot that he had fallen in lov with her at first sight. He persuaded himself that she had dragge him into a love affair, broken his heart, sucked his blood an ruined his career. She had lured him from his duty to his fathe and his patients and his prostitutes. He had been respectable unt he had met her. His father had always told him it was unchristia and immoral to live openly with a foreigner. Now he saw th his father was right and that his affair with the Frenchwoma was a scandal. Pagello remembered Musset's cordial letter urgin him to come to Paris. He thought of all the time and attentio he had lavished on Musset in Venice, and felt hurt that th Frenchman had shown no hospitality in return.

Poor Pagello! He longed to hear his own language and see his vn people. He wanted to go home and devote himself to his reer and Arpalice. But he could not leave Paris because he had money. He had brought with him four oil paintings by Zugalli which he had hoped to sell. But art dealers set no value on em and no one wanted to buy. If he could not sell his paintgs he would starve. His meals became more meager every day. George had felt in Italy that she would rather die than borrow om Pagello, and now Pagello in Paris proved himself equally oud. While waiting for George to come back and solve his oblem he felt increasingly bitter toward her. Pagello had adired and adored his mistress, but he had not been clever enough hold her. Naturally he blamed the mistress for her failure to held.

Alfred at Baden was trying to write a book about George, but was surprised to find that he knew very little about his loved e. What had they talked of when they were together? He uld not paint a picture of her life. Perhaps, after all, the story ould have to be about himself and his own life. He could put r in as the object of his affections. Still, this was hardly fulling his promise—"I shall build you an altar with my bones." e decided he was unable to write at present; he was unhappy; was her fault.

Alfred had lost the only woman in the world worth possessing. e had once possessed her, and had thrown her away, had blessed r union with another. He saw his mistake and regretted it, and ite naturally blamed the woman.

Meanwhile George at Nohant was in a family turmoil. Casimir ank and scolded and resented her presence. He flew into violent ges before the children, and Maurice was old enough to be hurt d disturbed by the discord between his parents. What could she about this terrible mistaken marriage? Casimir declared he ted Nohant and wanted to live in Paris. But when George reed to stay at Nohant with the children and maintain it at

her own expense, he was angry and refused. She assured Casim
he would always be welcome to come back and stay with the
His answer was that he would never set foot in a house where
was not the sole master. Unhappy Casimir had never tried to
anything or be anything since his marriage. He had lived on
wife. He was a failure and he had to blame someone, so qu
naturally he blamed his wife.

George, the woman, wife and mistress, naturally blamed
three men because not one of them was meeting her ideal. S
felt weighed down by responsibility for three ruined lives. S
did not know what to do about any one of them. They seem
helpless, weakly willing to let their lives be ruined, while she w
struggling with greater burdens than had been laid on them. Th
seemed free and unappreciative of their freedom.

It now appeared that Pagello had deceived her as to his tr
character. His lack of jealousy had been the security of absol
possession. "From the moment he set foot in Paris he no lon
understood anything." He had lost all his simple goodness a
had become suspicious and unreasonable. George, who h
thought him strong, now considered him a weak creature. S
was disillusioned, but she was determined to remain his frie
When she tried to stop thinking about Pagello she worried o
Alfred. If she took her thoughts off Alfred they returned
Casimir. She did not know which of the three men worried
most.

One afternoon at Nohant, feeling the need of solitude, she l
the children to their naps and Casimir to his black humor a
went into the woods near the château. It was a soft Septem
day and she tried to find healing in the soothing influence
trees and birds and flowers. She took with her paper and pe
and the little album in which she pressed her flowers. She was
no mood to write to Alfred, but she realized his impatience.
knew he was watching the post, counting the days. How co
she bring herself to write to him when her mind was burde

her own problems? She brooded over her children, her hope-
s future, and her miserable past. She thought of Casimir and
resentment, of Pagello and his unhappiness.

Then she re-read Alfred's letter.

"My dear soul: You have the heart of an angel. I want to talk
you of my love. Ah, George, what a love! No man has ever
ved as I love you. I am lost, do you understand, I am drowned,
merged by love; I no longer know whether I live or eat or
lk or breathe or speak; I only know that I love you, my life,
well-being, my well-beloved. Say to yourself that you are
ed as much as God is loved by his priests and worshippers and
rtyrs! I love you, O my flesh and my blood! I die of love,
a love without name—mad, desperate, lost! You are loved,
ored, idolized to the point of death! No, I shall never be cured.
, I shall not try to live. I prefer it this way, death for love
you is more precious than life. I know only too well what
y say. They say you have another lover. I know it. It is kill-
me, but I love you, love you, love you. No one can prevent
from loving you! I said to myself that I must live, that I
st take another love, forget yours, have courage. I tried, at
st I made an effort. But now, listen to me, I love my suffering
ter than life. Oh, my betrothed—think of your child who is
ut to die! Try to forget everything else, re-read my letters
you have them, or my little book; think—let your heart go
t to me—weep for me—and then take your pen and give an
ur to your poor friend. Give me all there is in your heart for
. Even force yourself a little; that is no crime, my child. Tell
even more than you are feeling. I won't know the difference
t won't be a crime—I am lost! But let there be nothing in
ur letter but your friendship for me, your love, George, don't
u call it love? Let me have a letter in which there is nothing
t your love—and tell me that you give me your lips, your
th, your hair, all—all that head of yours which I have had,
tell me that you kiss me, you—me! O God, O God, when

I think of it, my throat contracts, my eyes fill, my knees trembl
Ah, it is horrible to die, it is horrible to love like this. What thirs
my love—oh, what thirst I have for you! I beg you, let me ha
that letter. I am dying! Farewell! Oh, my life, my life, I pr
you to my heart. Oh, my George, my beautiful mistress! M
first, my last love!"

This adoring, impassioned letter awakened no response in he
Its appeal only increased her melancholy. Why could she not r
spond to him? Pictures flashed across her mind of the devastati
influence of his passion. She tried to imagine Alfred in her apar
ment, belonging there as he used to do. No, she could not g
through it again. She did not want to lose the mystic union
the last five months. She preferred it to frenzied love. It was n
Alfred alone she feared. She knew herself. She could not star
out against him. She would yield, submit, be subjugated again.
was her fatal way of loving. She could not love in any other wa
Her heart cried out for the exalted moods of her mad poet, b
her reason told her that she must not yield to his tyrannous lov
She did not want to be a slave again.

Just at the moment reason was uppermost. There had alwa
been a conflict between her love for the poet and her love f
her own children. Now her maternal need was satisfied, she w
with her children. They had the prior claim and they absorb
her attention.

There was one part of his letter which especially wounded h
spirit. She read the passage again. So he wanted her to decei
him! Yet at Venice this was the one thing he could not forgiv
Now he begged her to pretend to him, and for the same reas
for which she had been obliged to pretend to him at Venice,
save him from suffering. Now, pretending was no crime; y
at Venice it had been a crime. What did he mean? How was s
ever to know what he really meant about anything? He was co
ing back to Paris. He did not even mean what he had said abo
going to Spain. Decidedly, she could not rely on this capricio

ssion. She was happier, much happier with the love he felt for
: in absence. Her answer to his letter conveyed all the reproach
e felt.

"Alas, alas! What does this mean? This is passion and not
endship. Nevertheless I do not worry over these expressions.
now they are only your poetic way of using language. But now
u go to extremes, and Pagello does the same. He complains of
r sadness and my failing health. Can't he appreciate that I have
ıer things to worry me besides you two men? When you were
ving, you said to me, 'Are you unhappy?' and I said, 'Yes, on
count of my children. I cannot bear to lose them even though
keep them I must break from everything in my life.' Poor
rre, he suffers and I must try to console him, and you will help
, won't you, for I feel that these emotional upheavals are kill-
g me. Each day I find myself more ill and more discouraged
th life. I feel that we three must separate without bitterness
d without violence. Do not love me any more, do you under-
nd? I am worthless—I doubt everything. My heart is frozen
I am telling you all this because if we are to see each other in
ris you must not have any idea of renewed intimacy with me.
e must leave each other, do you understand? We must do this
cause you are persuaded that you cannot be cured of this
e which you nevertheless so solemnly abjured at Venice be-
re and also after your illness.

"Farewell, then, to the beautiful poem of our exalted friend-
p and of this ideal tie which was formed between us three.
as it all romance? Yes, it was only a dream, and I alone, im-
cile child that I am, accepted it in good faith. Now, after this
akening, I see that one of you desires me and that the other
ındons and affronts me. Am I still expected to believe in ideal
e? No, there is no such thing in this world. Those who mock
everything are right. If it were not for my children I would
llingly throw myself into the river."

In his response to this frozen, reproachful letter, Musset told

her there were many pretty women at Baden who would be ver glad to receive him. He had only to put on his shoes and his co and go make love to them. Certainly they would not leave lover merely because they feared to be misunderstood. He mad no reference to George's worries over her children and her mar riage. As for helping her with Pagello, he told her that at Par Pierre opened a letter George had written to him. The wretche Italian was so mad with jealousy that he broke the seal, then close it again with his thumb.

"If he suffers, very well, let him suffer, this Venetian wh taught me to suffer! I give him back the lesson he taught m As for you, be forewarned, I give you back your own word I have written this so that if you hear of my return, you need no have any idea of renewed intimacy with me."

In spite of these haughty recriminations he pleads with he to see him again in Paris. This is the chief emphasis of his lette Will she see him again, will she, will she? He lives only to see he again.

George accepted this letter of petty childishness as she did th letter of poetic passion, saying to herself that one must not tak Alfred too literally, the meaning under his words showed tha he was deeply wounded by her coldness and preoccupation. Sh realized that she must not expect help for her own problem from Alfred, nor from Pagello, nor from Casimir. She must g on working, waiting for her children to outgrow Casimir's leg control. In the meantime there remained loneliness—the lone liness she could not endure.

Each one of these three tortured souls sought his own escap from suffering. Casimir, who wanted to be important, foun oblivion in his wine cellar. Alfred, who wanted to prove h genius, and who had promised Buloz to employ his solitude i writing a novel and some poems, rushed back to Paris and i devastating attractions. Pagello, who wanted Italy, devoted him self to the study of surgery.

And George, who wanted nothing in the world but love, arted a new novel in order to earn money.

It was, as always, terribly necessary to earn money. Casimir d bought land he could not pay for, and had stocked his wine llar at great expense. She was concerned to pay his debts. She d also to meet obligations of her own. And there was Pagello, nniless and unable to get home. Buloz had just paid George o thousand francs. She had earned it by working from eight ten hours a day. Pagello was informed through Boucoiran that purchaser offered 2000 francs for his four paintings. Pagello as exuberant. His pride being satisfied, he asked no questions. e was given George's hard-earned money and felt so rich that immediately bought a box of surgical instruments for which paid 500 francs. He then purchased some clothes and a num- r of new books and began to live in comfort.

Early in October George took the night and day journey by igence to Paris. She brought her children back with her and ve Pagello another 500 francs to pay his fare home.

Pagello was beginning to feel more hopeful about the future. ie dangerous Frenchwoman had not succeeded in ruining him. e had proved himself too intrepid and too resourceful. He would urn to Venice with all the prestige of Paris, with his modern truments and many valuable contacts. His career had never ked so promising. His trip to Paris had been of inestimable vantage. His fatal passion had not hurt him, it had helped n. True, he had learned that Madame Dudevant was a vampire, t no vampire could destroy a strong man.

A few days after George's arrival in Paris Alfred returned m Baden. It was still a fortnight before Pagello's intended parture. Alfred was now in the position which Pagello had oc- pied in Venice. He was in love with another man's ex-mistress. e situation was identical and the ethics of the situation were same. But Alfred's point of view was different. He now felt George had a right to take a lover and he had a right to make

love to her. He wanted her and he intended to get her, but h did not intend to tell Pagello. It would have seemed quite absur for George to feel obligated to tell Pagello. Alfred still felt, how ever, that George had lied and deceived in Venice in conceal ing her new love affair from him. More than once Alfred ha been the lover of a married woman whom he held blameless s long as he profited by her deceit. In his philosophy all sex in fidelities were justifiable except those that made him suffer. Th woman who made him suffer committed the unpardonable sin

Just at present George had put an end to his sufferings, sh had consented to see him.

Alfred to George:

"My love, I am here. You wrote me a sad letter, my poo darling. And I also have returned in a sad mood. You agree tha we shall see each other, and I, how I long to see you! But, dea child, do not fear from me the least word or the smallest thin that could make you suffer for one moment. When once we se each other, beloved, you will have absolute confidence, and yo will realize to what extent I belong to you, body and soul, yo will see that my own suffering and my own desire cease to exi when you are to be considered. Confide yourself to me, Georg God knows that I shall never do you harm. Receive me, let u weep or laugh together, let us talk of the past or the future, o death or of life, of hope or of sorrow; I am no longer anythin but what you make me. Do you know the words of Ruth t Naomi in the Bible? I can say no less to you. Whither thou goes I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall b my people; where thou diest there I will die and there will I b buried.

"Send me one word, set your own hour. Shall it be this ev ning? To-morrow? Whenever you choose, whenever you have moment, an hour to lose. Send me a line in answer. If it is f this evening, so much the better. If it is for a month hence,

all be ready. Let it be when you have nothing else to do; as r me, I have nothing to do but love you.

Your brother,
Alf'd."

This message of tenderness appealed to George as completely the letter of frenzied love had repelled her. In vain now did ason tell her that she must not yield to capricious passion. She ard only the cry of her heart. Alas, the children had been placed their schools and she was alone again. She was more afraid of neliness than of Alfred. She persuaded herself that there was othing to fear, no occasion for doubt or misunderstanding. He as gentle and unselfish—who could distrust a poet who quoted e Bible? In an ecstasy of love and longing they met and fell to each other's arms.

Then followed this letter from George to Alfred:

"I might have known that the happiness so long dreamed of d promised would be followed by those reproaches, and that ou would regard as a crime what you had acknowledged was y right. Try to remember your despair and all that you said convince me that I was necessary to you, and that without e you were a lost soul. Once again I was mad enough to long save you. But now you are more lost than ever, because hardly ere you satisfied when you turned against me and poured out me all your anger and despair. My God, what can I do! I n through with life! What do you want? What do you ask of e? Questions, recriminations, suspicions, so soon, so soon! And hy do you talk about Pierre when I have forbidden you to scuss him with me? Besides, what right have you to catechise e about Venice? Did I belong to you at Venice? Didn't the each between us date from the very first day? My child, my ild, I don't want to remind you, but you forget the facts so sily and you must remember these things. Then, on a certain ening which I shall never forget, those terrible words were

spoken in the Danieli Casino—'I beg your pardon, but I do not love you.' I would not, I could not, leave you alone in a strange land, without knowledge of the language, and without one sou. We tried to take up our former life as good comrades. But even that was impossible. You were bored—I never knew in what condition you would come home at night, and one day you told me you feared that . . . [four words obliterated by George with blue pencil.]

"Pierre came to bleed me—you did not think of being jealous then, and certainly I did not think of caring for him. But if I had loved him from that moment, if I had given myself to him then, what obligations did I have to you, you who called me boredom personified, silly dreamer, stupid animal, nun, and I don't know what besides? Very well, at present you want the history, day by day and hour by hour, of my association with Pierre, and I do not recognize your right to question me. I would feel degraded if I allowed myself to confess to you as though I were a woman who had deceived you. Believe anything you like in order to torture us both; I have only one reply to make: since I was no longer yours, I was free to be his, without accounting to you for my actions. At Venice I did not allow you to ask me the least detail, whether on a certain day we kissed on the eye or on the forehead, and now I forbid you to pry into a phase of my life where I have a right to draw a veil. Now that I have once more become your mistress, you should not try to tear away that veil. If he had asked me questions about our intimate life, do you think I would have answered? Do you think it would be in good taste for my brother to ask me questions about you? But you say you are no longer my brother—alas, do you understand now why I shrank from resuming this fatal bond? Didn't I foresee that you would behave this way, and that you would agonize over this past? It exalted you like a beautiful poem so long as I refused myself to you, and it seems to you a nightmare now that you have once more succeeded in possessing me.

"We see now how it is with us, so let me go away—we are out to be more unhappy than ever. If I am loose and perfidious, you seem to say, why do you want to take me back and ep me?

"I don't want to love any more, I have suffered too much. h, if I were a coquette you would be less miserable! It is neces- ry to lie to you, to say I did not love Pierre, I never gave my- f to him. What prevents me from making you believe that? ou suffer merely because I was sincere with you. We cannot ve each other under these conditions. And all my efforts to re- in your friendship were illusory. What is left to us of this tie at seemed so beautiful? Oh, God, neither love nor friendship!"

16

"I can't understand what it is he accuses me of," she wrote to inte-Beuve. "His injustice is eating out my heart. It is terrible at we should separate because of such things."

"What do you want? What do you ask of me?" she had written Alfred. She knew that she would give him whatever he wanted d asked, but she could not make out what it was, and poor lfred did not know either. Her indignant letter seemed to break s heart. He answered the letter but could not answer her uestions.

"My child, my child, I am so guilty toward you! How badly treated you. Oh, I know it! And you, do you want to punish e? Oh, my life, my well-beloved, I am so unhappy, I am going ad. I am stupid, ungrateful, brutal. Oh, George! George! sten: Don't think about the past. No, no, in the name of aven! Don't make comparisons, don't think it over. I love you no one has ever loved before. Oh, my life, listen, listen, I beg you, do not condemn me! Oh, God, what shall I do if I have t her! Oh, how I suffer, my friend. What a night I have just ssed. Tell yourself that I love you—believe it! My child, pun- me, I beg you to do so. I am a miserable madman. I deserve

your anger. Punish me, but don't condemn me. Wait, I don' know what I am saying; I am in despair. I hurt and offende you, I exhausted you, and how I left you, oh, madman that am, and I had hardly taken three steps outside your door whe I almost fell down in the street. My life, my supreme good, for give me. I beg you on my knees! Think of the beautiful hour I am holding for you in my heart. They are bound to come. I fee them there. Think of happiness. George, I have never suffere like this. One word, not of pardon, I don't deserve it; but onl say 'I will wait.' My life, do you doubt my poor love? Oh, m child, believe in it or I shall die!"

When George's reply did not follow promptly, the poor suf fering poet was ill, genuinely ill, in bed and helpless. He wrot again and asked her to come and nurse him. He had arrange it so that she would be admitted. His mother would never know or, if she did know, she would pretend not to. Her spoiled darlin must have whatever he desired.

Would she go and nurse him? Does a fireman spring to his fee at the sound of a fire alarm? Just so quickly and automaticall would George answer the appeal of weakness and need. She sa up all night with him. She forgave him, and, as he was too wea for reproaches, they were reconciled.

These three letters tell the story of the next few months. Hov many times she went back and forth between Nohant and Par does not matter. How often Alfred stayed away from her an then returned is not important. The real drama was not con cerned with outward happenings. It took place in their inne lives. It had to do with the emotions of three characters, a her a villain and a victim. The bright shining hero was Alfred, th black ruthless villain was Alfred, and the woman between th two was George. From November until March she went back an forth between Octave and Coelio. That was her tragedy. H loved and exalted her. He hated and degraded her. He drew he into his arms in tenderness and pushed her away with violenc

According to Alfred's own confession: "A quarter of an hour
ter having insulted her, I was on my knees. As soon as I stopped
cusing her, I asked her pardon. As soon as I stopped reviling her,
vept."

In the words of Arvède Barine: "Musset dragged with him a
ertine past which stuck to him like a shirt of Nessus and
rced his mind to torture his heart. He did not believe [in
omen] and he had a desperate need to believe. He dreamed of
ove which was at the same time a delirium and a cult. He spent
time in trying to scale the heavens and in falling back into
e mire, and he blamed George Sand for his downfall."

He was helpless in the conflict of his two natures. He could
t love, he could not believe.

She could not stop loving. She could not cease believing. She
s equally helpless in the grip of her instinctive will to give and
rgive. He was exactly the man who suited her, because in
n there was so much to forgive.

When Boucoiran expressed disapproval of her infatuation she
swered, "There are so many things between two lovers which
y alone in all the world can judge."

As for leaving her lover, where could she go? To whom could
turn? She could find no substitute for the great emotion he
ve her. He seemed her only hold on life.

Meanwhile Alfred could not forgive her for Pagello and for
at he called her deceit. He went over and over the past situa-
n, hammering in the heinousness of her guilt, her treason, her
fidy. She grew less proud, less resentful. In order to come
se to him and reach accord with him she stopped defending
self. What difference did it make who was right and who was
ong? She was willing to be wrong if it made him happy. Per-
s she was wrong. Probably she was. Anyone who made Alfred
fer must be wrong. She had made him suffer. Yes, she was
ong.

By such stages she changed her point of view to suit Alfred,

because after all nothing mattered but Alfred. He talked to he for hours about his suffering, and his need of happiness. Sh agonized over his suffering. To answer his need of happiness be came her obsession. He wanted passion, she became passionat He wanted jealousy, she became jealous. He wanted her to foc on him, he became the centre of all her thought and emotion She obliterated herself for him, absorbed herself in him. Her stat of being became a trance. Just as she had once become Indian and again Valentine, then Lélia, then Jacques, she now becam Alfred, hearing with his ears, seeing with his eyes, using his sens instead of her own.

So moved was she by his mental torment that she crossed th bridge between her soul and his. She sunk herself into his con sciousness until she felt with every fiber of his being. She kne his jealousy, his masculine guiltlessness, his conviction of th woman's sin. To heal his suffering she brought the guilty woma to her knees. The fact that the woman was herself seeme unimportant.

But all her yielding was useless. She lacked the one essentia He wanted a woman whose past belonged exclusively to him. Sh could not reconstruct her past, and so in spite of her devotio she failed him.

Poor Alfred! She blamed herself, she bowed her head in sorro She could give him only her life, her body, and her soul. Sh could not give him her virginity. She tried to make it up to hi by every possible self-sacrifice.

He demanded repentance. A few months earlier George ha declared, "I do not know the meaning of repentance—I hav never had occasion to ask forgiveness of anyone." And now sh repented. What she had called his insults were accepted as th punishments of a just God.

He demanded confession. A few weeks earlier George ha written, "I do not recognize your right to question me. I wou feel degraded if I allowed myself to confess to you." And no

e confessed. She was no longer herself. She was a woman ob-
sed by Alfred, expressing Alfred. It was as though she had
d to him, "Thy prejudices shall be my prejudices; thy vanity,
y vanity; thy pride, my pride."
This repentance and this confession were written down in a
urnal to Alfred. But after she had expressed them in writing
e could not give them to Alfred to read. Conscious as she was
being a slave, some integral part of her being refused to pro-
im her slavery. She clung to this pride or this integrity by re-
sing to show him her journal.

17

Whenever Alfred turned against George he told his side of
eir story to his brother Paul and to Alfred Tattet. They made
n promise to stay away from the dangerous vampire and he
eyed. When his mood changed and he wanted to see her they
re watching him, holding him to his promise, and, because he
s sensitive to what they might say, he stayed away.
While he was refusing to see her, George grew desperate. She
ed to think of something more to give him. He had loved her
ng, luxuriant hair. He had praised it and caressed it. Had he
t written from Baden, "Give me your hair, give me all that
ad of yours which I have had"? In a mood of utter abandon
e cut off her hair and sent it to him as a symbol of subjection.
e wept and wanted to go back to her, but Tattet would not
him.
There was an hour or two of every day in which she half awoke
om her trance. She thought of her work, her children, her self-
pect, her pride, and longed to be rid of her tyrant. But all
e other hours of every day she hugged her chains.
In her shabby old apartment every association spoke of him.
s sketches on the walls, his books on the table, his music on
e piano, made the place his own. The arm-chair seemed to be-
g to him. The rug by the sofa was where he had knelt and

wept on the day she first promised to love him. He had kne there and wept there many times since that day, begging fo giveness for his sins. The whole room, the walls, the floor, th ceiling, seemed listening for his voice. The arm-chair was waitin to receive him. She looked at its emptiness, and in an agony o apprehension she listened with the silence of the room and waite with the patience of her inanimate possessions.

She was always expecting him. He might appear at any mo ment. The door-bell rang; she started to her feet. Her hear that had been dead, began to beat again. No, no, it was only tw shadows who entered. They moved about the room, sound cam from their mouths, but they had no more reality than ghost They did not arouse her from her trance. She regarded her calle with the calm impassive gaze that made them call her the sphin She looked at them but did not see them. A mist effaced the features, a haze shut them away. She saw one face, the "divin profile" of her poet. Was she to see him forever? Was he to inte vene forever between her gaze and the world of men?

In her journal to Alfred she wrote: "I cannot suffer like this! am young. I am still beautiful. Among these men around m there is more than one who would be proud and happy in m love. Why can't I choose one of them? Where is that life urge felt at Venice? What has become of that fierce vigor which too hold of me like an excess of rage, and which lifted me from th waves in which I was drowning? This man who caused my despa finds his amusement in trying to kill me. But I do not want t die! I want to love again, be young again. I want to live! . . Ah, but you say that one cannot love two men at the same tim Nevertheless, that is what happened to me. But when you sa that because it happened yesterday it will happen again to-mo row, when you believe that I cannot set foot outside the do without succumbing to temptation, you are crazy.

"Am I stupid or insensitive? Can't you see that women like m

n by their mistakes? . . . Poor Alfred, if no one knew about ou would forgive me. But there is M. Tattet, who would say h a disgusted air, 'God, what weakness!' And there are others o would say, 'How pitiful! How ridiculous?'—Oh, this mis-ole, masculine self-love! . . .

I can still make a man happy if that man will honestly help I need strength to rest in, a heart without vanity to receive hold me. If I had found such a man I would not be where I now! Oh, God, did I commit a crime at Venice in turning n love and death to love and life? Is the love of life a crime? so, if indeed I committed an involuntary crime, thou hast ished me as much as human judges punish a premeditated ssin and still more, because a parricide is killed but once, ereas I for the last ten weeks have been dying day by day. It oo long an agony!

And you, cruel child, why did you love me after having ed me? What mystery takes place in you each week? What ne meaning of this crescendo of dislike, disgust, aversion and y, culminating in cold and scornful contempt, then suddenly ting into tears and tenderness? Torment of my life! I would e all that I am for one day of your ineffable love."

ut writing in her journal did not bring her faithless lover to arms. Then she made a trip to Nohant, and absence so en-ed her to the poet that when she returned to Paris Alfred k up his residence again at 19 quai Malaquais.

George was sufficiently human to write to Tattet announcing Alfred had again become her lover. "There are certain sur-l operations," she added, "which are successful and which do or to the surgeon's skill, but which do not prevent a recur-ce of the illness."

During the time that George was living on her emotions and ting her journal, Alfred was also exclusively occupied with own sensations. The paradoxical poet hated her for making

him suffer but he loved his suffering, hugged it to his breast, t
Paul and Tattet where it hurt most and made poetry out of
throes.

So long as George made him jealous he enjoyed himself. Wh
she yielded to his caprices he was bored because there was noth
left to make a scene about. He pretended to be jealous of Li
just to whip up excitement. When no more thrills were provi
by George he produced a few on his own account. He talked
George of a new mistress, whom he praised outrageously. Geo
rose above jealousy and hoped he would be happy and that
woman would teach him to believe in love.

He throve on misunderstandings and reconciliations. Excess
emotion kept him in fit condition. But George went to pieces a
grew pale and thin. The wrinkles gathered around her eyes.
had often talked of being old, now she was growing old in fa
The portrait of her by Delacroix, painted at this time, shows
emaciated face and great sad eyes.

Her last letter to Alfred conveyed no expressions of passion
love. It breathed utter weariness. She was tired, tired to her v
soul.

"No, no, I have had enough, unhappy being that you ar
have loved you as my son. It is a mother's love. I still bleed fr
it. I pity you. I forgive you everything, but we must part. . .

"You say that I ought to beat you when you behave so o
rageously toward me, but I don't know how to fight. I
naturally gentle, that is the way God made me, but I am pro
nevertheless. My pride is broken at present, and my love is o
pity. We must part. Sainte-Beuve is right. Your conduct is
plorable, impossible.

"My God, to what a life I am about to leave you! Drunk
ness, wine and women, over and over forever. But since I
no longer do anything to help you, why prolong what is sh
to me and punishment to you? Even in the midst of all this suf
ing, your mad jealousy is directed toward everyone and ev

g. The more you lose the right to be jealous the more jealous become. It is like a punishment from God on your poor head. my own children! Oh, my children, my children! Good-by, appy one. My children, my own children!"

nd so George ended it.

ike a sick animal that needs to crawl into a hole, she longed ide herself away from Alfred. She could not face another e with him, so she arranged to escape by stealth. The faith- Boucoiran was summoned to aid her, and was given full in- ctions. On the day of her premeditated flight, Boucoiran rved a seat in the diligence which was to leave the Tuileries ix o'clock. Then, late in the afternoon, still obeying her in- ctions, he went to her apartment and announced in the sence of Alfred that Madame Dupin was ill and needed her ghter. Boucoiran furtively grabbed the traveling bag. George on her hat and bade Alfred a hasty farewell.

he poet, in no wise disturbed, waited for her return. But there no return.

George stayed quietly at Nohant, bearing as best she could a e of terrific defeat. During long days of solitude she tried to e herself and retrieve her failure. Her losses were many, and only gain she counted was the conviction that she had re- uished the mad search for love.

t first reflection she almost wished she could go back to the simple faith of her girlhood; but religion and law had but one mand for her—submission to the mastery of Casimir. That mission had long since been outgrown. No, she had not been ng to choose her freedom. She had been wrong in the use she made of it. She had misused it and abused it.

he books she read, the men she knew, the leading spirits of time, had all practiced and preached romanticism. They be- ed that artists, writers, and all superior people were free to as they pleased. Each one was a law unto himself. She had epted this cult. She had related herself in this way to the men

of her generation. And in so doing she now believed she had be guilty of arrogant pride.

In a long letter to Sainte-Beuve she revealed a new humilit

"Everything in the world outside has seemed to summon m to a life of presumptuous irresponsibility and impudent heroism Living for myself alone, and risking nothing but myself, I w always exposing myself and sacrificing myself on the theory th I was a free being, useless to others and mistress of herself. I a most reached the point of committing suicide out of sheer sel indulgence. . . . Cursed be the men and the books that influenc me by their sophisms. I might better have stuck to my Frankli who up to the time that I was twenty-five gave me such deligh and whose portrait is hung near my bed. I shall never again r turn to Franklin, nor to my Jesuit confessor, nor to my fir Platonic love, nor to my collection of plants, nor to the pleasu of nursing my children, nor to fox-hunting or galloping horseback.

"Nothing that once was, will ever be again. I know that on too well. I wish to resign myself and wait until Providence, some natural way, sends me the means of doing good. I do n know yet whether there is any such means, because what we agr to call goodness, the general sort which we all practice more less, does not seem to me to deserve such a fine name. . . .

"Ah, I see clearly at present, you may be sure, and that is th punishment of my mistakes. The idea of another love for m such as you suggest is like a dream which will never be realize and indeed I shall use all my energy to prevent its realization.

"No, no, I don't want either one of the loves you describ neither the tender and enduring kind, nor the sort that is blin and violent. Do you think that I could inspire the first, or th I should be tempted now to experiment with the second? Bo are beautiful and precious, but I am too old for either. This si of my life is struck by a sadness and a terror which is like deat which is death, no doubt. . . .

I wish to give to my children a respectable old mother. If I not succeed in this, my friend, you may be sure I shall not w my life to be a drag on theirs. For the last three years I e lived in dread of a sort of death which I do not wish to be ced to give myself, because I love life, however bad it is. vertheless I shall know how to renounce it if my way of life uld shame my son or injure my daughter.

I am resolved to use all the strength that remains to me in re- ring the harm I have done myself. If I cannot do this I would ner put a bullet through my head than begin again the life that ve led these last two or three years.

Write to me, and do not fear to treat me frankly and rudely. at me as though I were a man."

V

GEORGE AND MICHEL

GEORGE recovered from her love of Alfred.

Those who had watched her agony felt that she owed it Alfred to make a slow recovery. But her convalescence was brie She lived out of doors with her friends the birds. She tramped th unpathed places of the Nohant woods. And the good brow ground which her feet touched gave her strength. The earth w her mother and nature was her nurse. They received her an healed her.

After a crisis George often yielded herself to this primiti healing. Aurore Dupin had behaved in the same way. When a child of thirteen she had been hurt by Madame Dupin's revel tions about Sophie, Aurore had run wild in the woods. Madam Dupin, far from understanding her grandchild, had called th behavior reversion to barbarism. But it was, then as now, Aurore instinctive means of recuperation after a shock.

Gradually, as George felt her vigor renewed, the woman wh had been wrecked by a great and fatal passion was sloughed o and abandoned, while George felt within herself the creatio of a new personality.

She had so many selves. She had left several behind her an did not care to sit and weep over their outgrown shells. She d not whine or indulge in remorse. She started again with the prese and turned her back on the past.

She was willing to accept the consequences of every act of h life. But acceptance meant to George something different fro orthodox submission. It meant facing and, if necessary, grappli with inevitable consequence, never lying down under it, b standing up to it, as a fighter prepares for combat.

he was going somewhere, and no cruel consequence was to be wed to crush her or keep her from moving freely on her way. bent all her energies toward the woman she intended to be-ne. In this courageous spirit she was ready to solve her present blems and go on to new life—to many new lives.

Her immediate problem was her marriage.

What should she do about this Baron Dudevant, the father of children, this man whose violent language drove one child m the table in frightened tears while the other cowered for tection at his mother's side, this spendthrift miser who spec-ted in land and expected her to meet his notes when they ne due?

Our debts," she said to Duteil, "exceed our revenues." Since debts were Casimir's and the revenues were hers, this was fully expressed.

Duteil, who was equally the friend of both, advised her to live h Casimir as his wife. By so doing, Duteil believed, she would n an influence over the father which she could use for the dren's sake.

George was shocked at Duteil's advice. Did he not realize that was a moral being? Did he think she would stoop so low as to with her husband—she who had hitherto kept her sex rela-s pure? Did he believe that she would give herself for ulterior tives to a man who hated her? She had made mistakes, it is e, but she had never done anything to justify such an un-thy suggestion. Duteil, so it seemed to George, had strange s of what constituted virtue. She talked to him for hours to ke him see the difference between right and wrong.

he turned from Duteil to Alphonse Fleury.

Why not consult a lawyer?" was Fleury's suggestion.

What lawyer?" asked George.

Louis Michel, of course, the greatest lawyer in Berry."

The man they call Michel of Bourges? I thought he was an or."

"He is—the greatest editor in Berry."

"At least," conceded George, "he seems to be quoted by every one. I'm always hearing 'Michel says'—'Michel thinks'—'Did you see what Michel wrote in to-day's edition?' I've never read his paper, but he must write forcefully."

"Wait till you hear him talk!" Fleury exclaimed.

"Ah, yes, he's a politician too, isn't he?"

"The greatest statesman in Berry. He is three men in one."

"He must be very strong," said George.

Fleury's advice seemed more practical than Duteil's. Perhaps also it was pleasanter to contemplate. And since Fleury was on his way to Bourges, George climbed into the diligence and went along.

2

At Bourges, at the hotel, George and Fleury registered and took rooms for the night. It did not occur to either of these old friends that they were violating any rule of propriety. It was well established by now that George was a wholly exceptional person. Everyone who knew her conceded her right to make her own rules. So Madame Dudevant and Alphonse Fleury took their dinner in the hotel dining-room and did not notice whether they were noticed or not.

After dinner Fleury went in search of Louis Michel. He found the great man tired and ill and about to retire for the night. Would Monsieur Michel care to go to the hotel to meet George Sand? asked Fleury timidly.

"George Sand!" Michel forgot his fatigue. "George Sand here in Bourges!" Michel sprang to his feet. "Not the great George? Not the author of *Lélia!*"

"Yes, yes," nodded Fleury.

"But I—" cried Michel, striking his breast. "I am infatuated with *Lélia!*" He seized hat and coat and started down the stre

rapidly that Fleury, who had eaten heartily, could scarcely ep the pace.

They found George smoking in her room.

Michel looked at her and felt a shock. Not because she was oking. That was odd, but he did not object to eccentricities. o, his shock was due to the discovery that the author of *Lélia* s a woman. He had known it vaguely as a fact. Yet he had vays thought of George Sand as a magnificent intellect, there- re as a man. And here George sat in skirts. Strange! Thrillingly ange! Michel blinked his near-sighted eyes at her, then feeling queer sensation, like a rushing in his ears, he turned away his ad.

She began to talk in matter-of-fact fashion of her marital oubles and the legal aspect of the case. She told him of her two three—it was three, wasn't it?—unhappy love affairs, disposing these feminine secrets with a frankness that seemed to Michel nazing and unprecedented. As he listened, Michel felt a mild ncussion of the brain that went from his head to his heels and ralyzed his celebrated powers of speech.

"I am through with men," he heard George saying. "There is t a man on earth before whom I shall ever bow my head again submission or in sorrow."

Michel approved these sentiments. That such a woman should vote herself to one man, any man, seemed a sacrilege. No man s worthy of the author of *Lélia!*

Michel drew closer to the marvelous being, so incongruously ted in a commonplace hotel room. He placed his spectacles ore firmly on his nose and dared to stare at her. As he stared was aware of a frail body, a pale face, and two enormous eyes, e widest, deepest eyes he had ever seen. Their subterranean pths reminded him of fire smouldering underneath volcanoes.

A lost soul, thought Michel. Then in a flash of insight he saw nself as a savior. He made a silent vow to win her soul and in- lect for the republic, for France!

After this sudden revelation and this sacred vow he was bored by George's troubles with her husband, impatient of the history of her lovers. All that personal side of life was insignificant to Michel. He was a prophet in search of apostles. He was the leader of a cause.

George was still discussing the legal aspect of her case.

"Are you a republican?" Michel interrupted.

"I have always been a republican, always, even as a child," George answered quietly.

"Then you will help us?"

"But how could I help?" George asked modestly.

"With your brain and your pen, with the fire that is in your soul. Join the movement. Be one of us. Devote your life to the cause."

George was silent. She had always disliked politics. Indeed, she found its feverish activity ridiculous. She could not imagine herself drawn into a political campaign to change the form of government of her country.

"Oh, let me alone!" she laughed. "I am nothing but a song-bird. Let me sit on my branch and sing in the sun."

"No, no!" protested Michel. "Be serious."

"Very well then, without metaphors, I am a poet who needs solitude, and since I have no home I intend to travel. Please settle my affairs for me so that I can go away and dream by myself while you labor to regenerate society."

"But you say you are a republican!"

"I think with you," she admitted.

"Thinking is not enough. You must act."

George shook her head. She saw that her personal affairs were forgotten. She did not refer to them again.

Michel, like a fanatical Savonarola, exhorted his new acquaintance to forsake her selfishness and give her heart and her life to France. He drew a vivid picture of his republic. It seemed to

orge that Michel's republic resembled Utopia. It was the king-
n of heaven on earth.

As she listened she observed him. The strong man of Berry ap-
red to be a dried-up old man. Fleury had told her that Michel
s thirty-seven. He looked sixty. His face was wizened, his eyes
re hidden behind ugly spectacles. He was almost completely
d. What little hair he had was displayed on his cheeks in short
eburns. But the ostentatious thing about Michel was his head,
ich seemed to be two skulls soldered together. She could almost
the seam between.

This phrenological phenomenon impressed George favorably. It
peared to her that Michel's dome-like forehead provided extra
om for his high faculties. They were duplicated, no doubt. He
s probably a mental prodigy, a superman.

His dress was strange. He wore wooden sabots and a long loose
t of coarse homespun. This costume was evidently affected to
ove that he was not ashamed of his humble origin. Michel had
n a peasant and had risen by his own efforts into the profes-
nal class. What an achievement! What a history! As George
ked at Michel a story began to take form in her brain.—Chap-
I. Michel as a boy.—Chapter II. Michel's early education.
Chapter III. Ambition overcoming obstacles.—She would call
novel *Simon*, an excellent title. Simon, like Michel, would hate
aristocrats. Then by some subterfuge he must be made to
rry a countess. A dramatic situation! Simon could never for-
e his wife for belonging to the privileged class. He would love
as a woman and hate her as an aristocrat. He would—

Michel's monologue and George's novel were interrupted by
arrival of friend Planet, the republican leader from La Châtre.
Someone opened a window to let the smoke out. Although it
s a warm spring evening Michel felt chilled. He asked permis-
n to cover his bald head. George handed him his hat, but he re-
ed to wear it in the presence of a lady. Taking from his pocket

several large bright-colored kerchiefs, he knotted them togeth at the four corners.

"With your permission," he said politely, and covered his hea

His skull was so slippery that the improvised cap kept fallin into his lap. He replaced it gracefully, but at the first gesture fell off again. As he went on talking he was perpetually catchin it, waving it, and patting it back upon his prodigious double hea

Sometimes the cap posed picturesquely, making him look like gypsy. At other moments it landed grotesquely, trailing a knotte corner over an ear or an eye. He was oblivious to his appearanc and his three auditors were so in awe of him that he seemed mag nificent in his homespun and his sabots and his queer headgear. was as though his costume proclaimed to them—thus should w all dress, thus *shall* we all dress in the republic that is to come.

Michel's appearance was not important so long as he talked. H talked with passion. He thought with passion. His inner forc overflowed in an intensity that was like nothing human. His elo quence was both primitive and sublime. It was rhythmic. It in spired thought that might have been set to music, but that coul not be conveyed in words.

George enjoyed Michel's eloquence as she might have enjoye the sound of an organ touched by a master's hand.

True, he contradicted himself. And with the music of his elo quence there was an obvious lack of logic, or say rather there wa too much poetry in his arguments.

George disagreed with him often but she disagreed silently. Sh had lost all desire to argue or interrupt. Besides, she was touche by the evidences of suffering in this successful leader of men Years of illness had left their devastating effect. Looking at h emaciated face one felt that the man was doomed.

Yet, dying as he seemed, he poured out a vitality as exhaustin as it was inexhaustible. George, Fleury and Planet waited i amazement for the orator to show fatigue. Michel had arrived a seven. Not until the clock struck midnight did he arise to g

en, since he was in the midst of an explanation, he asked them go along with him toward home. When they reached his door was so absorbed in talking that he walked back with them. At hotel, as he had not finished his argument, they escorted him his home again. They made the trip back and forth nine times. t was a warm spring evening. The full moon lighted the nar- streets of the sleeping town. Whenever they passed a stately lding of the Renaissance they paused in front of it, admiring, turing, arguing, questioning, stirred by Michel's prophecy of perfect government soon to replace the tottering throne of nce.

The moonlight, the massive architecture, the fiery eloquence Michel, the sense of something approaching conspiracy, were so exalting to the four reformers that they could not part until vn.

As soon as they left Michel, Planet turned to George.

"What have you done to him? He has poured out his soul to us. s you, your effect on him. I have lived by his side for a year I swear to you he has never been like this before."

"It's proselyting," said hard-headed Fleury. "He thinks George be valuable to the cause."

"He will never rest until he has converted you," said Planet.

George was too exhausted to protest. Michel was undeniably le, but she needed sleep.

The next day she felt it necessary to escape from Bourges be- the great man made another nine-hour call. She left with ury on the early coach. When they reached Nohant in the rnoon she fell into bed and slept until noon of the next day. rcely was she awake when the maid brought an enormous en- pe containing a letter from Michel.

leury was right. Michel was determined to convert her. His s were masterful. The letters came thick and fast. He never ed for an answer.

How could the great man of Berry spare so much time for

writing letters? Was he neglecting his labors as editor, lawyer an leader of the province? Were all these duties insignificant in com parison with the one soul he was determined to save?

3

George could not answer Michel's letters. Her writing had t go to Buloz or she could not pay Casimir's debts. However, th difficulty was easily adjusted, for what could George give to h readers more stimulating than a discussion with the great man o Berry? By concealing his identity and addressing him as Everar she could write to him and to her public at the same time. Th *Lettres à Everard* passed directly from Michel's hands to t Buloz magazine. By this arrangement George turned from fictio to the question of the hour.

It was the time of ferment leading to a second republic. Lou Philippe seemed securely seated on the throne, but a growing num ber of thoughtful men were preparing the minds of the peop for a change of government. All society was divided into tw camps, for or against the monarchy. So long as reform was limit to theory it was allowed, but if the theorists attempted action th were shot.

At Lyons an industrial uprising had resulted in a massacre. T leaders were arrested and sent to Paris for what came to be know as the "monstrous trial." Michel, as a leading republican and brilliant orator, was engaged as one of the counsel for the defen

Planet accompanied Michel to Paris. Fleury and George soo followed. Thus, not long after the moonlight meeting at Bourg the four friends found themselves together in the excitement of political crisis. Public interest was seething. Nothing was talk about but the trial. Michel was an important figure and his fo lowers were numerous. George, converted to political action, w drawn into the centre of things and met dozens of Republica They were a strangely assorted mixture of artists, politicia workingmen and intellectuals. The great musician, François Lis

s among them, also the brilliant ex-abbé and Christian socialist, icité Lamennais.

George lunched with one group of men and dined with another. chel made demands on her time and energy. When he had writ- to do or speeches to prepare, she gave him invaluable aid. She found what she had asked for, a life of ideas.

n his attitude toward his disciple Michel was impersonal and ernal. Like Prince Murat at Madrid, he called her his aide-de- np, and, as in Spain, she dressed at times in masculine attire. eed this was the only condition on which a woman could take ve part in politics. No women were admitted to the trial, but, sing unnoticed as a man, George was able to attend the meet- s at the Palais de Justice and the trial in the audience hall of Luxembourg.

At night after their meetings the group of men, including rge, often tramped the boulevards as far as the site of the old tille. Sometimes they boarded one of the little steamboats that fed up and down the Seine. Or they sat to a late hour in a café, ussing the happenings of the day and planning the next step. Michel made a great deal of his protégée. The great man had al- s been sorry that he had no child of his own, so he adopted rge as his son. He adopted Planet also, but George he regarded is youngest son. He called her Benjamin.

More than he needed a son, however, poor Michel-Everard re- red the services of a nurse. He was wretchedly ill. Physicians ld not diagnose his mysterious ailment. He was subject to sud- attacks of excruciating pain. As long as they lasted he amed in agony and when the pain ceased he fell into a torpor exhaustion. Then, after sleeping for two or three hours, he rged strong and vital, ready to make a speech or tramp the ets.

Michel's insistent dominance over his miserable body appealed George's sympathy. She got in the habit of writing his letters ave his strength. When he was ill she brought his friends to

call on him. Often her children spent their day of vacation with Michel, and learned from him the principles of his faith. George neglected her work to help Planet watch over the master. The two adopted sons were constantly running back and forth between George's apartment at quai Malaquais and Michel's near-by lodgings at quai Voltaire.

It seemed to George that Michel's unselfish devotion to humanity deserved the faithful service of his friends. George called him a Roman. She considered him the noblest man she had ever known.

4

One evening the three friends, George, Planet and Michel, were standing on the bridge Saints-Pères. His Majesty, Louis Philippe, was giving a ball in the royal palace, and through the trees of the Tuileries gardens came reflections of the palace lights and the subdued sound of music.

Suddenly George, who was plunged into reverie, heard Michel's voice declaiming:

"Civilization! Yes, that is the great word of you artists! Civilization indeed!" and Michel hit his cane against the balustrade of the bridge. "I say to you that to renew your corrupt society this beautiful river must run red with blood, this cursed palace must be reduced to ashes, and this vast city must become a strip of barren ground."

George, thoroughly aroused, listened in amazement as Michel continued his appeal to the torch and the sword. Had the man gone mad? Was he, after all, then, not on the side of the moderate republicans? Was he a follower of the guillotined Robespierre or of that dead fanatic, Babeuf?

"The perversity of courts," Michel was declaiming, "the corruption of great cities," "the enervating influence of art"—having destroyed all these influences by the consuming fire of elo

quence, he dumped them into "the smoking ruins of the old world."

Finally the orator turned to George and asked:

"Do you agree with me?"

"I thought I was hearing Dante after his return from hell," was George's answer. "No, decidedly we do not share the same ideas. I have listened for two long hours while you have defended the cause of death. Now let me say a word for humanity," and George began to vindicate civilization and art.

But Michel refused to listen. He was furious. He walked away from the bridge through the gardens and broke his cane against the old walls of the Louvre.

George turned her back on him and started homeward with Planet. But Michel followed to her door and tried to prevent her from entering.

"If you leave me before you agree with me," he threatened, "I shall never see you again."

"Good-night, Planet, good-by, Michel," and George smiled at them. But as soon as the door was closed between them she stopped smiling. Why, in heaven's name, did he always lose his head when she differed from him in argument? What was the meaning of this frenzied desire to seize and subjugate her mind and impose his own opinions? Violence! Blood! Revolution! The man was mad!

Before she fell asleep her last conscious feeling was relief. She was cured of hero-worship. She felt free now to live her own life. She would start on her travels—Switzerland, Constantinople, the Orient. Solitude, peace, dreams.

5

The next day George applied for a passport for foreign travel. She felt exceedingly light-hearted and carefree. After all, she reflected, she was not fitted for politics or any kind of collective action. She would seek her own truth in her own way.

Returning home, she found Michel waiting in her apartment.

She looked at him strangely. When she addressed him, her voi sounded strained.

"What's the matter?" asked Michel nervously.

"Did you mean what you said last night?"

"I meant every word of it."

"So all this time you have believed in violence and you ha hidden it from me, from all of us? Blind leader of the blind! your own way, then, and I shall go mine. I'm leaving Paris travel abroad."

The bombastic Michel grew suddenly quiet. He drew his ch away from the window and sat in the half light, looking at h listening to her outburst, marveling how it had happened th their positions were reversed. George was the orator now, and it was who feared to interrupt.

"I have listened to you," she was saying, "I have admired y But I have not surrendered my right to think for myself. We h discussed certain questions of which you think you have the so tion. You have not given me the solution. You have no soluti I cannot reproach you with that, but I do object to the claim y make on my intelligence. You are irritated every time I disag with you. When I oppose your theories you act as though I w doing you a personal injury. You are not the sort of person w expects politeness or hypocrisy. Let me speak frankly—I have enough of your republic."

Michel looked at her in wonder, too stunned to respond as continued to reproach him.

"I took you as my guide. You are not content to be a gui you want to be a despot. But whether as guide or despot I can accept you, I cannot follow you."

Then, as Michel started to speak, she turned to him accusing her dark eyes flashing anger.

"Don't tell me that you have a solution, that you hold it in y hand! You haven't anything. You hold nothing. You don't kn any more than I do."

"May I speak now?" asked Michel meekly.

"Speak! Speak all you please! But you cannot dissuade me, I am going away."

As Michel began to defend himself his face still bore the look of wonder, as though he were amazed at hearing the words he let fall.

"I have made a discovery"; Michel's voice had a new appealing quality. "Souls have sex. And you are a woman. Will you believe me when I tell you that I never realized this before? When I read *Lélia* and the *Lettres d'un Voyageur* I thought of the author as a young man, a poet. When I saw you for the first time I was astonished, it was as though no one had ever told me that you wore a woman's dress and that in private life you went by a woman's name. I was actually disappointed. I wanted to keep my dream. I tried not to let your feminine appearance destroy the mental image I had made of you. I seldom observed your face. I observed your mind. I interested myself in your ideas. I am so near-sighted anyhow that the only thing I was keenly aware of was your voice." Michel spoke more softly as he continued to explain. "Your voice, George, has none of the flute-like quality that belongs to a woman. You speak in a low tone like a boy, and your words are not like a woman's words. You don't exclaim or interrupt—at least, you have never done so until to-day. So that, since my sense of hearing received more of you than my eyes did, I always thought of you and talked to you as though you were a young man who had studied philosophy and history, a young man who understood me; yes, I thought of you as my son."

Michel removed his glasses, wiped them carefully, and replaced them, then scrutinized the face of his companion.

"It seems to me that I now see you clearly for the first time. You are a being of pure sentiment and pure imagination, in one word, a woman."

It was said with so much tenderness that George felt no temptation to argue, and even as he preached to her she felt no offense.

"Let us discuss you as a woman, or rather let us talk of som thing more important than yourself, your duty. You dream of i dividual liberty, but it cannot be reconciled with social duty. Y say that your person belongs to yourself and that your soul a belongs to you alone. That is a sophism worse than all those f which you reproach me. You belong to your country, your sc belongs to the cause. If all lovers of truth said farewell to th country, their brothers and their task, truth would not find single follower."

Michel rose to his feet and walked to the window, where stood facing George with his back to the light. She noticed bent shoulders, his worn face, his bald head. She pitied him.

He saw her great eyes fill with compassion. He felt insignifica and to magnify his importance he spoke in a loud tone, gestic lating, shaking his fist.

"You are unjust and exacting. You don't know anything. Y say so yourself. Then suddenly the fever of knowledge takes po session of you and you demand that absolute truth should handed to you. *Quick, quick, give the secret of God to Geor Sand, who doesn't want to wait.*"

George felt moved by Michel's persuasion, not so much by words as by the deep feeling underneath. She in turn made effort to assert herself.

"I must go away, Michel. I need solitude. I can think bet when I am alone."

At this unyielding attitude all Michel's proud anger collapsed

"Oh, George," he answered sadly, "no one can find the tru alone. Let us seek it together. I do not ask you to follow me as infallible guide, for I do not know the road. I ask you to go wi me, to warn me of obstacles, to lead me back to the way when have lost it. Do not scorn me because I am not a god, and do n curse me for having pointed out a destination which I do n know how to attain. The way that I cannot find alone we m find together. Don't leave me, George. I have given you my—n

affection. So much the worse for me. You have not asked for it, you have no need of it. I have no right to ask you for yours."

Michel paced the floor and gave vent to his emotion in explosive sentences.

"You are a dreamer. Truth is not found in solitude. You are a woman, you don't understand politics. Violence is a necessity of politics. You don't agree with me, very well then, leave me. Certainly you are free to do so. No, George, don't go, I need you so!"

In the midst of his agitation a distant clock struck the hour. Michel paused abruptly, brought back to his vaunted sense of social duty.

"Four o'clock!" he cried, distracted. "I'm late for the meeting. I have to make a speech!" He seized his hat and ran into the hall.

In a moment he was back again to ask, "Is the maid out?"

"Yes—why?"

No answer. He closed the front door.

George thought she heard a peculiar sound. She followed to the door and tried to open it. He had locked her in.

She returned to the sitting-room and sank exhausted on the couch. She never realized how tired she was until Michel had left her. She drew her feet under her, and reaching for a pillow she touched Michel's overcoat, left forgotten on the couch. With a sigh of contentment she leaned her cheek on the rough homespun. Thus she would lean on him who was henceforth to be her master.

She pressed the coat closer. She imagined him there wearing it. His coat, his shoulder, his arms. How masterful he was!

So his will to dominate was his way of loving her! All his despotism was love. Now that she knew herself necessary to his happiness, nothing else mattered. She had often thought that if she could find a strong man she would be happy in subjecting her will to his. She had found her strong man.

A delicious dreaminess stole over her. The seeker after truth could not hold her own against the seeker after love.

6

"I beg your pardon, George, for locking you in." It was thr hours later and Michel was explaining shamelessly. "I was afra you might start on your travels in my absence. As soon as I ha convinced you that you must stay, I shall leave you free to g Until then I must keep this," and he held out the key.

"Put the key in the door, Michel. I have decided to stay—o one condition: you must never again talk of revolution."

"Agreed!" cried Michel joyously.

Thus it was he dominated her.

After this talk Michel's attitude changed. Instead of bei brusque and rude, he was courteous and gentle. She was no long his equal comrade, she was that weak thing, a woman. The d covery made him tolerant and tender.

George was touched by this new tenderness. It transfigured h comrade. His ugly face became illumined. His near-sighted ey looked at more closely, showed they had caught and held t beauty of his soul. The bent old body became majestic. She h always called him Roman, now he seemed a Roman god. H was Jupiter come down from Olympus. His homeliness was b the form that Jupiter chose to wear in winning an earthly woma She saw the god beneath the disguise.

Imperial Jupiter, disguised as pompous little Michel, becam the perfect lover of the dreamer's most extreme imaginings. H mind had first craved him, then created him. George's imaginatio was as opulent as a fairy godmother. It gave her everything sh asked for. At the time that she was writing *Lélia* she had dreame of a poet; *Lélia* was scarcely finished when she called forth fro the unknown an incarnation of her dream. After the break wi the poet she had demanded a life of ideas; almost immediately sh met Michel. He became the symbol of a new mental interest.

She had not intended to carry over into this new phase of e

perience any pursuit of personal happiness; her emotions had been nobly submerged. But her need of love, seemingly dead, dumbly persisted in the silence of her being. This hidden need demanded an object that was totally different from past experience, because she herself was a different woman, more developed, more mature. She was consciously seeking a mental interest, while unconsciously she was also seeking a mental affinity.

Then suddenly, as though he had discovered her secret need, Michel revealed that he loved her. And Michel became the symbol of the new supernal ideal.

"I love you," she wrote to Michel, "because when I picture grandeur, wisdom, force and beauty, it is your image which comes before me." Again she wrote to him:

"It was you I loved through all the phantoms in which for a time I believed I had found and possessed you."

Alas for the symbols which had once conveyed illusion! Aurélian, Pagello and Alfred no longer seemed real.

7

Michel, like all prophets and reformers, expected the speedy arrival of his utopia. He expected also to be one of the cabinet of the new republic. It was not enough to be the leader of a province; the strong man felt that he was called to lead the destinies of France.

Was his love of humanity mere ambition and vanity? No test of his ambition had as yet been made, but his vanity was becoming more evident.

The monstrous trial ended disastrously. The men of Lyons were not acquitted, and Michel was sentenced to a month's imprisonment for contempt of court. One of the other lawyers had been given a year in prison. This humiliated Michel. Was his colleague regarded as more dangerous than the great man of Berry? Michel was jealous—George had all she could do to pacify his fury. He fell ill. Because George could not allow the sick man to endure the

misery of prison, she succeeded in having his sentence postpone for several months. The fact that a woman had intervened in h behalf was carefully hidden from Michel. His pride would hav suffered from the criticism of men. Luckily it did not hurt h pride at all to let a woman nurse him, so although a novel w due in a few weeks' time, George abandoned her work to devo her days and her nights to the suffering man.

Later, when Michel did actually languish in prison, George's d votion was unfailing. She wrote to Liszt:

"Michel is in prison. I have not yet seen any of our acquaint ances. The old republican is more ill than ever. I am so busy takin care of him that I am almost never at home."

For the present, however, Michel was scarcely able to trave As soon as he could be moved, Planet accompanied him to Bou ges. Liszt departed for Switzerland, and George was left in Par during the month of June to finish a novel due the first of July.

She started manfully, but her rooms under the roof were un comfortably hot. Facing the court on the ground floor was a empty apartment that had been under repair and was now tem porarily deserted by the workmen. It seemed invitingly coo George moved in and used the carpenter's bench for a desk. Her surrounded by sawdust, mice and spiders, she worked all day an part of the night. The maid brought her meals and told all caller truthfully that her mistress was not at home.

The novel George was engaged in writing was entitled *Simon* Since Simon was Michel, George could write about her hero whil thinking about her lover. Under these propitious circumstance the manuscript was ready for the printer in time.

During July George made a visit to Bourges. She stayed in house offered by a friend. She lived quietly, writing as steadily a ever, and seeing Michel, Planet, her hostess, and one or tw friends. She was rewriting *Lélia*. It had been the wish of Lamen nais, Liszt and Michel that she should cut out all the curses an put in their place her hopes for humanity. It was a splendid ide

and it satisfied Michel, Liszt and Lamennais, but unfortunately it spoiled the book.

For George and Michel the visit at Bourges was different from the weeks they had spent together in Paris. There was no activity they could share and no excitement to stimulate their minds. Michel appeared to George in a new light. During the first week of her visit he was reading Montesquieu and he preached moderation. During the second week he was reading Plato and he preached Platonic ideas. Then he read Aristotle and forgot Plato. He was always under the dominance of the last book he had read. As fast as he changed his theories he wanted George to change with him, which she sometimes found it difficult to do.

Like Madame Dupin, Michel often found George obstinate. Nothing could make her other than she was. She never took on any thought that was not fundamentally her own.

When she had read Rousseau she had become his disciple because she had previously agreed with his theories. In the same way, when she met Michel she became his disciple because she had always been a republican. Her mind refused what was alien to her convictions. Lamennais, Liszt and Michel all believed that they had influenced her mind. But they had merely fed her own convictions. No one ever persuaded her away from herself.

Sometimes, in a mood of humility, Michel cried out to her, "You think more logically and see more clearly than I do!" While he turned like a weathercock, George remained straight and solid as a tree that has deep roots in the earth.

Michel continued to be a despot, and his despotism did not always seem the expression of godlike love. When he took part in conversation as one of a group, he liked argument and criticism and seemed stimulated by the opposition of men. But if George sided against him before others, he exhibited the anger of wounded vanity. However calmly he might accept criticism from men, he looked to his woman for sympathy and praise.

When George and Michel were alone the situation was even

more difficult, because then if George differed from him he los self-confidence, called himself a failure, and talked of living in th desert or becoming a monk. Any least objection from her lef him crushed.

Most of the time Michel was like an inflated balloon soarin above George's head. But as a balloon that is pricked falls to th ground, so Michel, if George hurt his vanity, fell flat. In this posi tion he looked so pitiful that George, in compassion, patched hi up with praise and filled him with flattery until he could soa again above her head.

It became evident that Michel did not have a strong mind Nevertheless he was a virile personality. He dominated his illnes by will power and his followers by eloquence, he was a brillian lawyer and he had masterful ways. Despite the weaknesses whic made him less godlike, he continued to fulfill George's symbol o a strong man.

Michel's happiness depended on the belief that George agree with him. Every time he said "Yes" he wanted her to say "Yes, in deed." Then he felt complete.

Secretly he was not sure of himself and he relied upo George to supply the confidence and conviction he lacked. H demanded her presence on all occasions. Without his chief dis ciple he could not preach. George saw this greediness for agree ment as vanity, but it went deeper. He was not so much askin her to flatter him as he was asking her to supply his lack of mo tive force. He had not the slightest intimation that George sai "Yes" just to please him and added "indeed" when she reall meant "perhaps."

George never asked Michel to agree with her. Her mind wa self-sustaining and self-sufficient. She did not care what h thought or said or did, so long as he loved her. It was her hear need that made her dependent and weak.

Did he love her? Did he love her? It was the only question tha affected her happiness.

He loved her in order to get her to agree with him. She agreed with him in order to hold his love. So they parted with this mutual deception, which made them both quite happy as long as each was successfully deceived.

8

George could bear with Michel's despotism of love, but she could not endure Casimir's despotism of hate. She therefore postponed her return to Nohant until the presence of the children made it possible for her to live under the same roof with her husband.

She stayed with him during the children's vacation. Her status in the family had grown less from year to year. It was now completely lost. She was not allowed to speak to a servant or use a horse without asking permission of the head of the house. She took the children for all-day jaunts and picnics, heard their lessons, lived in their lives, and pretended that she had a home.

She was waiting for Casimir's departure. As a consequence of their complete estrangement husband and wife had decided to separate. After many discussions as to which of the two should remain at Nohant, Casimir had chosen to live in Paris and resume his bachelor life. A friendly agreement had been drawn up and signed, whereby he was to receive the Narbonne house in Paris, together with an allowance from his wife. The definite break was to take place in November, when the children were to be sent back to school.

On October 19, 1835, a day which was to be memorable in the life of Madame Dudevant, Duteil drove over from La Châtre with three other friends. They remained for dinner. Everything went off very pleasantly until Maurice found the cream pitcher empty and asked for more cream. What was there in that to enrage his father? Did it seem to Casimir, who had been drinking heavily, that the child was giving an order?

"Leave the room!" commanded Casimir.

Maurice was intimidated by his father's tone. He ran to hi mother and pressed his quivering body against her arms.

Casimir had told the child again and again that he was master He had told his wife that he was master. He had told the servants And it seemed to him that no one believed him, no one obeyed.

"Obey your father," Aurore repeated quietly, hoping to aver a scene.

Another order! Or so it must have seemed to the angry man.

"Leave the room yourself!" And Casimir rushed toward hi wife with upraised arm. It was the same gesture he had use against her in the home of James Duplessis one summer evenin long ago.

But this time the blow was averted.

Duteil caught Casimir's arm and held it. The others came for ward and helped. Casimir shook them off and left the room.

Everyone was relieved and the guests talked loudly about th weather. Before the topic was exhausted, back came Casimir bring ing a gun. He pointed the gun at his wife. The men were out o their chairs in an instant. They surrounded him, pulled the wea pon away, and pushed the enraged man into his chair. Casimi apparently pacified, resumed his dinner.

That was all. And that was everything. Aurore's emotions wer now shaken from the moorings of habit. She was no longer satis fied with the friendly arrangement that left Baron Dudevant fre to return to Nohant and threaten her with a gun.

Michel agreed with her. She went to Bourges for his counse and he now advised a judicial separation. In order to avoid a publi trial, a second amicable agreement was made whereby Casimi was given one half of his wife's property on condition that he sta in Paris and allow Madame Dudevant to secure judgment by de fault. Having consented to this arrangement, Casimir went t Paris. The children were sent back to school, and George re mained at Nohant.

For the first time in her life she was allowed to live alone in he

own house. How she reveled in her home! She dismissed all the servants except the gardener and his wife, who lived in the lodge at the entrance to the estate. She put away everything that reminded her of Casimir, and felt great satisfaction in having the furniture changed until each chair and table and picture was placed as it had been in the old days. This seemed to remove Baron Dudevant's influence and bring back the spirit of Madame Dupin.

In the evenings she lighted all the candles and walked through the reinstated rooms, from the boudoir where she had written *Indiana* through the bedroom where her children had been born, across the great hall where she had played as a child, into the dining-room and the salon that were filled with memories of her grandmother. In the salon she lighted a fire and sat in front of it brooding, remembering, saturated with contentment.

At last she had entered upon the inheritance Madame Dupin meant her to enjoy. She abandoned herself to the luxury of a life without Casimir. For the first time she appreciated the beauty and value of married life. She could so easily imagine a man, the right man, in the house with her. Now that Casimir had left she was moved to write a story of happy married life. She would call it *Mauprat*. It would describe a husband who was always devoted, always faithful to his wife.

9

Into this contentment came Michel of Bourges. He was wholly the lawyer now. He wished to confer with his client, to give her his best legal advice. He was determined that her conduct should be above criticism.

"If you expect me to win this case for you," he warned her, "you must be good."

"But I am good," George protested in surprise.

"It isn't enough to be good when you have a law-suit on hand. You must seem good as well."

"Then I don't seem good to you?"

"To me you seem too good for this earth. I'm talking about th public. You must be discreet."

"What is there to be discreet about? I am perfectly willing tha my whole life should be read by everyone like an open book."

Michel groaned at his client's obtuseness. "Listen, George, be good boy and mind me. You must not ride horseback, nor smok nor wear trousers, nor have a love affair."

"But a good boy may do all these things."

"A good boy may. A good woman may not. I meant to say be good woman."

"I won't give up smoking."

"Don't be stupid. I only mean that you must not let it b known that you smoke. In the public mind it isn't what you d that matters, it's letting it be known."

"I hate deceit and I hate concealment. There is nothing in m life that needs to be concealed."

"George, George!" sighed Michel hopelessly.

"My self-respect means more to me than other people's opinion If a thing is right it does not need to be concealed. The things do seem to me right or I wouldn't do them. I am the only judg of my own actions."

"When your case comes to trial you will see that there are othe judges with authority over your actions. They can ruin your lif They can take away your property and your children and leav you penniless and alone. This law-suit is a serious game, Georg The judge is umpire, and in order to win you must obey the rul that others have made."

"I see what you mean, Michel. To keep my children I mu make sacrifices. Very well, then. Let the people in the town of L Châtre think of me as a repentant Magdalen. My horses will re main in the barn. I shall smoke behind closed doors. I shall wea the longest, fullest skirts that are made. I shall never see you alon But I hate such subterfuges, and I warn you that as soon as th

case is decided I shall pull on breeches and leggings, jump on my horse and gallop all around town."

"I don't think you show the proper spirit."

"Are you speaking now of the proper spirit for a boy?"

"No, for a woman."

"There we are again. Two codes of morals for two human beings whom God has made with the same needs and the same desires."

"Your principles, my dear George, are made for a world that will never exist."

"They are made for a world that will exist some day as surely as there is a just God."

"Nevertheless your ideal world does not exist in the year 1835, and your case will be tried this year."

"You are right, Michel," George assented meekly. "I yield to your advice. What else must I not do?"

"You must not live here at Nohant alone."

"Oh, but I love it so! It's the first time—"

"You must have a chaperon."

"A chaperon!" George laughed. "That is the height of absurdity. I who have lived as a bachelor for four years! Now, Michel, how would you like to have a chaperon?"

"That's different."

"Why is it different?"

"You ask questions like a child. When a man and woman are in litigation, the president of the court appoints a guardian for the woman so that her virtue may be preserved."

"And in the meantime Casimir is allowed to live his gay life in Paris! Why not give Casimir a chaperon?"

"Casimir belongs to himself. You belong to Casimir."

"I do not."

"In the eyes of the law a woman belongs to her husband until the law says she does not. While the question remains unsettled, the husband's property must be protected so that it may be re-

turned to him intact. This is the usage of our courts. The presi dent of the court is very friendly, he consents to appoint Madam Duteil as your chaperon. You must leave Nohant and live undc her supervision until your case is won or lost."

George laughed. Then as the seriousness of her situation over whelmed her, she spoke under her breath, more to herself than t Michel, "My children, my children, I will do this ridiculous thin for you!"

The house at Nohant was closed and George moved over to L Châtre and spent the winter under the kindly eye of Madam Duteil. There were days when George felt bold and audacious an wrote gay letters to her friends describing her predicament. Bu more often she laughed softly at the customs and usages of a so ciety in which she lived as an outsider.

Ill adjusted as she was to society, George felt very much at hom in Madame Duteil's family. There were fourteen members of th family, of whom seven were children. George worked at night a usual, and since she was supposed to live in retirement, she spen most of her daytime with the children, longing always fo Maurice and Solange, who were separated from each other an from her. Would the day ever come when she could have them at Nohant, have both her children and her home?

10

In December, 1835, and February, 1836, two judgments wer pronounced in favor of Madame Dudevant. She wrote to Madam d'Agoult:

"Thank God, I have won my law-suit. My children belong t me."

Hippolyte and Duteil wrote to George that they would answe for Casimir. She need feel no uneasiness about his promises. He ha given them his word of honor that he would not interfere wit his wife's suit.

But scarcely had Madame Dudevant been given her freedo

hen the man of honor changed his mind and brought counter-
it against his wife. This meant a public trial, the thing that
ichel had tried to avoid.

The case of Dudevant versus Dudevant went to the newspapers
d became exciting scandal wherever the name of George Sand
as known. The people of La Châtre found it difficult to take
des in the case which was making their town notorious. They
d not blame Casimir for his failings, but they did blame him for
rcing a public trial—a thing almost unheard of in the province
-and for bringing slanderous accusations against his wife.

Feeling was strong for Madame Dudevant, but traditional prej-
dice was against her. In this conflict between sympathy and tra-
tion, public opinion reached the conclusion that Madame Dude-
nt was immoral but good. People had heard she was immoral,
t they knew she was good. They could not help knowing it.
e had been a good mother, and until she left Casimir she had
en a good wife. She had always been a good neighbor. The peo-
e of La Châtre stood on the street corners to discuss the reputa-
n of Madame Dudevant. She was the talk of the town.

On May 10th and 11th the trial was held in the civil court at
Châtre. Everybody who could crowd into the court-house
nt to hear the case.

Casimir's lawyer dwelt at some length upon two main argu-
ents. First, the husband accused the wife of every kind of moral
pravity. Second, he wanted this hated and despised wife restored
his arms.

Then Michel took the floor and, with all the eloquence for
hich he was famous, pointed out the contradiction of these
guments. "There is not a judge on earth," he contended, "who
ter reading this man's accusations against his wife would con-
mn her to live under the heavy weight of such hatred." Turn-
g to Casimir, he addressed him directly: "The outrage which
u have offered her is ineffaceable. This outrage proves that you
not want her, you are not asking for your wife. But you op-

pose a separation. Do you wish then all the benefits of marria
without bearing its responsibilities?"

Casimir's lawyer replied that his client did not claim that I
was passionately attached to his wife at present, but he wou
forgive her and gradually restore her to his favor as she prov
true repentance and submission.

Casimir's lawyer laid stress on the fact that Baron Dudeva
had generously given his wife three thousand francs a year, a
though she earned a great deal by her work. He claimed that t
baron refused a judicial separation because he wished to conser
his wife's fortune for the children's sake. Michel, in his turn, co
tended that what Casimir really cared for was his wife's posse
sions, not the possession of his wife.

To prove his contention, Michel told the story of the marriag
He showed that the marriage contract was under the dotal régim
which meant that the wife was not obliged to pay the husban
debts. But she had paid them, nevertheless. He dwelt upon h
long patience of nine years and her intellectual isolation. He spo
of Dudevant's brutality, drunkenness and infidelities. He relat
how Aurore, with the knowledge and consent of her husban
had led an independent life, had been almost entirely self-suppor
ing, while Baron Dudevant was enjoying his wife's revenues a
was living in his wife's house; how the Baron saw nothing repr
hensible in this way of life so long as his wife stayed away; ho
he had written her friendly letters and had never once in th
long correspondence of four years expressed the wish to have h
return home; how, on the other hand, the moment she entered h
home the friendly relation which existed in the letters immediate
ceased on his part and gave place to irritation and violence. H
described the scene when Casimir before five friends and oth
witnesses had threatened his wife with a gun. Michel pointed o
further that according to French law a husband could sue h
wife for adultery under any and all circumstances, whereas a hu
band's adultery gave the wife no ground for complaint unless t

usband lived with his paramour under the same roof which shel-ered his wife. Michel then brought forward witnesses to prove iat Casimir had brought his women into his wife's home.

This behavior established Baron Dudevant's guilt. The court of a Châtre pronounced a verdict in favor of Madame Dudevant, id ordered her to support the children and pay the expenses of ieir education.

Casimir appealed to the higher court. In July the case was heard gain in the royal court of Bourges. Now came the sensational age of the trial.

Bourges, the capital city of Berry, differed greatly from the rovincial town of La Châtre. It was more antagonistic to Ma-ame Dudevant. The people of Bourges were well read and well nformed. They were acquainted with her writings and they were miliar with the gossip of Paris, where enormous influence was scribed to her novels and her life. Stories were current that cer-in women, no longer content with a convent education, de-anded more knowledge as though they were men. Then too, xamples were quoted of unmarried women who asserted their ght to live alone instead of in the family of a male relative. hese improper demands were attributed to the example of eorge Sand.

Her writings were considered more dangerous even than her fe. Young girls who read *Indiana* wished to marry for love in-ead of in obedience to parents, while those who read *André* and *alentine* considered it right to marry beneath their station.

The name George Sand had become a symbol for all rebellious omen. Were not all pretensions to independence on the part of omen called "life à la George Sand"?

As for her influence on married women, one had only to read *acques,* the story of the husband who committed suicide that his ife might be happy with another man.

And anyhow, should a woman who wore trousers be trusted ith two innocent children? Consensus of opinion said no!

Meanwhile George, who was staying with friends in Bourge was occupied in perfecting a plan of her own. If the case wer decided against her and the children given to Casimir, she ha made up her mind to emigrate to America with the children. Wit this purpose in mind she had given securities which enabled h to borrow ten thousand francs. She had sent for Solange, who w held in readiness, and she had arranged to have Maurice taken t meet her at the boat.

At the time of the trial the law held that a woman convicte of adultery could be put in prison and then condemned to retur to her husband's arms. George did not expect to be put in priso but she did face the possibility of losing her children or of bein sent back to Casimir. Rather than accept either of these alterna tives she was willing to steal her own children, in a legal sens and live with them in a distant land.

This decision brought peace of mind to the harassed wife an mother. The night before the trial she felt such deep peace that sh composed a prayer.

"Son of man, it is in thy name that they slay the lamb at th moment when thou hast placed it upon thy shoulders. Thy cu of suffering is no longer bitter, since it has been touched by th lips. In our nights of agony we search for the trace of thy foo steps in the Garden of Olives. We hope, because thou hast en nobled our sufferings, because thou hast given us God as a refug against men."

Having arranged to evade the law, and having written h prayer, George awaited her sentence with a clear conscience. Sh slept soundly the night before the trial.

II

Although George faced the ordeal with calm confidence, h friends feared the outcome. They had assembled at Bourges an had gathered around her. There was her dearest friend, Franço Rollinat. There were Duteil, Néraud and Planet, together wi

he two Berrichons from the first Paris days, Alphonse Fleury nd Gustave Papet. Aurore's former confidant, Emile Régnault, as present. And from the south of France came Jules Boucoiran, eady to testify in her defense.

Men friends, how loyal and brave they were! Not a woman ame to help her. One could not blame them, poor things; they ared not tarnish their reputations. George had written to Zoé eroy, her once devoted friend, but Zoé could not countenance a udicial separation. It was too unusual, too conspicuous a stand for woman to take.

George had also written to Aurélian de Sèze and had asked for ermission to use her journal to him and his letters to her. urélian was now married and the father of several children. Ie would have been justified in refusing to be drawn into a pub- c scandal. But Aurélian had answered:

"I still have, among other things, the journal, which I am send- g. Oh, heavens! Will this be read before the jury? But I author- e you, let them read it, let them print it, I am willing. . . . es, I authorize you to make use of everything you have from e."

It seemed that George was justified in her preference for men friends.

On the morning of the great day the court room was full to verflowing. No such sensation had ever occurred in Bourges. he best families were represented, even modest women braved ie criticism of their men folk and went to hear the trial. They ared at Madame Dudevant as she entered on the arm of her elebrated lawyer. They observed her dress—yes, dress, not ousers. The crowd were disappointed. They had heard, and ey had hoped it would prove true, that she wore red ousers, high boots with spurs, and a blue velvet coat. It had en rumored that she would carry pistols in her belt. The women lt that her modish and modest summer costume of white was

commonplace and inconspicuous. The notorious woman eve wore a half veil to her nose and a flowered shawl.

For this trial Casimir had changed lawyers. He had secured th services of Monseiur Thiot-Varennes. This eminent gentlema read passages from George's novels. He chose quotations tha were written in the first person singular. Since George's characte were often villains, he easily found many villainous sentiment They were all attributed to Madame Dudevant as her principl of life.

Then turning to George, who was looking so ladylike in he white dress, he harangued her.

"Your books, Madame, are full of the bitterness and the re grets which devour your heart. They show your profound di gust with life. The torments of your soul pursue you in the mid of your fame and poison your triumphs. You have sought hap piness everywhere and you have found it nowhere. Well, I wi show you the road to it. Return to your husband. Go back t the home in which the first years of your married life were passe so pleasantly and peacefully. Resume your position as wife an mother. Walk once again in the path of duty and virtue. Sub mit yourself to the laws of nature. In all other courses you wi find error and deception. In that course alone you will find hap piness and peace."

Thiot-Varennes was a clever lawyer. He saw the futility o bringing against Madame Dudevant accusations out of her fr and independent life which Casimir's letters had so heartily ap proved. He desired therefore to find some charge against h which dated back to the early years of marriage. If he cou prove that she betrayed her husband while she was living wit him, his case was won. For this purpose Casimir had given h lawyer Aurore's written confession of her love for Aurélia Not in vain had Casimir kept the naïve revelation of his wife first love. Portions of this long letter were read in court as proof o adultery. The clever lawyer made good use of each extravaga

phrase. He emphasized every incriminating word: "I am guilty. I confess my fault. Forgive our sin, our guilt."

As these passages were given to the delighted audience, public opinion was quickly prejudiced against the erring wife of ten years before. The confession was heard with excited attention. The author was self-condemned.

After his learned confrère had finished, Michel also read the famous confession. But he read it all, from beginning to end. Heard thus in full, the confession told an entirely different story.

The expression of guilt became the effort of a girl-wife to win her husband's confidence. The self-accusation was changed to renunciation. The touching appeal became the expression of a soul generous to self-immolation.

A wave of emotion surged through the audience. The confession was greeted by sighs and murmurs of sympathy. Men stealthily felt for their handkerchiefs, women wept openly.

The judge, however, kept his head and instructed the jury that the young wife had been guilty of moral adultery.

Half the jurors were moved to vote for the guilty wife who somehow seemed innocent. The other half remembered *Jacques* and stood by Casimir. After deliberating for three-quarters of an hour the jury was divided and a new trial was announced. The volatile audience received the announcement with hisses and groans.

The two opposing lawyers, unwilling to wait for another trial, met and persuaded Casimir to accept a fair division of his wife's property, so that, in spite of litigation and publicity, the case was settled out of court, and the terms of settlement were those agreed upon at the time of Madame Dudevant's first judgment. Maurice went to the husband, Solange to the wife.

But that was not the end.

Casimir was determined to make his son a soldier. Maurice was twelve years old, and his soul was in revolt. He wanted to be an artist and he hated his military school. He adored his mother

and the fear of being taken away from her made him ill. In hi delirium he cried continually, "Nohant! Nohant!" His conditio became so serious that the doctors, even the school doctors, aske to have the boy removed and taken to Nohant. Casimir was ob stinate and refused to give his consent. George was helpless. I seemed as though Casimir would rather assert his authority tha save his son's life. So the sick boy was sent to stay with his fathe But Casimir found the child's illness so alarming that he sent hi to his mother at Nohant, to be nursed until he was well enoug for school again.

In the summer of 1837 George was called to Paris by th serious illness of her mother. She left Solange in charge c Mademoiselle Rollinat, who had promised not to leave the child side.

Casimir saw his opportunity and succeeded in kidnapping So lange. He used physical force against Mademoiselle Rollinat, an snatched the screaming child from her arms. When George hear that Casimir had taken Solange to Guillery she was far to frenzied to wait for letters or send an emissary. She remembere the new invention called the telegraph, which was in use by th government. She beseiged officials and had the instrument use in her behalf, so that when she reached Guillery after sever days' travel, the police assisted her to recover her child.

When Casimir was asked why he wanted Solange he said frank that he did not want her, he merely wanted to deal his wife blow, and he knew his best method of hurting the mother was hit at her children. As a result of these two experiences Geor realized that although she had freed herself from an undesirab husband, she had not freed the children from an undesirab father.

Not long after the exhausting trip to and from Guiller Baroness Dudevant died and Casimir fell heir to a considerab fortune. It seemed to George that she might therefore be relieve of the burden of supporting her husband. She wanted the Na

bonne house as a dot for Solange, and she desperately wanted to gain possession of her delicate son. She took the case to court again and claimed that Baron Dudevant, having come into his own inheritance, no longer required half of hers.

The court did not deem it just to deprive the husband of his share of his wife's property. Once more the question was decided by the lawyers. George was obliged to sacrifice her capital. For forty thousand francs Casimir surrendered his right to the Paris house and to Maurice.

At last George had bought back both her children. Solange's dot was assured and Maurice could study art.

But what a price to pay! In regaining the home bequeathed to her by her grandmother, she had lost the income by which it had been maintained. Could she earn enough to support her home and children? Nobody seemed to realize how hard she worked to write novels. Her labor was continued in the silence of the night while others slept.

She was very tired.

12

As she looked back over the last two years, it seemed to George that she had made books as a galley-slave propels a boat, chained to her task, whipped by the lash of necessity.

And as she looked ahead to the laborious life that stretched before her, she saw no hope of freedom. Rest and recreation were like sins that tempted her. She fought against the desire to read the books everyone was discussing and to enjoy studies always anticipated and always postponed. She began to hate the life of unreality in which she was forced to live. Her imagination, it seemed to her, had to become an athlete in order to perform stupendous feats in the gymnasium of her mind. Her nerves, excited at night by obsessions of scenes and characters, left her so languid in the daytime that she was exhausted by any attention given to her children or her friends.

Among her letters to Michel are heart-rending pages in which she relates the difficulties of her work. She tells him how overwhelmed she is by domestic duties, constant interruptions, stacks of unanswered letters. Since her material is used as a serial and instalments have to be finished at a fixed date, she is forced to scribble in haste what she would like to write in leisure. By so doing she violates her muse, which takes revenge by freezing her inspiration. Hence her many dull and involved pages and her doubt of her own powers. When she contemplates what she has written she succumbs to despair. Each night she counts the number of hours at her disposal and the number of pages that have to be filled. Then she drives herself to finish the required quantity before she allows herself to sleep.

Quantity, always quantity! There is not time to think of quality.

Pressure of debt—it is as though a creditor stood waiting by the door. Pressure of haste—the manuscript must be finished in a week.

Now there are five days more, four days more, three days, two days, one more day. Now it is necessary to finish before dawn. Hurry! Hurry! The post is waiting. Buloz is waiting. The magazine must go to press. The public, the great greedy public, is waiting for a new novel of love and passion by George Sand.

Come then, pour out romance for a final scene. Look it over? Edit it? Retouch, correct?—there isn't time. The ink is scarcely dry on the paper when she is obliged to deliver the manuscript. A mixed metaphor? It must go as it is. Involved sentences? Let them go.

Hurry or Buloz will be angry—and Buloz is the one who pays.

One hot dawn she wrote to Michel:

"My head is split by working all night in this intense heat. Coffee and tobacco were the only things that could stimulate my failing spirits to the tune of 200 francs a folio. I now have two hours for sleep, then I must ride horseback for fifteen miles over bad roads to settle some business with butchers. The hard work

of life is making me old and is putting wrinkles on my forehead.

"To-night I shall have to work fourteen hours again, and next day the same and so on for six nights in succession. I have given my word. Will it kill me? Already I begin to succumb and I have only commenced. I hate my trade and it alone enables me to pay my debts."

In this difficult period of her life George turned to Michel for affection:

"The one thing I have always sought on earth is a soul identical with my own soul, on whom I could concentrate all my desires and center all my joys. Let fate send me this being and let this being be you."

So far in their association she had answered his demands. Now their positions were reversed. She needed him. "I awake and before my eyes are open I reach out my arm to my table to feel whether a letter has come from you. Often I am so worn out by the last night's work that I haven't strength enough to read it. I hold it in my hands. I press it to my lips, and burying head, letter and hands in my pillow, I go to sleep again with my treasure, happy and calm."

But Michel was no Aurélian de Sèze. He could form no conception of a love that lived in letters. When she had been his Benjamin he had felt impelled to write to her every day, but now that she was a lonely weary woman he had nothing to say. Appeals for sympathy bored him. He might have responded, whether or not he understood, just because the need was hers—his woman's—but that was not Michel's nature. He had enjoyed telling George about his troubles and his theories, but he did not want to hear about her worries and her overwork. No one in the world, he often told her, had ever listened to him as she listened. No one had ever given him such complete, concentrated, absorbed attention. She was his best reflection. But when she was absent he turned to lesser reflections of himself in the eyes of other admiring women. So Michel had other love affairs, and to infidelity he added neglect. He stopped writing for weeks at a

time, and George was always waiting for the post, hoping, praying for a letter.

What was the matter with Michel? Why didn't he write? She asked the question of his friend Girerd and Girerd informed her that Michel was vain and self-centered. She asked the question of herself and was forced to the same reply.

But it was not selfishness alone which caused Michel's coldness. There was something about George which antagonized her strong man.

13

During the two years of close association with Michel, George had been passing through a crisis in her mental and emotional life. The feminine Aurore and the masculine George in her had never attained equilibrium, and now they were engaged in bitter warfare. Each side of her nature was intensified by the strain of conflict. She had never been so feminine as in her attitude toward Michel. Her meek submissiveness had seemed at times excessive. Then the part of her that had been denied arose and asserted itself. When this happened she talked to Michel as though she were his equal, expressing her own convictions and opinions with the courage of one who does not need to please. When masculine George was thus in the ascendant, Michel could not hold his own against her. She seemed better fitted than he to be the guide.

Now Michel did not fancy himself as a follower, nor did he like the idea of a woman guide. He adored the Aurore in his friend—her devotion, her self-sacrifice, her nurture-sense. But the George in her he abhorred.

George's frankness and independence threatened to engulf her love affair and destroy her happiness. Nevertheless she could not curb her fast developing masculine self.

In the month of July, 1837, she admitted that she was "tired of giving devotion, tired of receiving in return nothing but ingratitude and hardness." She thought she was cured.

But as late as September, when she received what she called a summons from Michel telling her to come to Châteauroux, she rode on horseback alone at night the twenty miles that lay between them, in order to be with him during the two days of his stay.

This was her last act of devotion for Michel. In the same month of September she wrote:

"My terrible anguish has yielded to its own excess. I no longer love. I have arrived at the last stage of disenchantment."

George had lived through her second great passion. She was now thirty-three years old.

After his break with George came the test of Michel's ambition, and the proof whether or not he had ever been the strong man of George's dream. Since the republic in which he had hoped to play an important part seemed indefinitely postponed, he lost enthusiasm for the cause and developed an interest in wordly success. The baldness which George had so admired was concealed beneath a wig. His sabots were replaced by kid boots, his homespun by stylish clothes, and during the rest of his life he devoted himself to making money.

Michel had been an important influence in George's life. He started her on the path which they promised each other to walk together. When he fell by the wayside she walked the path alone. She continued to be a devoted republican, giving her time and her writing to the cause. Eleven years later, in 1848, when the Second Republic was finally established, George was high in the councils of the mighty, but poor Michel was forgotten and ignored. No place was saved for him in the cabinet or even in the upper chamber. The most he could secure for himself was his election as deputy from his province. To-day if the name of Michel of Bourges is remembered it is because of his association with a famous woman, to whose life he gave inspiration for the short period of two years.

VI

MADAME SAND

AFTER her judicial separation George ceased to be Madame Dudevant; she was addressed by everyone as Madame Sand. Her children also came to be known as Maurice Sand and Solange Sand. Thus the queer little pen-name, so casually chosen at a time when she did not expect to be widely known, became the family name and George became the head of the Sand family.

In the eighteen-thirties it was an achievement for a woman to establish a family. It was even more remarkable for her to preëmpt a new name, and so cut herself off from relatives and relatives-in-law. No one was left to be hurt by this unique procedure. The death of Sophie in the summer of 1837 broke the last close tie with the Dupin past, and after the disappearance of Casimir no Dudevants were entitled to comment upon the conduct of Madame Sand. George became master of Nohant, with the prerogatives and responsibilities of a man. These changes in her outer life reached through to her consciousness and affected her attitude toward herself.

As far back as March, 1836, when she believed she had won her law-suit, she had written to her Saint-Simonian friend Adolphe Guéroult: "My life as a woman is over, and since I have been given a little reputation and a certain influence (which I have neither striven for nor deserved), I may be able to make a place for myself as a young man."

Again, while she was anticipating a judgment in her favor she wrote to Guéroult in answer to his expressed desire to have her meet his friends: "I shall enjoy making their acquaintance as soon as I cease to be a slave woman and become a free woman or as nearly a free woman as our wretched civilization permits.

As she came nearer to masculine freedom, Madame Sand became further removed than ever from the women of her day. She felt affectionate and kindly toward women, as a brother might feel toward his younger sisters, but friends to her meant men.

In writing to Michel about her will, she said, "I leave my son to my friends and my daughter to their wives and sisters."

It was in 1837 that Madame Sand's dear friend Lamennais started a radical newspaper called *Le Monde*. He asked George to contribute, which she did willingly, although at some personal sacrifice, as Lamennais was poor and the pay was negligible. Her chief contribution to *Le Monde* was a series of *Lettres à Marcie*.

Marcie was an imaginary young woman of twenty-five to whom life offered no opportunity except marriage without love to a man who wanted her dot. This marriage of convenance repelled Marcie, but on the other hand she was frightened at the prospect of being an old maid. In this predicament she asked advice of George, and George advised Marcie that the misery of a mismated wife is worse even than the shame of spinsterhood. She told Marcie to strive for independence in a life of study or work.

In the letters to Marcie George preached what is now called feminism. She made the startling claim that woman is essentially man's equal, and gave her opinion of the barbarous laws and customs which oppressed her sex.

Like so many of George's writings, the letters to Marcie created a sensation, but this time George had no defenders. All her readers agreed that she was trying to disrupt the family by giving help and comfort to old maids. By the time six letters had been published, Lamennais was deluged with protests. The distracted editor begged George to desist, and Marcie received no more advice.

But it was feared that the terrible Madame Sand had not been

stopped in time. It was impossible to estimate the number of spinsters who had been influenced to hold up their heads and respect themselves, even to the extent of refusing marriage with men who needed their dots.

Another example of George's protest against feminine restrictions was the novel *Gabriel*, published in 1839. *Gabriel* is the story of a girl brought up as a boy, isolated in an old château far from the world, and educated by an abbé surprisingly like Deschartres. She is taught the use of gun, sword and pistol. She acquires masculine attributes, and her mind is trained to a huge contempt for everything feminine.

When she comes of age Gabriel runs away, falls madly in love and marries the man of her choice. But for a mind so trained marriage is a tragedy. Gabriel finds that her manly virtues are feminine failings. Conduct that was right in trousers becomes wrong in skirts. The qualities that helped her to success as a man lead to failure in a woman. She discovers that success for a woman is won by feminine wiles, which she despises. Her independent spirit antagonizes her husband's family and his friends; her whole little world turns against her. The one thing which would make her situation endurable is her husband's understanding love and sympathy. He loves her, but he forces her to conform to his prejudices and forbids her to usurp a man's prerogatives. Gabriel is condemned to a life which is as unnatural to her as it seems natural to other women. She falls into despair. Why, asks Gabriel, are men and women given two moral codes, which are not only different but opposed? So trained and so judged, she asks, how can men and women understand each other or find happiness in love? The theme is carried to its logical conclusion in the death of Gabriel.

In this story George revealed her struggle with masculine prejudice, her contempt for coquetry, and her despair of finding a male intelligence that could meet her own.

2

In the spiritual dissolution that followed the rupture with Michel, George once more became a pagan and all her ways of life were changed. At three in the morning she left her work and roamed the countryside. Sometimes she walked eight or nine miles, returning home at noon. On these walks she followed the course of the river Indre. When the day grew hot she bathed in the stream, then fell asleep in the sun. Deep in the woods she dreamed she was in Greece, or for hours at a time she imagined herself in America. Such moods were the secrets of her happiness. Lifted above loneliness, she seemed to leave the earth and travel through immensities of space, where she tried to understand the meaning and the mechanism of the universe. These flights of imagination left her impersonal and detached. Her writing became more philosophical. She was less occupied with problems of the individual, more concerned with social wrongs.

As summer gave way to autumn her mood grew calmer. She contented herself with studying nature in flowers and stones and birds. In these pastimes the children and their tutor were always with her. She shared with the tutor the task of the children's lessons. They spent their evenings together reading or playing games.

The tutor, Félicien Mallefille, was youthful but imposing. His air of maturity was due in part to a formidable beard. Ambitious to become a writer, he showed his eagerness for suggestions and advice. He seemed to feel that by sitting at the feet of an acknowledged genius he could catch the inspiration that led to success.

Part of the time Mallefille acted as Madame Sand's secretary. In this capacity it was his duty to copy her manuscript. The material was, as always, appearing monthly. Under pressure of the approaching date of publication, the author was accustomed

to ask her copyist to sit by her side at a large table, so that a fast as a page was covered with her fine handwriting it was pushe along to the copyist to be written in larger script.

The first time that he found himself in this thrilling proximit to the great Madame Sand, Mallefille was amazed at the rapidit with which his literary idol was able to create. He looked at th pages which accumulated at his side. He struggled manfully t keep the pace. But his struggle was unavailing.

"I can't keep up with you," he gasped.

"That is natural," George explained. "You lose time lookin at my writing, while I never give it a second glance."

"But don't you ever change a word?"

"There isn't time," George answered, writing steadily on.

Scratch, scratch went Mallefille's pen. Scrape, scrape wen George's pencil. Along toward two in the morning, Mallefill exhausted, dropped his bearded face on his arms.

"Go to bed," said George kindly, "you need sleep."

"But the copy must go by the morning post."

"By writing more carefully I can make my script plain enoug for the printer to read."

Mallefille could not restrain his admiring interest. "When," H asked timidly, "do you prepare all this?"

"But I'm preparing it all the time," George answered. "Th afternoon while we were in the woods the last chapters too shape in my mind, so that when I sat down this evening I kne exactly what I would say though not exactly how I would sa it; that comes as I write."

"It all seems so easy!" cried the aspiring young author wit envy in his voice.

"No, it is not easy. It takes my life."

"But why, if you will pardon the question, do you work s hard?"

George lighted a cigarette and leaned back in her chair. "I use to work in order to stay away from home. Now that I have m

hildren I work that I may stay at home. In other words, I have lways worked, and still do work, in order to live as I please."

"But," the young man stammered, as curiosity got the better f discretion, "you seem under such pressure of haste. Yet I under- tood you had completed a three-volume novel called *Engelwald*."

George's face became a mask. She spoke coldly. "Ah, yes, un- ortunately, I was obliged to burn the book."

"Michel of Bourges was the hero, wasn't he?"

"Unfortunately, as I say, I was obliged to burn the book. And uloz had paid for it, so of course he was furious. Now I must rite three more volumes to take the place of those already aid for."

"I see," said Mallefille. Then he rose, bent over her, and im- ulsively kissed the back of her hand. "I wish that I could help ou," he murmured.

As George pulled away her hand she smiled at his gallantry.

"Be careful, young man, or my cigarette will burn you."

After Mallefille had taken his leave, George forgot her writing r a moment. Strange, this bearded youth had sympathy where ichel had none. He listened to her as she had used to listen Michel. He admired as she had admired. Perhaps he idealized she had done. George was so weary of adoring Michel that she ondered how it would seem for once to be adored.

At four o'clock in the morning the manuscript was finished. eorge felt cold: it was the hour, she realized, when everyone was neath warm blankets. She was hungry, yet the thought of food pelled her. Her eyes ached and her head was heavy: but she lt able to resist drowsiness for an hour or two more. Taking esh paper she wrote a title at the top of the page. After jotting own a few notes she began the opening chapter of a new novel.

3

George's love for Michel had been a long time dying. Perhaps at was why she could turn so abruptly from Michel to Malle-

fille. The young adorer's sympathy became more precious as th days passed, until she wrote to Girerd comparing Mallefille wit Michel:

"I think that I have finally slain the dragon, and that th tenacious passion, so destructive to all my faculties, has at la been cured by another affection which is sweeter, less enthusiasti less harsh, and I hope more durable."

During the following winter George, Mallefille and the chi dren were shut away from the world in the isolated countr house. George was still rebelling against the drudgery of her wor She wrote to Jules Janin:

"You cannot imagine, my friend, the disgust with which lite ature inspires me at present. (I mean my own.) I am passion ately fond of the country and, like you, I enjoy everything th belongs to family and home: dogs, cats, and above everythin children. I am no longer young. I need to sleep at night and loaf all day. Help me to extricate myself from the paws of Bulo and I shall bless you as long as I live."

George spent a great part of her day in the education of h children. In her mood of reaction against her own literature sh felt that she had mistaken her trade, she ought to have been schoolma'am. Mallefille, on the contrary, longed to be a write What a pity they could not change places!

Mallefille used his leisure to complete his first novel, *Le Derni Sauvage*. It went the rounds of several publishers and came bac unaccepted.

"It's because my work is unknown," he exclaimed one da "If my book were signed George Sand all the publishers wou jump at it."

George looked at him thoughtfully. "And which do you ca for most," she asked, "the pleasure of seeing your name on t title page or the satisfaction of earning money?"

"It's money I need at present," he said. "I have plenty of tin in which to strive for recognition."

"In that case, suppose we try signing the book George Sand. Of course it might not be accepted."

"Oh, it would be!" he responded eagerly. "But you must read the book first to see whether it is worthy of a name as great as yours."

"Read your book? But I seldom have time to read over my own books! Yours can't be worse than some of those I've written. Sign it George Sand if you like."

"No, no, you must consider your reputation."

George smiled. "I never consider my reputation."

"Your fame, then."

"What you call fame has no reality for me. I never asked for it or sought it. All it has taught me is that the world is full of envy. I do not live in my fame or my reputation. I live in the affection of my friends."

Le Dernier Sauvage, signed by the name George Sand, was published the following summer, and Mallefille was enabled to pay his debts.

George never said anything more intense about Mallefille than that she loved him with "all her heart." Her heart alone, not her imagination, was engaged in this calm affair. Mallefille was not the lover of her dreams, he was not the symbol of an ideal or the symbol of anything. He was a young man whose devotion consoled her for the passionate idealism she had lost. She wrote to Krzymala, "He is the only man who has never made me suffer one single time for one single minute through his own fault." But if he never gave her a moment's suffering, neither did he give her an instant's ecstasy. As she observed him adoring her, admiring her, interesting himself in her work, she envied Mallefille.

"He is the only man in the world who ever gave himself absolutely to me. . . . He is malleable as wax on which I can print my seal. And when the time comes that I want to change the imprint, by using care and patience I can do it."

She had given to each of her lovers the kind of woman he sired. She had studied each one's need and had answered it. I she never discovered what Mallefille wanted in a woman, beca she never put her mind on the matter. She considered what wanted from Mallefille and set herself to get it. She had achie her ambition to love as she thought men loved. But she did find happiness in man's way of loving. She needed to feel l rather than receive it.

When spring came George was tired of Mallefille. As she m this fact evident, he exhibited a masculine temper that was m like steel than wax in her hands. He grew jealous and tried to fi duels with her friends. During the ensuing three months it difficult to make him see reason. However, his term as tutor pired, and George never saw him again.

VII

SAND AND CHOPIN

FREDERIC CHOPIN had been introduced to Madame Sand by François Liszt. During the winter of 1836 George had taken rooms at the Hotel de France, which was the temporary home of Liszt and Madame d'Agoult. The two women sharing in common their reception room, had a salon and received the intellectual world of Paris. Among Liszt's friends who called on them was the young musician Chopin, who was then twenty-six years old. He had not attained the wide popularity enjoyed by Liszt, but was already known to the musical world as a gifted composer and artist.

Chopin was of mixed parentage. His mother was Polish and his father French, but Chopin loved his mother's tongue and country and counted himself a Pole. He was homesick for Poland and was also suffering the pangs of frustrated love. His interesting pallor, frail physique, and the secret sorrow by which he seemed consumed, made his personality an expression of his own melancholy music. The melancholy and the music appealed to George; she wanted to know him better. But he shrank from new contacts. Besides, there was something antipathetic to Chopin in a woman who wrote books, wore plain clothes, and was active in politics. His feminine ideal was a clinging and submissive woman like Marie Wodzinska, whom he loved. However, it was the feminine submissiveness in his Marie which had destroyed Chopin's hopes of happiness. Count Wodzinska refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with a poor music teacher, and Marie had obeyed her father.

As the sorrowful Chopin grew better acquainted with the taciturn Madame Sand he gradually felt less intimidated. The strange

woman with stupendous eyes and low magnetic voice understo
his music. More than this, she seemed to divine his suffering.
felt her friendliness. She invited him to visit Nohant with Li
and Madame d'Agoult. He half consented, half refused. He wr
home: "Perhaps I shall visit Madame Sand."

After George left Paris Madame d'Agoult, who was inclin
to be feline, wrote to her: "Chopin coughs with infinite gra
He is an irresolute man. There is nothing permanent about h
except his cough."

Chopin did not go to Nohant in the summer of 1837; he w
to London instead. But the timid musician and the virile wri
were destined to know each other better.

In May, 1838, George went up to Paris on personal busin
A year and a half had passed since she had seen Chopin. But
had not forgotten his melancholy appeal, and he had not forgot
her sympathy. He was at least interested enough to call.

From the first day he felt at home with her. He had expec
to feel embarrassed. She had sent him messages of disconcerti
levity. "Tell Chopin I adore him. Tell Chopin I idolize him." H
however bold she had been in letters, now that she was face to f
with him she had nothing to say.

Since Chopin could express himself only in music and Geo
could express herself only in writing, they were somewhat a
loss for conversation. George seated herself in an easy chair a
lit a cigarette. Chopin almost mechanically went to the piano.
soon as his fingers found the keys he felt like speaking, so
poured out his sorrow and longing in sad improvisations that re
the heart of his listener. When he had finished he was afraid
would gush, but she only smiled and sat looking into the fire.
he played again and again with more self-revealment. H
silence pleased him. They suited each other. They were secre
glad that cordial, talkative Liszt and charming, lynx-ey
Madame d'Agoult had at last left them alone to know each oth
in their own way.

As Chopin called more frequently he forgot to be homesick for Poland. This new presence in his life took the place of home and family. He acquired the habit of calling on George every day. Whenever he was away from her he felt like a lost child.

Chopin was suffering, as was usual each spring, from the after-effects of the winter's influenza. He coughed continually. One of his sisters had died of consumption, but he refused to believe that he was a victim of the family inheritance. He always called his throat attacks bronchitis.

In his illness and weakness he was morbidly fastidious. He could not have endured a masculine woman, but on closer acquaintance with Madame Sand he felt that what had seemed masculine in her was merely calmness and strength. She was the very heart and soul of woman. She inspired him without exciting him, soothed him without making him dull. She was like sunsets he did not have to paint or even exclaim about, like rivers he was not required to swim in, like mountains in the distance, mountains he did not have to climb. She was nature, and nature made him feel like playing music.

When he thought of other people and their possible comments on this new fascination, he was self-conscious and irresolute. What would his family say? What would his pupils say if he became the lover of George Sand?

But when he was alone with her all others were forgotten, and he longed to feel her tenderness. He told her that if she would take care of him he thought he could get well again. He needed her devotion, he wanted all her warmth and sympathy for himself alone.

2

Chopin's striking characteristic was an exclusiveness which was shown in his affections and opinions. He had no use for people who did not agree with him. Whoever was careless of dress, familiar in speech, or democratic in principle was shut out from his sym-

pathy—with one exception. George was indifferent to cloth familiar in speech, democratic in principle, yet Chopin loved h

George's predilections were different from Chopin's. If seemed at times a trifle hard in shutting himself away from th who offended his sensibilities, George was equally soft in reachi out to those who appealed to her sympathies. She was inclusi Her heart received all sorts and kinds of people who seemed her new friend queer. Her mind was equally receptive. She a cepted queer ideas. She did not even believe in a literal hell. Th shocked Chopin.

In everything but music Chopin was extremely convention and from the niceties of etiquette to the problems of religion, was orthodox. George did not care for conventional people orthodox ideas, yet George loved Chopin. She considered him angel.

But the word that everyone else applied to Chopin was "arist crat." Chopin was so aristocratic that he called attention to t fact in every visible way. He kept a valet, who curled his ha He gave meticulous attention to his linen. He followed fashion clothes, but his taste was so refined that he avoided extremes cut or color; he liked to dress in pearl gray. He always wore wh gloves and an elaborate cravat; he wore them so conspicuous that they excited comment. He hired a carriage for his own u although he could not afford to do so. He was fussy, uncerta of himself, and anxious to conform.

George never conformed. She did not have to. She was, like true aristocrats, sure of herself.

Chopin cultivated important people and loved to visit in t homes of wealth and luxury. He liked best to play for a sele group of titled people. The bigger their titles the better he playe He was a little brother of the rich. George was a mother of t poor and oppressed.

In spite of these dissonances of taste and opinion, the two arti natures were completely harmonious when they were left alon

People pushed them apart. Instinctively, therefore, they chose to take their new-found happiness to some delicious desert where, free from interruptions, he might create music and she literature.

In Spain, on the Balearic Islands, there was no society or civilization to separate two lovers. George and Chopin took their romance to the island of Majorca. With them they took Chopin's piano and George's unpublished book, *Spiridion*. And as a matter of course, with *Spiridion* went George's children. Maurice was fifteen now and Solange was ten. Chopin was twenty-eight and George was thirty-four.

The visit to Majorca began as a delightful experience. During the first few weeks Chopin's letters to his friend Fontana breathed serene contentment. Free from the distractions of Paris and the interruptions of lessons, he was creating music. He was, as a creative worker deserves to be, saved from all material cares.

But George's letters showed that she was unable to make headway with *Spiridion*. Her time was occupied in fighting for the necessities of life. The people of the island lived in a state of barbarism and their food and wine disagreed with Chopin. No meat except pork and no cow's milk could be procured. Chopin could not eat what the servant prepared, so George turned cook. The servant refused to work, and George turned servant. She taught the children six hours a day, and she suffered from rheumatism. After Chopin and the children went to bed she gave what strength she had to literature.

When the rainy season began Chopin fell ill. The natives believed that his illness was contagious. The "pestiferous foreigners" were treated like lepers and their landlord put them out of his house. They lived then in an abandoned convent about eight miles from Palma. George and Maurice often walked to town in search of supplies.

The rains grew worse and became a deluge. Chopin grew very ill indeed. They wanted to leave, but there was no boat for three weeks. Finally, in February, Chopin was carried to the boat, but,

still treated as a leper, he was denied a proper bed and was forced to sleep on an old cot that could afterward be burned. Meanwhile the boat was full of pigs that were tenderly cared for. They were even landed before the passengers were allowed to go ashore. When George and Chopin left the boat they felt reconciled to society.

As soon as he reached Marseilles Chopin revived, and after a stay in the south of France and a trip to Genoa he was himself again.

3

The months at Majorca, however disastrous to George's work and Chopin's health, had cemented their close relationship. George was still infatuated with her invalid, and Chopin had become wholly dependent on George. Separation was inconceivable. Chopin spent the summer at Nohant with the Sand family, and when November came and he was obliged to go to Paris, George accompanied him, and the children accompanied George.

Chopin avoided the appearance of an official lover. At Nohant he was, with entire propriety, merely a guest of Madame Sand. In Paris the two friends—for, according to George, their love affair lasted only a year—occupied separate apartments. George took up her residence with her children at 16 rue Pigalle, in an annex facing a garden back of the house. Chopin tried living at 5 rue Tronchet, but he was desolate and lonely. Very soon he moved into the main house next door to George's house at rue Pigalle.

They settled down to an existence which seemed both sensible and ideal. Chopin was wedded to his music, and George was indissolubly tied to her children. They agreed on a policy of non-interference. Each was to leave the other free to hold his own opinions, live his own life, and make his own friends.

Balzac wrote about George at this time: "The salon where she receives is full of superb Chinese vases that are filled with flowers

The furniture is green. There is a cabinet full of curiosities, pictures by Delacroix, her portrait by Calamatta. The piano is magnificent. Chopin is always there. She smokes cigarettes and nothing else. One climbs to her apartment by a straight ugly staircase. Her bedroom is brown, her bed is two mattresses on the floor à la Turk. She has the beautiful tiny, tiny hands of a child."

During the morning Chopin endured teaching music. At four in the afternoon he joined George. They received their friends together, in the room full of Chinese vases and flowers.

There was a strange mixture of visitors in that salon. George's literary and political friends were introduced to Chopin's musical admirers and ladies of fashion. The radical ex-abbé Lamennais met the Countess Potocka; Balzac and Heine met the Baroness Rothschild. Louis Blanc, the socialist, fraternized with Chopin's princesses. All the celebrities and social leaders of the day called on Sand and Chopin. So, in spite of their sensible, ideal agreement, they did not lead separate lives. They shared everything.

They even shared the two interests which were to have been treated with non-interference, Chopin's music and George's children. Maurice was a student in the studio of Delacroix. Solange was at boarding school, but spent the week-end with her mother. The presence of the children, however, created no difficulty. Chopin liked them and they adored him.

Their second domicile in Paris was determined by their mutual friend Madame Marliani, who lived at No. 7 Square d'Orleans. George and Chopin took apartments at Nos. 5 and 9 on either side. They dined with Madame Marliani and shared the common expense.

While they were still living at rue Pigalle George began to express that terrible inclusiveness which was so difficult for Chopin to understand. She extended her affection to Eugène Lambert, a boy painter who was in the studio of Delacroix with Maurice. She also made room in her heart for Oscar, the son of her sister Caroline, and for Augustine Brault, who was a second cousin of

Sophie Delaborde. Each week-end Augustine was sent for, to companion Solange.

Solange was a strange child. She did not have the faculty of making friends. She possessed a bitter tongue, which soon alienated those who began by loving her. When she first discovered that her father had a title, she had insisted on being addressed as "the Baroness." This title was now changed by Maurice and Lambert to "the Princess," because she gave herself grand airs. Solange preferred to associate with inferiors. Her enjoyment of Augustine seemed based on the fact that Augustine was a poor relation. She liked to parade her pretty clothes and fine manners to her less fortunate cousin.

Augustine's home life was unhappy; she suffered from her shrewish, vulgar mother all that Aurore had once suffered through Sophie Delaborde. It was inevitable that Madame Sand should feel an acute sympathy for her young relative. She tried to take the place in this child's life which cousin Villeneuve might have taken in her own.

Chopin did not like Augustine. He considered her plebeian.

In the summer of 1842 the four young people were taken to Nohant, where they studied, danced, rode horseback, and played charades. The experiment proved successful, and each succeeding summer Augustine and Lambert were included in the Sand family.

Augustine's father, a workingman, considered Madame Sand a woman of wealth. He complained that she had deprived him of his daughter's wages, so George paid the Braults a monthly sum which was equivalent to the wages which Augustine might have earned.

On several occasions George wrote to friends that she had cherished the hope that Maurice and Augustine would fall in love and marry, but that the two seemed incapable of romantic attachment, for they had known each other since childhood and were accustomed to regarding each other as sister and brother.

4

During the years between 1838 and 1846 George's work, like er life, was growing more serious and mature. Romantic fiction as left behind with romantic ideas. Her early novels had ex-ressed the revolt of the individual. The novels of this second eriod were a protest against the wrongs of society. In this pro-est she was influenced by Pierre Leroux, a somewhat visionary rophet to whose ideas she was devoted. Her social novels were ss popular and therefore less remunerative than romantic fiction. eroux also helped to keep her poor. He had a numerous family; one time as many as thirty relatives were dependent on him. e and his brother were always in debt and often in real distress. eorge was continually sending them money in absurdly large nounts. She had long known the responsibilities of a man. She ow carried the burdens of a seemingly rich man. A constantly larging group of people made demands upon her purse. The umber of her dependents, however, seemed to increase her rength. Each year she grew more self-reliant. It was as though e foresaw that henceforth she was to be a prop for the men, omen and children who made up her intimate life.

In the family group at Nohant the children were thoughtless d carefree. Neither grateful nor ungrateful, they accepted nefits as they breathed the air. Unconscious of the responsibili-s that Madame Sand carried, they seemed unaware that they ere living off her brain. The half dozen servants would have en surprised had anyone told them that their mistress worked. e slept late, so it seemed to them that she was idle. They did t hesitate to take advantage of her easy ways.

Standing in the midst of these dependent ones was Madame nd, manager of the estate, hostess, housekeeper, mother, bread-nner, tender friend, and, whenever any one of them was ill, voted nurse.

For adult companionship the many-sided George had chosen a

dreamy genius. Chopin had his piano in his room. He was allowed his moods. He lived alone for hours or days, and came into the family group when he needed relaxation. George counted it a privilege to care for him. She never turned to him for comfort or advice in domestic worries, because she felt that he should not be bothered and that he could not understand practical affairs.

These years were enriched by human contacts with men the most diverse and eminent in politics, science and the arts. The house at Nohant was always full of company. Chopin's friends were as welcome as George's own. Chopin's intimate friend Delacroix was a visitor, also his pupil, Mademoiselle Rozières. His sister Louise and her husband came from Poland to stay with them a month. George also welcomed Countess Laure, Chopin's Polish friend.

Perhaps it was unusual that Chopin's family and friends should visit him when he was Madame Sand's permanent guest, but everyone accepted the close association of the musician and the writer. No questions were asked and no explanations were made.

Chopin grew to be the fashion in Parisian society. He liked to write to his family about the importance of his friends. His aristocratic taste was shown in those he chose to honor. His music was usually dedicated as follows:

Opus 30 dedicated to Princess Wurtemberg
Opus 31 dedicated to Countess Fürstenstein
Opus 32 dedicated to Baroness Billing
Opus 33 dedicated to Countess Mostowska
Opus 44 dedicated to Princess de Beauvau
Opus 45 dedicated to Princess Czernicheff
Opus 49 dedicated to Princess de Souzzo
Opus 51 dedicated to Countess Esterhazy
Opus 52 dedicated to Baroness Rothschild
Opus 64 dedicated to Baroness Rothschild

These ladies deserved appreciation. They surrounded him with little attentions. One of them had given him a footstool, another had embroidered him a pillow. It was natural to acknowledge their kindnesses.

There was never a dedication to George Sand.

As time went on, Chopin's music was known and loved roughout Europe. His name became famous. His admirers ound it increasingly difficult to gain an audience with the great omposer and virtuoso.

Both Chopin and Sand had to protect themselves from lion unters. George was easily the most celebrated woman in France. Vhen she visited Switzerland she had written: "I am an object f public curiosity here. I cannot take a step or speak a word hich does not give rise to a thousand more."

What was true in Switzerland was true everywhere. Admired criticized, George was always talked about. As a novelist no one ut Balzac rivalled her in popularity. Writers envied her, bigots ated her. She was condemned for her opinions, but she was recogzed as a feminine prodigy, an exception to all rules.

5

Poor Chopin was never happy under any circumstances. When was at Nohant he wanted to be in Paris. When he was in Paris longed for Nohant. He was equally divided between his deotion to George and his dreams of his lost Marie. He needed eorge as a strong support, as a mother, and a nurse. At the me time he wanted her clinging and dependent, like Marie Vodzinska. George was anxious to suit him, but she did not know ow to cling. She compensated for this deficiency by the intensity her tenderness. She suffered with Chopin's suffering. Her symathies were thus drawn upon constantly, as Chopin's illness had any symptoms. He was subject to headaches, chills, bronchial tacks, and insistent coughing which made everyone nervous, inuding himself.

He was a difficult invalid. He wanted care but couldn't bear be cared for; neither could he endure neglect.

When his work did not go well George arranged for a day in e woods, hoping that Chopin would accompany her. He usually

did so if he were not urged. He would then return refreshed an ready to finish his composition.

Chopin found it impossible to compose in Paris. But he worke steadily at Nohant, where leisure, combined with quiet sympathy conduced to concentration.

Without George, how much of his marvellous music woul have been lost to the world!

One of the favorite amusements at Nohant was private theatri cals. Chopin's part was to constitute himself the orchestra. Seat ing himself at the piano, he would improvise while the youn people danced. Sometimes they appeared in costume and Chopi adapted his music to the characters assumed. Or they let Chopi take the initiative, adjusting their mimicry to the music as it le them from burlesque to tragedy and back again to comedy. Pan tomime at Nohant gradually developed into an art.

One evening George, in answer to some disparaging comment spoke in praise of country life, defending its peace as opposed t the turmoil of cities.

"How beautiful you make it seem!" exclaimed Chopin.

"If you feel that way, could you express it in music?" she asked

Chopin went to the piano and improvised a pastoral symphony

On another occasion the family was watching with amusemen a little dog of George's running around in circles chasing its tai George turned to Chopin and said, "If I had your gift I woul translate this graceful absurd little creature into music."

Chopin straightway created "The Waltz of a little Dog," which became one of his popular encores for concert playing This waltz, composed for George, was dedicated to Countes Potocka.

In 1844 Chopin suffered from the loss of his father. He wa also shocked by the death from consumption of a dear famil friend in Poland. The double affliction further impaired his pre

rious health. When mentally depressed he was victimized by any superstitions. In this his friends said he was more Polish even an the Poles. He had a horror of the number seven and of all tes and numbers containing this figure. He believed in a literal ll and was tormented by the thought of it. The entire Sonata mprising his Funeral March is said by musicians to express the ar of death.

George believed that hell is not a place but a state of mind. evertheless she sympathized with Chopin's terror. In the months llowing his father's death, while Chopin was suffering from in-mnia, George moved her writing materials into the room adjoin-g his and worked there at night, ready at any moment to soothe r frightened child. Thus she relived the experience of her young otherhood when she had spent her evenings in her grandmother's udoir to be near her children and listen to their breathing while ey slept.

In this same year of 1844 George was invited to write for a radi-l newspaper called *Réforme*. The staff comprised men who ere to take part four years later in the cabinet of the new gov-nment. At present they constituted a group of important writ-and co-workers of whom George became one.

Chopin disliked this public usefulness. He objected to a change government. Above all, he did not want his faithful nurse and voted friend to allow her attention to be deflected from him-f. He was ignorant of politics and social questions. In music he fied precedent and did not hesitate to create new standards, but tside of his sphere he wanted the world to remain unchanged. persistently disagreed with George's views, and when he felt itable he opposed her opinions on matters great or small.

It now seemed to George that Chopin pursued her with polite rsecutions. When she allowed Augustine to study music, he jected that women should not be given too much education in arts. He criticised her for letting Maurice become a painter.

She was wrong to love animals, to prefer blue to white. In h black humors, whatever she did, thought, or said was wrong.

Then the weather changed or the invalid's health improved and for a time Chopin took his mind off George's affairs an stopped trying to guide her opinions.

But the perfect love that had its beginnings in music and poetr had become an imperfect friendship whose continuance was im perilled by the petty annoyances of everyday life.

6

It was not until the summer of 1846 that the drama of the San family began to unfold. The person who played the principal rô in the drama was Solange.

It had been George's dream to give Solange a happier childhoo than Aurore had had. Remembering that Aurore had needed mo love, she had always indulged Solange and spoiled her, on th theory that the cure for all difficult characters is love. But Solang was not another little Aurore, she was another little Casimi Solange did not want love, she wanted importance, and from tim to time her nature required her to strike a blow.

While she was a small child she had queened it over everyon Her attitude in the family was always, "I am master." She easil mastered Maurice, who was gentle and affectionate. If Mauric crossed her, it was her habit to cry out, "I hate you!" She got h own way by displays of temper. She was very intelligent, but n one had ever been able to make her study. She wanted to l courted and admired by everyone. She expected the world to l arranged for her without effort on her part. She was not indu trious and creative like her mother. She was, like her father, arro gant and lazy.

And so, in spite of all her law-suits, George never succeeded i leaving her husband. She had perpetuated him in the child sh loved. Whenever her dear little daughter was with her, Casimi character was also there.

All of Solange that was not Casimir was Sophie. Suspicion, apriciousness, hatred and jealous rages—all these were the endowment of unfortunate Solange. George could not understand these qualities. She gathered her young brood about her with an all-embracing attitude which expressed in effect: Let us e a united family. She thought they were a united family. George as still an impossibilist, but she was not as hopeful as she once ad been. "I have habituated myself," she wrote at this time, "to ve people as they are without hoping or trying to change them." The three members of the family who were harmoniously reted were Augustine, Maurice and George. Solange could not rejudice any one of the three against the other two. She turned Chopin and tried to prejudice him against them all. If George ve Augustine a dress, Solange complained to Chopin, "Mother esses her as well as I dress." When Augustine helped Maurice tch butterflies and then worked with him to catalogue his colction, Solange complained to Chopin, "Maurice loves Augustine ore than he loves me." She complained to Chopin constantly, d he listened and sympathized. In fact, though no one had ticed it, Chopin also was feeling aggrieved. He wanted and excted to be the sole object of Madame Sand's devotion. She had oiled and petted him and made him feel that he was first in her fections. Now her two children had become individuals, crowdg him out, and he was expected to make room for two more.

Solange, finding Chopin responsive to her hints and innuendoes, stered the invalid's sense of neglect. Mischievously at first and en maliciously she cultivated in him a sense of injury. She awaked his suspicions. How about Borie, the young man who edited e provincial republican journal which Madame Sand had helped found. Why was Borie closeted with mother in the salon for an ur? Why was Maurice riding with Augustine? Mother and rie! Maurice and Augustine! These were the two notes sounded Solange in whispered confidences with her only friend.

Her only friend! It was thrilling to the invalid to feel that

someone leaned on him. Solange aroused his chivalry. George neve did that; she always protected him. His feminine ideal was woman who needed protection, and although he loved George h ideal had never changed.

Whenever Solange appealed to Chopin he put aside his music forgot his dreaminess, and took part in the family life. But whil it seemed to Chopin that he had become a champion, it seemed t George that he suddenly began to dispute with her every decisio she made in regard to the children and the household. Her invali had never been so irritable. George herself was growing irritable She had lost her serenity. She sometimes spoke sharply. She dis missed two of the servants, and Solange whispered to Chopin, "Sh does it because Maurice insists."

George could not understand what had happened to herself an her family. It seemed as though they were all caught up in a electric storm. Maurice and Chopin were especially affected.

Chopin burst into jealous rages before her children, before he friends, even before the servants. Maurice grew indignant and de fensive. He felt that his mother, at the age of forty-two, was bein made to look ridiculous by this friend and guest who conducte himself as though he were her husband and the father of he children.

Maurice was now almost twenty-three years old. He did no propose that his place as the man of the Sand family should b usurped.

The friction between the two men began with pinpricks o criticism, insinuation, irony. It ended in open enmity. On th 29th of June, the eve of Maurice's birthday, there was an explo sion. Maurice proclaimed his man's estate by announcing to h mother that he would leave the house if Chopin stayed.

George was panic-stricken. Nothing and no one should com between her and her children. She had always told this to Frédéri and he had promised not to interfere. George went to Frédéric room to talk it over.

Chopin politely offered his chair while he sat on the edge of the ed. George spoke with difficulty, she was almost strangled with motion as she explained that Maurice had threatened to go away. Chopin in nervous agitation fussed at his handkerchief, slowly earing it into shreds. While George waited breathlessly, he ex-ressed his point of view.

It seemed to him that in a contest between him and Maurice ie preferred Maurice. He accused her of no longer loving him, f wanting him to leave. George protested that he needed only to void quarreling with Maurice. But was not this equivalent to say-g that Maurice came first? Chopin was deeply wounded, but he d not leave Nohant. The difficulty was bridged over, but the reach was not healed.

7

After this crisis Chopin's soul became inaccessible to George. He ternated between moods of petulant criticism and glacial ourtesy.

Sometimes he would pass an entire day without speaking a syl-ble to anyone. He was morbidly sensitive about his illness. If one ve him sympathy at the wrong moment he was angry; if one d not give it when he felt in the mood for it, he was hurt. To tisfy the whims and caprices of the invalid had always required nstant vigilance; a trained nurse would have demanded a vaca-on in six months. George had cared for Chopin for eight years. ow she reached the breaking-point. Not that she broke into ars or hysteria or noisy complaints. Her way of breaking was to ze pen and paper and write furiously for hours. This relief for r bottled-up feelings about Chopin was entitled *Lucretia briani.*

Lucretia was an actress. Her admirer, Prince Karol, seemed to e world a perfect lover. But his insane jealousy caused Lucretia told suffering. George wrote of Prince Karol's love for Lucretia: "He loved her so much, he was so faithful, so chained to her

side, he spoke of her with so much respect, that all this would have been the glory of a vain woman. Yet Lucretia did not hate any woman sufficiently to wish for her this sort of happiness.

"If she breathed the scent of a flower, if she picked up a pebble if she caught a butterfly for the collection of Celio [her son], if she patted a dog, if she picked some fruit, he would say under his breath, 'What an astounding nature! Everything pleases her everything amuses her, everything intoxicates her. She finds beauty, perfume and grace in the tiniest details of creation. She admires everything, she loves everything. Therefore she does not love me. An abyss separates us.'

"It was true at bottom. A nature that is rich by endowment and one that is rich by exclusiveness cannot interpenetrate each the other. One of the two must consume the other until nothing but ashes is left."

Prince Karol was obviously Frédéric Chopin, and Lucretia was in large part a study of the psychology of George Sand.

George says of Lucretia:

"She had wished to be a mother to her lovers without ceasing to be the mother of her children, and the conflict between the two feelings had always ended in the extinction of the less dominant passion. The children triumphed."

George, through Lucretia, says of love:

"I know that it is said to be a sensual feeling, but this is not true in the case of intellectual women; with them it follows a regular progression; it first takes possession of the brain, knocking at the door of the imagination. Once it has entered and assumed control there, it insinuates itself into all our being; and then we love the man who dominates us, as god, brother, husband, everything that a woman can love."

Explaining herself by means of her heroine, George makes Lucretia say:

"I have never loved two men at the same time. I have never even in thought, belonged to more than one during any given

me. When I no longer loved a man I did not deceive him. I broke ith him entirely. Every time I loved it was so ardently and erfectly that I believed it was for the first and last time in my fe.

"You cannot call me a respectable woman. But I myself am ertain that I am one; I even lay claim to be a virtuous woman, hough I know that according to your ideas and public opinion his is blasphemy. I submit my life to the verdict of the world ithout rebelling, without disputing the justice of its general ws, but not acknowledging that it is right in my case."

During all the time that George was explaining her suffering written words, Chopin away in his room was expressing his isery in music. He prided himself on hiding his inner life, but rough his music he was telling the whole world that he was orbid, unhappy and homesick.

Chopin's medium was more discreet than George's. No one ould say whether the erotic feeling conveyed in his music was used by Madame Sand or Marie Wodzinsky, but everyone who ad *Lucretia Floriani* could definitely conclude that Chopin's alousy caused Sand's despair.

Heine said of *Lucretia Floriani*, "It is a detestable book divinely ritten." René Doumic, speaking from the viewpoint of to-day, ys: "The portrait contained nothing that was truly uncompli-entary. If it is glorious for Prince Karol to resemble Chopin, it mains very honorable for Chopin to be the model from which as drawn this figure of a distinguished neurasthenic."

Evidently this being written into fiction looks differently dur-g and after the lifetime of the victim.

Lucretia Floriani appeared serially during the summer of 1846. hopin read portions of it while George was writing it. He praised e great naturalness of the characters, but did not recognize him-lf as Prince Karol. The following winter his friends pointed out e resemblance, and in 1848 he wrote from Scotland expressing s anger:

"I have never damned anyone, but at present what I feel is s intolerable that it would relieve me if I could damn Lucretia."

8

Toward the end of August Solange fell ill. They called her mal ady nervous breakdown. George dropped her work and devote herself to her daughter, taking her on two-week trips to give he the rest and change the doctor had advised. Then, late in th summer, Solange fell in love, and quite suddenly she was we again. The object of her affection was Fernand de Préaulx, the so of an excellent Berrichon family and the inheritor of their wealth Everyone was delighted with the match. Chopin approved. H considered the young man a suitable *parti*. Secretly he hoped, a he wrote to his family, that both children would soon marry. H wanted to enjoy his home in peace.

As usual Chopin went to Paris early in November. George an her children did not follow immediately, as in previous years. Bu Chopin's letters to George and her letters to him were as cordia as before. In February the Sand family went to town to conclud preparations for Solange's wedding. The trousseau was ordere and the dot was arranged. Chopin received George joyfully an they met frequently. Solange was radiantly happy.

At this period Madame Sand was often pursued by strugglin young artists who sought her patronage. One of these, a sculpto by the name of Clésinger, had dedicated a statue to her. He nov asked permission to do a bust of herself. Then, since Solange al ways wanted any distinction attained by her mother, George al lowed Clésinger to do a bust of Solange.

At Easter time the entire Préaulx family traveled to Paris fo the signing of the marriage contract. All was in readiness for th solemn occasion, which was only second in importance to th wedding. On the evening before the ceremony Solange drew he mother aside and informed her casually that she refused to sig This was almost as bad as a bride turning back from the altar.

"But, why, why, what has happened?" George demanded.

Solange smiled and said that she had changed her mind. Then he retired and let her mother face the outraged family and the injured bridegroom.

George met the situation as best she could, and the Préaulx withdrew with hurt dignity.

The reason for Solange's refusal was Clésinger. He had found Madame Sand open-handed and soft-hearted. He considered her rich. During the sittings he had persuaded Solange to jilt her desirable suitor and marry him instead.

In this predicament George insisted that before a second betrothal was announced a decent interval must elapse, if only to save the feelings of the Préaulx family. So back to Nohant went the frustrated wedding party. Meanwhile George proceeded to investigate her would-be son-in-law. She found he was violent in disposition, unreliable in regard to money, and overwhelmed by debt.

But Solange insisted on marrying the undesirable Clésinger, and Clésinger expected the generous dot which had been offered to the desirable bridegroom. The dot was the Norbonne house, valued at hundred thousand francs.

Love, George conceded, was more important than money, but was Solange really in love with this terrible man? Solange could not marry in any case without her father's presence and consent. Negotiations did not proceed rapidly enough to suit the impatient lovers. Clésinger came secretly to the neighboring town, La Châtre.

One night when George was writing and the household was quiet she heard the sound of carriage wheels in the road, which was close to the house. The sound ceased, the carriage waited, and George went out to see who was stopping beside her gate. It was Clésinger eloping with Solange. When George intervened, Clésinger threatened her with words which made her feel that the marriage should be hastened rather than postponed. She hurried her

preparations, sent for Baron Dudevant, and made the best of
heartbreaking situation. Invitations were sent, letters were writ
ten, provisions were made ready for the wedding-feast, and a larg
room was newly furnished as a bridal chamber. George made
brave pretense that all was well. She insisted that Clésinger wa
worthy and tried to believe that he was. "Since the young peopl
are happy we are happy," she wrote to her friends.

Meanwhile, during the strain of the wedding preparations
George wrote a novel with which to meet the additional expense

9

Maurice, like Solange, needed rest and change from time t
time, so he was taking a trip to Holland, and George was left alon
to guard her impulsive daughter. A fortnight before the weddin
George strained a ligament in her ankle. She could not walk, sh
had indeed to be carried to the wedding. In the midst of her per
sonal afflictions she heard that Chopin was ill. Certain of hi
friends complained of her indifference because she did not go t
Paris to nurse him.

On May 12th she wrote to Count Grzymala, "I shall be in Pari
for a few days at the end of this month, and if Chopin can b
moved I shall bring him back here." She referred to her sufferin
about the marriage, then continued:

"I think that Chopin must have suffered also on his side at nc
knowing, not understanding, and not being able to give advice
But it is impossible to take into consideration his advice in the rea
affairs of life. He has never seen facts squarely nor understoo
human nature in any respect. His soul is all poetry and all music
and he cannot endure anything that is different from himself
Besides, his influence in my family affairs would mean for me, i
relation to my children, the loss of all dignity and of all love
Talk to him and try to make him comprehend in a general man
ner that he ought to refrain from preoccupying himself wit

nem. If I tell him that Clésinger (whom he does not like) de-rves our affection he will only hate him the more, and that will rn Solange against him. All this is difficult and delicate. . . . is the restless, jealous, suspicious affection he feels for me which the principal cause of his suffering.

"For seven years I have lived as a virgin with him and all others. have been so weary of passions, so incurably disillusioned, that en without effort or sacrifice I have grown old before my time. there were a woman on earth who ought to have inspired him ith the most absolute confidence it was I, and he has never un-erstood it. I know that many people accuse me, some of having hausted him by the violence of my senses, others of having iven him to despair by my coldnesses. I think that you know w it really is. As for him, he complains that I have killed him privation, while I was certain that I would have killed him if had acted in any other way. See what my situation is in this iserable friendship, where I have made myself his slave in every ay that I could do so without showing him an impossible and lpable preference over my children. . . . As for happiness I n't believe there is any such thing in this world. . . . Burn this tter."

If George's feeling for Chopin was now no more than compas-n for his illness combined with irritation at his jealousy, she at st intended to continue her dogged devotion to the end. She pected him back at Nohant, and he expected to return. In April wrote to his family: "You ask what I expect to do this summer: thing different from usual. As soon as it commences to get rm I shall go to Nohant."

Chopin also, in spite of distrust and disillusionment, still felt r George the dependent affection of an invalid who needs a man's care. And she meant more than a tender woman to opin. She represented home. Nohant seemed his rightful place. felt himself the father of the Sand children.

10

As soon as he was safely Madame Sand's son-in-law Clésinge began to ask for money. He settled down in the comfort o Nohant. He did not speak of working or of establishing a hom for his wife, and he began to resent Maurice, whom he regarde as his competitor for all the benefits he hoped to enjoy. Solang also resented Maurice and began to display an unpleasant cupidity The newly wedded pair saw in George nothing but her power t provide funds.

It was now Augustine's turn to be married. The bridegroom wa young Theodore Rousseau, who had paid his court to Augustin in Paris. Solange did not relish the fuss that was made over Augus tine. Besides, now that she had had her way about her marriag poor Solange began to realize that she had made a mistake. Sh did not propose that the insignificant Augustine should be happie or more fortunate than herself. For a long time she had wished t injure her mother, her brother and her cousin. It was time to sho what she could do.

Drawing Rousseau apart, Solange told him that Augustine w Maurice's mistress, and that for this service George had for sever years paid a monthly sum to Augustine's parents. The distracte lover did not question the truth of this loving sister. He brok the match and ran away to hide his despair.

Augustine could not hide her unhappiness and humiliatio Madame Sand, when she heard what her daughter had done, w utterly bewildered. Maurice was enraged. Everyone exceptin Solange was plunged in misery. Solange went about smiling, ver happy over the havoc she had wrought.

Scarcely had this catastrophe taken place when Solange d manded eight thousand francs of her mother as a loan to h husband. Clésinger's debts amounted to forty-five hundr francs. George was willing to give Solange an allowance but s could not attempt to pay Clésinger's debts. She refused the lo

ıd Solange made haste to inform Clésinger that the refusal was ıe to Maurice's influence.

The thought that Maurice could deprive him of the needed oney made Clésinger half insane. Encouraged by Solange, he ent to the studio, where he found Maurice, George, and the vil-ge curé. Clésinger took up a large hammer and rushed toward aurice. George intervened between the crazed man and her son. ıe seized the hammer, and in the tussle struck Clésinger's face. ésinger, too infuriated to remember his great strength, then hit r in the breast. As George fell back staggering from the blow, e raised her eyes and saw Solange standing beside Clésinger.

Solange was smiling.

George felt dizzy. As she looked at her daughter she saw So-ıge's smile freeze and give way to an expression of hatred. ıtred on the face of Solange indicated Maurice. George turned r gaze to see Maurice lifting a pistol which was pointed at Clés-ger. The curé, who was standing near, snatched the pistol. How happened that no one was killed could scarcely be explained.

The Clésingers rushed to their beautiful bridal chamber, packed ir bags and went to the hotel at La Châtre, where they waited an answer to a letter they had sent to Chopin. Soon the answer me, addressed to George. It was a formal request that his car-ge be forwarded to Solange at La Châtre. George dispatched the riage, which Solange appropriated to her use, driving as far as erzon, where she took the train to Paris.

Paris meant Chopin. If now she could alienate Chopin from her ther her triumph of power would be complete.

She found Chopin alone in his apartment. He was ill and aciated, much paler and weaker than he had been at Easter, en last she had seen him. But his visitor was too self-centered feelings of compassion.

he told Chopin that Augustine was Maurice's mistress. Chopin eved Solange.

She told Chopin that Maurice had tried to kill Clésinge Chopin believed Solange.

She explained that her mother had rid herself of both of them i order to take a lover. Chopin believed Solange.

II

George had recovered from each of her lovers, but she nev recovered from Solange. Until now she had successfully endur the blows of fate, whether of illness, debt, or calumny. But s could not endure the stroke dealt her by her daughter. This blo made her old. She was unable to ease her mind by work, becau her brain under successive shocks was dull and empty of ideas. S could not sleep, because when she put out the lights and clos her eyes she saw her child's face. She saw Solange smiling as s broke her marriage contract. She saw Solange smiling when caug in her elopement, smiling as she lied to young Rousseau, smiling Clésinger struck at her mother. Smiling vengeance! Vengean for what?

George could not answer. Her powerful imagination, which h written so many novels and analyzed so many women, did n enable her to put herself in Solange's place. Again and aga George had said, "I am through with men." And now she tried say, "I am through with my daughter." She said it to herself a to Maurice, but it was never true. The child she had carried her arms, the little girl for whom she had written poems a told stories, the young woman who had been her pride, had grov into her heart too deeply to be uprooted. For a time, however, s believed that her love for Solange was dead.

George wrote Chopin her side of the story. She did not menti the attempted elopement and the real reason for the marriage. S felt she must protect Solange to this extent. But she did try convince him of her daughter's maliciousness. This was in no se a letter of rupture and farewell. On the contrary, Chopin v intending to visit Nohant. In view of his contemplated visit

varned him in this letter that when he came to Nohant he must ıot discuss Solange.

When he received George's letter Chopin took it to Delacroix nd Delacroix, who knew nothing of Solange's character or the easons for George's tirades against her daughter, noted in his ournal of July 20th that the letter was "atrocious."

Chopin delayed his answer. George waited in a turmoil of emoion. She had always been calm in the face of calumny, but now hat the calumniator was her own child she completely lost her oise.

By a turn of the wheel, the positions of George and Frédéric ere reversed. A year ago Frédéric, sitting on the edge of his bed nd tearing his handkerchief into shreds had, in substance, asked eorge to choose between himself and her son. Now George, alone t Nohant, had, in effect, asked Frédéric to choose between herself nd her daughter.

While expecting him at Nohant and waiting for his decision she rote to Mademoiselle Rozières:

"July 22nd.

"My friend, I am worried, frightened. I have had no news of hopin for several days. In the trouble that is crushing me I canot keep track of time. But it seems too long. He was about to ave and then he does not arrive, he does not write. Did he start? he ill, held up somewhere? I should already have left home myf if it had not been for fear of passing him and for the horror have of going to Paris and exposing myself to the hatred of her hom you think so good, so kind to me.

"Sometimes I think, to reassure myself, that Chopin loves her ore than he does me, sulks and takes her part.

"I would prefer that one hundred times to the knowledge that is ill. Tell me frankly how matters stand. If Solange's frightful aliciousness, if her incredible lies, sway him, so be it. Nothing atters to me if he only gets well."

Then came Chopin's letter accepting Solange's statements as

truth, and refusing to visit George if he were not allowed to con
tinue what he considered his peacemaking and what she consid
ered his interference in her family affairs.

Again George wrote to her confidant:

"While I passed six sleepless nights he was engaged in talkin
and thinking ill of me with the Clésingers. Very well. His lette
has an absurd dignity and the sermons of this good father of th
family shall serve as lessons to me. . . .

"I think it magnificent of Chopin to see, befriend and approv
Clésinger who struck me—Chopin, who all the world told me wa
my most faithful and devoted friend."

This was the end. Chopin's love had turned to bitterness. Georg
had become to him, ironically, "the dear Madame Sand." In
letter home written on Christmas Day, 1847, he referred to Georg
with malicious courtesy:

"It is said that she is writing her 'Memoirs.' Indeed it is too soo
for that, because the dear Madame Sand will have many more ad
ventures in her life before she grows old, many beautiful thing
will happen to her, and ugly ones too."

In the same Christmas letter Chopin repeated Solange's accu
sation against her mother. He offered it as his own idea: "On
might believe that she wanted to get rid of her daughter and m
at the same time because we were in the way."

Chopin's letters to his family dwelt continually on Madam
Sand. But in discussing her and her private affairs he quote
Solange almost verbatim, as though he had no opinions or impre
sions of his own with which to resist or refute her statements.

When he had lived in the Sand family Chopin had constantl
reproached George for too great devotion to her children. No
he depicted her as a hard-hearted mother who treated her childre
with cruelty. While George was unable to sleep and for the fir
time in her life was unable to write; while she was, in fact, broke
by her daughter, we find Chopin testifying that the strong, in
sensitive Solange had been "broken in her mother's hands."

George had consented to whatever Solange asked for: one husand, then another, a trousseau, a generous dot. She had followed ter the wild girl, arranging life to suit her caprices. All this hopin knew, but he wrote to his family that George had "ruined r daughter's life."

Did he perhaps mean that he felt as though his own life had en ruined and broken by George? The unhappy man had lost s home, he was like a child turned against his mother. He pitied lange, he even pitied Maurice, because he was unwilling to conss his own self-pity.

"Don't let this trouble you," he admonished his family, rerring to his estrangement from George. "It is already a thing of e past. Time is a great physician." He then adds pathetically, p to the present I am not yet cured."

That he was lonesome for George and homesick for Nohant shown by a plaintive reference to the cause of his self-banishent: "And I could not go to her house because she made it a ndition that I must remain silent about her daughter."

Poor Chopin did not wish to have his sisters think that he had ayed the part of a weak, dependent invalid in Madame Sand's me. He liked to represent himself as a strong personality who d held the Sand family together, and during eight years had evented the head of the family from resorting to disorderly ys.

"Eight years of an orderly life were too much for her," he wrote his sister, referring to his beneficent influence on George, and ntinued: "God granted that those years should be the ones in ich her children were growing up. If it had not been for me I n't know how long ago the children would have gone to their her instead of staying with her."

One curious fact revealed in Chopin's letters is that in accept- Solange's jealous accusations against her brother he disre-ded his own knowledge of the boy and man. Maurice's most king characteristic, as Chopin well knew, was his adoring love

for his mother. Yet we find Chopin writing, "Maurice also wi take advantage of the first good chance to run away to his father.

Another indiscriminating comment made by Chopin was th surprising prophecy, "Maurice will never marry except fo money."

When Maurice did marry he chose a girl who brought him no so much as one sou. Her dot, as George explained at the time, w her character. Maurice's obliviousness to money could scarce have been ignored by anyone living beside him day after day dur ing eight years.

The evil done by Solange reached farther than Chopin. Sh told to every one her story about Augustine Brault. It quickl spread over Paris and reached the ears of father Brault. Seeing h chance to extract money from his daughter's benefactress, h threatened Madame Sand with publicity unless she paid him fort thousand francs. This she refused to do. Brault then engaged th services of a man named Guilbert to write a pamphlet entitle "The Intrigues of George Sand." When the pamphlet appeare George sent for her lawyer, who put the matter in the hands o the police. The lampoon was suppressed but George refused prosecute. Augustine was in time happily married to Mr. de Be tholdi, an excellent young man, and they spent their summers Nohant. The affectionate relationship between Augustin Maurice and George was never disturbed.

When, thanks to Solange, "The Intrigues of George Sand" w published, the courtly, refined and aristocratic Chopin wrote his family in far-away Poland about "the dirty story of which Paris is talking."

Although Chopin had never heard or asked for George's d fense, and although the sole authority for the scandal was Solang he did not hesitate to affirm "The story is true." With a fin thrust at George he concluded, "That is the act of benevolen which she thought she was doing and which I opposed as strong as I could when the girl was brought into the house."

Chopin believed Solange because he wanted to believe her. If e had questioned a single statement, the whole fabric of the hantasy she wove for him would have been destroyed.

Chopin the musician was a highly developed genius. But it is ecessary to distinguish between the musician and the man. The an was undeveloped, immature. When George, absorbed in out- de interests, seemed to him lacking in devotion to himself, his anity was wounded, his jealousy was aroused, and he looked for xcuses to justify his resentment. Solange conveniently came for- ard with accusations and Chopin siezed them because he needed em. They made his anger seem reasonable and right.

Thus in the closing act of the Sand family drama George was orsted by her daughter and her friend. After her first explosion e withdrew in silence and let Solange talk and Chopin write as ey pleased.

Chopin, certainly, had no idea that his intimate letters, writ- n in moods of bitter misery, would one day constitute the sole idence offered to the public of a family quarrel in which he had ken a somewhat officious part.

But Solange's defamation was deliberate. Wherever she went e made enemies for her mother. Although George sent her six ousand francs a year, Solange told everyone that her mother re- sed to give her a sou. Although George sent long letters encour- ing her daughter to write fiction, Solange excused her own lazi- ss by complaining to her acquaintances that her mother's per- tent discouragement accounted for her failure to become an thor. Perhaps the best explanation of Solange's filial animosity s given by Henri Fouquier, who quotes her as confiding to him at she hated being the daughter of a genius and wanted to be a ius herself.

If the mother's nature had been more like the daughter's she uld have been better equipped to meet the situation she encoun- ed. George was singularly free from jealousy and vanity. Find- neither of these motives in herself, she never looked for them

in others. When they appeared she was ineffective. Her most signa failure in human relationship was her inability to recognize c cope with jealousy and vanity. These were the emotions whic animated her daughter and her friend.

12

Sand and Chopin, the two who had been so closely related an who had grown so widely estranged, met once again—March 1848, on the stairs of Madame Marliani's house in Paris. On th occasion Chopin announced to Madame Sand that she had becom a grandmother. Solange had not sent word to her mother of th birth of her child.

It was this baby and not, as Chopin fondly maintained, h efforts at playing peacemaker, that reconciled George to he daughter. On the death of the child a week later George sen Solange a loving letter ignoring the past.

But she never trusted Solange again. And Chopin, in illnes loneliness and homesickness for Nohant, never surrendered h allegiance to Solange. Since George would not sacrifice Mauric to Chopin, he retaliated by clinging to Solange.

Was Solange to Chopin but the symbol for his bitterness c spirit? Was that bitterness the expression of his need for mo love? Suspicion, distrust and jealousy were his way of saying tha he wanted George to abandon all others and devote herself to hi alone.

From the time of his rupture with George, Chopin composed n more music. His friends said that his heart was broken. Durin the three years that followed his departure from Nohant he wa slowly dying. He did not write to George or ask her to come t him. George did not write to him or offer to go. But as soon as sh heard of his serious illness she sent a letter to his sister Louis who was in Paris, asking for news of him. Louise never answere her letter. Realizing that her presence would be unwelcome t Chopin's family, George remained at Nohant. Her first successfu

lay "François le Champi" was produced. But she was not in town
o attend the rehearsals or the opening night.

During that autumn while Chopin was dying, many stories
ere circulated to prove that George was heartlessly enjoying life
n Paris. She did not go to Paris until December.

Chopin died October 17, 1849.

Two days before his death his friend Franchomme, leaning over
is bed, heard him murmur, "She told me that I should not die
xcept in her arms."

VIII

LOVE OF HUMANITY

DURING the fatal summer of 1846 there came a day when George knew that she had reached a crisis in her emotional life. She went into the woods and sought out the spot where once she had offered sacrifice to Corambé. As she looked back upon the child who had built the altar, her twelve-year-old self seemed lost in distance. It came over her that she was now forty, more than forty, she was forty-two years old.

Seating herself upon a stone, she yielded to a mood of introspection, letting memory retrace the crucial experiences of her past.

She did not admire the part she had played, neither did she condemn it. She reproached herself for many stupidities. As she summed up her qualities, it seemed to her that she had been faulty in judgment, often absurd, always sincere, never little or vindictive, and entirely oblivious to evil things and evil people.

Her chief difficulty, she realized, was that she had never been able to make her theories harmonize with her emotional nature. In the effort to do so she had changed her ideas many times.

Facing her mistakes, she knew that she had vainly striven to follow a path that had been lost when she fell in love, found when she recovered, and lost when she fell in love again. In a flash of insight she saw the futility and misdirection of her love life. She saw it the more clearly because she thought of it as a thing of the past. She did not, on this day, say to herself, I shall never love again. She accepted it as a certainty that required no words.

The dream of love was over. Then life itself was over. She could not go on. She knew herself, she could not live without love.

Before her stood a heavy stone. Impatient at the sight of it,

ough it were a symbol of the weight that oppressed her, she fted it and pushed it from her. As it fell to the ground she heard erself exclaim, "Good God, I may have forty more years to live!" She saw the years stretch ahead of her, long years of inescapable ork without the consolation of love.

Age, old age and loneliness!

Throwing herself to the ground, she twisted and rolled in the ip of a terrible emotion such as she had felt but twice before her life. As she had wept for her mother, as she had wept in r first passion, she now found herself weeping for lost love, st youth, and dead illusions.

During two hours the yearning for happiness tortured her. hen came reaction. She fell into a trance-like state in which she as able to draw from the roots of her being a mysterious strength ith which to combat despair. Her egoistic longings were over-me, slain by the sheer will to kill them and live on.

In this mastery of instinct by will and intelligence she was mething more than a middle-aged woman; she became a mature ul. Outgrown was the aspiration for an ideal love such as no man being can hope to deserve. Outgrown was the passionate oman who could not live without love.

Turning from her past, for two or three hours she meditated on her future. She resolved to face the hostility of life without tred or resentment, to fight disillusion with faith in human ture, never to make any ambitious plan for herself, never more dream of personal happiness.

Resignation? No; the word repelled her. She was not resigned age and loneliness, she was victorious over them.

She felt a vast tenderness toward others. In the new serenity hich came to her she was content to give without receiving in turn. She could live without being loved but she could not live thout loving. One can live without happiness, she argued, but e cannot live without making use of one's life, and one must this according to one's nature.

She then formulated the principles which were to guide her fo the rest of her days:

Henceforth I shall accept what I am and what I am not. Wit my limitations and my gifts, I shall go on using life as long as am in this world and, as I believe, afterwards. Not to use life— that alone is death.

Thus George abandoned the search for personal love, and i so doing became a greater woman. But she could not live in an by herself alone. She wished to give devotion, if not to a perso then to a cause or an idea. The fundamental force that welde together her many selves and gave them identity was her need c mystic union with something not herself.

The greater George, determined to use her life according t her nature, was impelled to lose herself in impersonal love.

2

The Second Republic was proclaimed in February, 1848. was the result of a revolution of fear. Louis Philippe had ru away to England, leaving a group of idealists to usurp his powe These men formed a government called provisional because professed to exist without self-interest until, by a general ele tion, the people could choose their representatives.

During the period of this peaceful upheaval George Sand w in Paris, and from the window of Guizot's former office sh watched the great parade by which the people manifested fai in the Provisional Government.

The parade headed for the Town Hall. In the procession ea trade, business and profession was represented by appropria symbols. The hastily organized laborers carried spades, axes hoes, while the more dignified businesses displayed gay banne and flags. Conspicuous among the marchers were women a children bearing huge baskets of flowers, to be offered as gifts their disinterested ministers.

In this moving spectacle a novel manner of celebrating freedo

as shown by groups of laborers on their way to the planting of rees. Some of the men marched twelve abreast, supporting a eavy pine tree, the emblem of liberty. If the tree were too big o be carried abreast, it was borne on the shoulders of men march-g in a long line. George thought she counted fifty men carry-g one tree. The sound of tambourines and the cheering of owds added to the excitement. At intervals in the line of arch a band was heard playing. The stirring refrain of the arseillaise floated to the window of ex-minister Guizot.

Hour after hour George watched the marchers. Four hundred ousand men and women passed from the church of the Made-ine on toward the column of July. And they were Republicans nverted to self-government! At least George considered them epublicans, and believed they were able and ready to govern emselves.

She saw the people of France as a harmonious family. The istocrats, she believed, would surrender their privileges, the urgeoisie their riches, the workers their resentment. All groups ould unite to realize the social ideal of which she had dreamed. r this glorious dream, it seemed to her, all men would live and, necessary, die.

Forgotten were the personal demands she had made on life. er enthusiasm now was for the happiness of humanity. For-tten were her sorrows, physical ills and disappointments. She as well, strong, and intensely alive. She felt herself twenty ars old.

And so, as her heart went out to the people and her imagina-n was set on fire, George fell in love again, this time without sire for any return. The object of her worship was the young public.

Early in March expressions of her love began to appear in the rm of public letters addressed to the children of the Republic, r own by adoption. She taught them their rights as citizens, eir duties to one another. These letters were published in pam-

phlet form and sold on the streets for ten centimes. The pro ceeds, so it was stated on the cover, were to go to the unemployed

Her first pamphlet was a *Letter to the Middle Class.* Their duty she told them, was to set a good example. In establishing a bette order of society, the rich, she said, should take the initiative. The must have confidence in the poor and give them opportunity fo work and means of existence. Unless the middle class sided wit the workers in their just demands, she urged, the cause of liberty would be lost.

Then followed a *Letter to the People,* expressing her faith i them. Her emphasis, again, was on the necessity of union betwee the workers and the bourgeoisie. The word classes, she hoped would be erased from the book of the new humanity.

In a further *Letter to the Rich,* she made an effort to calm the fears of a red terror. She used her gift as a writer to defend th Republic. She tried also to reconcile the rich to the thought tha others besides themselves had rights and privileges.

Meanwhile the men who comprised the self-constituted cabine had aroused hopes they could not satisfy. Not only were the unable to organize Utopia, they failed to relieve the prevailin condition of industrial distress. Even though they had bee qualified by experience as statesmen, failure was inevitabl France was in the throes of a financial crisis that had thrown thou sands of men out of work.

Discouraged by this situation, in a second *Letter to the Peop* George was less enthusiastic in her defense of the Republic. He passionate love seemed to have yielded to calm affection, that rec ognized, but was tolerant of, the faults of youth and inexperienc

"Some time has passed," she wrote, "and my dream is not y realized." In this later letter she acknowledged the existence o suspicion, fear and egotism, admitted that the people were ca lumniated, and concluded, "I have seen things which I could no prevision because I cannot understand them."

She did not anticipate and could not understand the pett

eannesses of human nature. In the large family of the state, eorge did but repeat her experience in the small family of No- ant. The classes behaved as her son and her friend had behaved. ach wanted to be first. And the world was full of Solanges who t people against each other and fanned the flames of jealousy. In the large family as in the small, George's attitude was that the dreamer and idealist. But her adopted children did not share r confidence and trust. Their hearts were full of bitterness and tred. On March 17th there was an uprising in Paris and several ople were killed. After this shock the brief period of exaltation ssed. George descended from the clouds and began to demon- rate her practical usefulness.

She recommended to the Minister of Interior that able work- gmen be sent into the provinces to organize and educate their llow workers. The suggestion was accepted by the Provisional overnment, and a hundred thousand francs was appropriated r a campaign of the workers.

Assisted by her right hand man, Victor Borie, George next rted a weekly newspaper of her own. Its sympathies were shown the title, *La Cause du Peuple*.

Among her writings for the Republic George's masterpiece was istory of France prepared for the peasants and simply told in rrichon patois or *langue d'oil*. As the author of this history she ned herself Blaise Bonnin.

Overwhelmed as she was by political activities, her capacity work and ease of production stood her in good stead.

On one of her hasty trips to Nohant she organized a celebration welcome to the new Republic. The festival proved so successful t she felt inspired to offer the idea to the public for use in other ages. On her return to Paris the next evening she hurried from train to her apartment intending to write an article advocat- the new form of propaganda. She rang the bell of the huge r barricading the apartment house from the street. No one wered the bell. Her concierge had also entered politics and

was attending his club. Turning away discouraged, she spent som time hunting for a furnished room in which to spend the nigh after which she was too tired to write. But this discomfort in n wise disturbed her, nor did she allow it to delay her article.

The next morning she went to a restaurant and, while eatin breakfast, composed a long description of the patriotic festiva By the time she had finished her coffee the article was done. I appeared in *La Réforme* two days later.

3

It was soon evident that George Sand's political writings, lik her novels, had an emotional appeal that reached people of a classes. Her numerous contributions to the journals of the da as well as her privately published pamphlets, were widely rea and discussed. They attracted the attention of the Provision Government.

The men in power were undertaking the publication of th *Bulletin of the Republic*, a periodical whose purpose was the edu cation of the nation in the principles of self government. Bulleti number three contained a page of George Sand's *Letter to th People*, bulletin number four included a long passage from he *Letter to the Rich*.

Beginning thus, by quoting from Madame Sand, the men of th cabinet, whether moderates, socialists or radicals, united finally i asking her to write officially for the government. They needed he skill as a writer, so they ignored their prejudice against a woma in politics. George was commissioned to prepare unsigned, unpai articles for the *Bulletin*.

She accepted willingly, and with her usual facility wrote si numbers of the *Bulletin of the Republic* in three weeks.

The busy ministers found it convenient to turn to their gifte collaborator for further literary services. George was glad to pu her pen at their disposal.

Late in March she wrote to Maurice: "Here I am busy as

atesman. Today I wrote two government circulars, one for the inister of Public Instruction and one for the Minister of the terior."

Two days later she wrote again to her son: "I have written umber 7 and 8 of *The Bulletin of the Republic*. I have asked to excused from doing number 9 because I haven't time."

She was pressed for time because she was composing a prologue r the first public performance of the Théâtre de la République, hich in the old days, that is, a month earlier, had been the héâtre Français.

The period of her devotion to the Republic was a thrilling in-lude in George Sand's life. Perhaps no woman had ever lived rough a similar experience.

The public attitude toward a woman politician was shown in rtoons of the period. In one caricature Madame Sand was etched in men's clothes smoking a cigarette. The legend beneath d: "If this portrait of George Sand leaves the mind perplexed, s because genius is abstract and has no sex." In another cartoon was depicted as an attractive woman carrying a big whip to crack of which men were jumping and dancing. Her figure, comparison with the men, was as big as Gulliver among the liputians. Some of the men were hiding beneath her skirts.

George's political prominence surrounded her with a new set of nirers. An English visitor to Paris, Mr. Monkton Milnes, after-rd Lord Houghton, was one of her hero-worshipers. In May gave a literary breakfast in her honor. Prosper Mérimée was sent, also Victor Considérant and the historian, Alexis de cqueville.

"I had a conversation with the celebrated Madame Sand," wrote cqueville in his *Souvenirs*. "Milnes was infatuated with her. . A friend of mine had asked her one day what she thought my book on America. 'The only books I read,' she answered, those that have been given me by their authors.' I had a strong udice against Madame Sand because I detest women who

write, especially those who systematically conceal the weakness of their sex instead of trying to interest us by showing themselv in their true characters.

"In spite of this prejudice," continued Tocqueville magnan mously, "she pleased me. I thought her features rather heavy bu she had a fine, expressive face. All her spirit seemed withdraw into her eyes, leaving the rest of her face to go the way of th flesh. What struck me most was that I felt in her the natur attraction that belongs to great minds. Her manner and langua had a true simplicity, to which she added what was perhaps a affectation of simplicity in dress. I confess that more elaborate dressed she would have seemed to me more simple.

"Madame Sand was at that time a sort of man of politic What she said impressed me greatly. She painted in great det and with singular vivacity the condition of the workers of Par their organization, their number, their arms, their preparation their thoughts, their passions, their terrible plans. I thought th picture exaggerated but it was not. She seemed to take greatly heart the fate which awaited us."

This meeting occurred early in May. It was evident that Geor was then fully aware that her country was on the verge of civ war.

After the general election by which a National Assembly ha taken the place of the Provisional Government, a new group conservative Republicans came into power. George and her frien were now called "reds," "communists," and other terrifyi names.

On May 15th an effort was made to overthrow the Nation Assembly. This revolt was followed by severe repressive measur Paris was filled with armed guards.

George disapproved of the insurrection, and it did not spri from the group with which she was affiliated. Nevertheless radical Republicans were now suspects. Their houses were search and some of them were threatened with arrest. During this peri

of panic George burned her papers and destroyed the intimate ournal in which she had narrated the events of the last three nonths. She refused to take the advice of friends who urged her o fly to Italy, and decided instead to escape the persecutions f Paris by returning to the peace and quiet of her unmolested ountry home.

But in Berry, as in Paris, those she had exhorted to love one nother were full of hatred and fear. Berry had been thoroughly ropagandized by the opposition. The people had been taught hat the program of the radicals was to abolish marriage and re- gion, kill off old people and young children, and institute com- nunity of wives. Moreover, her neighbors were persuaded that was the intention of the radicals to take away their lands and ineyards and give them to the woman they knew as Madame Dudevant.

Inevitably, therefore, George's welcome home to Nohant was recurrence of the popular hysteria which had greeted Aurore the age of seventeen. The peasants forgot her lifelong love and rvice and believed all the stories they had heard.

Passing beneath her windows they shouted, "To the lamp-post! own with Madame Dudevant! Death to communists!"

In June there was a counter-revolution, and the young Re- ublic received its death blow. Hundreds of workers were killed the streets of Paris by the government-owned National Guard. George was heartbroken by this tragic dénouement of her eam. The lofty impersonal love begun in service for the people's use ended like her personal loves, in disillusion and despair. But r letters continued to express the faith and hope she tried to el. The future belonged to the people, she protested, the cause liberty was not destroyed, it was deferred.

To relieve the despondency that continued throughout the mmer, George wrote one of her most successful novels, *La tite Fadette*. This was fourth in the series of pastoral stories of

which *Jeanne, La Mare au Diable,* and *François le Champi* had already been published.

La Petite Fadette not only added to her reputation as a writer; it brought her what she needed more than increased fame,—money with which to pay her debts. Her stay in Paris had cost her thousands of francs. During the money panic of the last year George had been on the point of selling Nohant, when two of her friends came to her assistance with a temporary loan. She had also tried in vain to save the property she had worked to preserve for Solange. But the financial crisis made it impossible for her to negotiate a large loan. The Narbonne house had been seized by Clésinger's creditors.

Fortunately, before the Revolution of February she had finished two volumes of her autobiography for which, late in the winter, she had been paid eleven thousand francs. No more money would be forthcoming until she produced more books.

4

Clearly it was George's duty to herself to stay at home and devote her attention to her own affairs. But in 1851 circumstances in the outside world again compelled her to forget herself for others.

After their downfall the radical Republicans had been left unmolested by the Moderates, who were in power, and Louis Napoleon's election to the presidency had apparently put an end to party conflicts. But on December 2nd, 1851, Napoleon dissolved the National Assembly and, supported by public opinion, made himself sole head of a government that remained a republic in name alone.

As a result of this *Coup d'Etat,* punishment was meted out to all who might possibly be supposed to resist his ambitious plans. Yielding to the advisers by whom he was surrounded, the would-be emperor allowed a wholesale arrest and deportation of those whose principles were opposed to an empire. Eighty-eight mem

bers of the reactionary Assembly were exiled. More than 26,000 men were deported, some for no other reason than that they belonged to harmless organizations. A decree was enforced whereby any man known to belong to a secret society was sent to Algeria.

When this catastrophe happened, George's brothers in the cause of liberty were scattered to the four winds. Some escaped to Belgium, England or more distant countries; others, for lack of passports, were in hiding. The greater number were among those seized and deported to Africa or the Colonial Islands of France, where they were thrown into wretched prisons which often meant slow death. No class was immune. Lawyers, doctors, curés, farmers, all became political prisoners.

For a time George lived in daily expectation of exile or imprisonment. Soon she was informed that her personal safety was assured. But she could not stay at home in peace and security until her friends were free. If one could free them! If one could persuade the Bonapartist Government to declare a general amnesty! Everyone told her that it was impossible to succeed in such a mad attempt. So George attempted the impossible.

She went to Paris and camped on the trail of men who had power over the fate of her friends. She boldly asked for an audience with Napoleon.

The Prince President, as he was then called, had often professed esteem and admiration for the character and opinions of Madame Sand.

Their acquaintance dated back to the days when the obscure nephew of Napoleon the Great had been the prisoner of Louis Philippe in the desolate fortress of Ham. There the unhappy man had occupied his leisure in setting down the democratic theories that embodied his love for mankind. His brochure on the *Extinction of Pauperism* attracted the attention of Madame Sand. She raised it to a friend, who repeated her praise to Napoleon. The timely Napoleon was pleased.

At that period the luckless conspirator was unpopular with the

people of France. He had no influential friends, and his pretensions to the throne were regarded as ridiculous. In the isolation of his prison he needed sympathy, and naturally his need appealed to George. So when, through a mutual friend, the forlorn man begged the illustrious author to write to him she graciously complied. Napoleon answered. She wrote again, and a desultory correspondence was established.

"You who have the qualities of a man without having his faults," Napoleon had written George, "could not be unjust to me. I care for the esteem of men, but I care especially for yours."

Now that the neglected prisoner had become dictator of France he could scarcely ignore the woman who had been to him a friend in need. The request for an audience, therefore, was graciously granted.

As Louis Napoleon took her two hands in his and expressed his high regard for her, George straightway made her position plain. "I am as much of a Republican as you have ever known me to be and I shall never change," was her forthright announcement. She then presented a little list she had brought along. It contained the names of her friends in exile. To guard their dignity she stated frankly, "They will not retract their opinions." She pleaded eloquently for the right of liberty of conscience, concluding with her entreaty, "Amnesty, immediate amnesty, my Prince!"

But amnesty was unthinkable to her Prince. As for Madame Sand's friends, Napoleon looked over the list and promised every man his freedom.

"You see," George wrote triumphantly to a friend, "it is not necessary to commit the cowardice of denying one's opinions in order to be esteemed by people of intelligence."

George soon accumulated another list. Her demands were now carried to the Minister of Interior. Her friends were again exonerated. Then she came back with more names and presented them to the Prefect of Police.

She was a nuisance and she knew it. She was importunate

pestiferous. She preferred to make herself hated rather than leave ner friends unhelped.

For three months the indefatigable Madame Sand did nothing but run back and forth between ministers and secretaries. When the officials were indifferent or forgetful she wrote a letter over their heads to Napoleon, and with few exceptions, those she pleaded for were set free. Sometimes a sentence of death was commuted to one of exile. Most of the men were sent back to their families. Now and then a man was freed on condition that he live in Berry or at Nohant, so that Madame Sand could be held responsible for her protégé.

In February she was granted another audience with the Prince President.

As soon as her power was known, George was deluged with letters from the families of prisoners. Not one letter was left unanswered, not one request ignored. She interceded for all victims. Workmen and intellectuals were equally in need of protection and therefore equally dear to her heart.

Among those in hiding was Alphonse Fleury, her old-time friend. She secured a passport which enabled him to escape to Belgium, where he stayed until the period of vengeance was past. As he needed money and George had none, she borrowed 1000 francs for his benefit.

During her stay in Paris she secured the aid of Prince Jerome Bonaparte, who became her devoted friend. Through Prince Jerome she obtained pardon for a group of prisoners in Africa.

Her labors in favor of the accused were long drawn out and fatiguing. She was exploited on all sides. The Bonapartists published her former letters written to Napoleon as far back as 1844, when the prisoner of Ham had been a staunch upholder of democratic principles. The cordiality of these letters affronted loyal republicans. The foreign press was filled with articles against her, contributed by exiles who were forced to live abroad. But the pigeon-holes of her desk were bursting with letters of gratitude

from those who through her efforts were enabled to return home.

In these pæans of praise she was hailed as "our lady of protection," "savior of political martyrs," "the saint of Berry." Other phrases from the letters sent by liberated men show the excessive admiration she awakened at this time. "I am happy to call you my friend."—"You are a great soul."—"I am prostrate before you as before a divinity."—"Let others admire your genius, I bow before your great heart." A large group of prisoners wrote in a collective letter: "We bless your name, your goodness, your devotion."

Count d'Orsay, moved by George's resolute defense of the unfortunate, wrote to her: "You are a very dear woman, besides being the first man of our times."

As a nurse or savior George was always popular, however much she was hated as a woman of ideas. The general amnesty was not declared, but her efforts in the direction of pardon did not seem futile to those whose lives she saved.

When she attempted the impossible George did not succeed; yet she never wholly failed. In striving to attain her end she went a long way, while those who laughed at her stood still. Her imperviousness to criticism or derision enabled her to live her life without the sustaining approval of public opinion. This spiritual arrogance was, in part, the secret of her resilient power. It helped her to recover from the blows of her enemies and the harder blows of her friends.

5

George's brief political experience taught her that there are only two classes, workers and capitalists, and that the future of society will be determined by the conflict between these two groups.

Having reached this conclusion, it seemed to her of very little importance whether the people of France lived under a monarchy or a republic. Therefore she saw no reason for hating the Bona-

partes. Instead of agreeing with Victor Hugo that Louis Napoleon was a monster, she regarded him as the victim of circumstances. The ex-prisoner of Ham, together with Prince Jerome and Princess Mathilde, seemed to her like other people. Often George, with one or two friends was received informally by Princess Mathilde, while Prince Jerome became an intimate friend, dancing attendance on Madame Sand in Paris and visiting her in the country. In order to avoid talk—this was certainly his own idea, not George's—he made his first visit to Nohant incognito. But his presence there soon became known, and some of George's Republican friends were indignant. Alphonse Fleury, who owed his safety to George's efforts, showed his disapproval by ceasing to call on her.

There was no trace of narrow-mindedness in George. She liked people individually and not according to social classification. As her love of peasants was considered vulgar by snobs, so her friendly relation with the Bonapartes was considered snobbish by the bourgeois; she was accused of choosing her friends outside of her class. But George belonged to no class. She liked the common people best, and she found common people among the rich, even among aristocrats. Wherever men and women were simple, unpretentious and sincere, she felt at home.

Surrounded by prejudices she did not share, the inflexible George went her own way, allowing others an equal liberty of opinion. Though she often aroused hard feelings she cherished none herself.

Not even toward Casimir did George harbor resentment. According to the terms of their judicial separation, Maurice never failed to make his stipulated yearly visit to his father at Guillery, where he enjoyed the hunting season. George carefully refrained from prejudicing her son against her husband. But while she forgave and forgot, Casimir resented and remembered, as an event in his later life proved.

In his old age Baron Dudevant wanted to belong to the Legion

of Honor. True, he had done nothing to deserve this reward. All the more did he crave the outward symbol of merit he did not possess. Sitting at home and nursing his grievances, Casimir composed a formal epistle to Napoleon urging his claims for recognition. First he mentioned his father's military standing; next he brought forward, rather apologetically, his own services as mayor of his little town. Finally he reached the chief reason why he believed he should be honored by his country:

"Far more than this," wrote Casimir to Napoleon, "I make bold to plead my domestic unhappiness, which belongs to history. Married to Lucile Dupin, known to the world of literature by the name of George Sand, I have been cruelly wounded in the affections of a husband and a father, and I believe I deserve the sympathetic interest of all those who have followed the sad events which have shown this side of my existence."

No doubt Baron Dudevant did deserve some kind of medal for being George's husband. But Napoleon thought otherwise and Casimir's affliction was not officially recognized.

IX

THE THEATRE

A YEAR after the *Coup d'Etat*, Napoleon's deep-laid plans culminated in a carefully prepared plebiscite by means of hich his claim to the throne was placed before the people. They ted for an empire. The very men who had taken part in the eat parade of 1848 abdicated in favor of a master. Inheritors as ey were of the kingly tradition, the people of France remained narchist at heart. The struggle for a republic was indefinitely stponed.

Rather than succumb to depression George moved on to a esh enthusiasm. The theatre became her new interest in life. If ople refused to be reformed they could at least be amused. *François le Champi*, produced in 1849, a year after the revolun, was her first stage triumph. This play succeeded because it s original. Melodrama was the fashion, and *François le Champi* fered a simple story of peasant life. The Berrichon folk songs d costumes, manners and speech, delighted the volatile Parisians. e peasant play became the sensation of the hour. For a time it s the fashion to admire whatever was rustic. Every vaudeville tch of that time was an attempt to imitate George's play. *François le Champi* was followed by *Claudie* in 1852. During s reactionary period there was a widespread fear of subversive ories. The police were not concerned with morals. They cened *Claudie*, not because the heroine had wandered from the th of virtue nor because the lost girl was allowed an honorable d happy end, but solely because the play was written by George nd. The censors feared that somewhere in the text there lurked nenace to private property.

For the protection of society, therefore, the following danger-

ous sentence was expurgated: "Justice will be done. God has promised it, and he will keep his word." Another phrase cut out from the play was: "The sheaf of wheat is the pillow of the people." After these incendiary speeches had been eliminated, *Claudie* was allowed to appear and it proved a huge success.

In a parody of the play which appeared a few weeks later a more discriminating sense of conventional moral values was shown. The parody was entitled *Claudine, or the Advantages of Misconduct.*

In the excitement of the censorship fight George wrote to Augustine: "Happily I take these conflicts with a great deal of calm. Nothing astonishes me any more."

In her plays, as in her life, George protested against convention and tradition. She maintained that the subtleties of emotion offer sufficient motive for drama, without the aid of artificially induced dramatic incidents. This new point of view was unpopular with the critics, but her plays were welcomed by the public, as was proved by the fact that during the five years between 1850 and 1856 twelve plays by George Sand were produced in the leading theatres of Paris. Meanwhile the indomitable George continued her usual output of two novels a year. Of more enduring fame than her pastoral plays, two society dramas, *le Mariage de Victorine* and *Le Marquis de Villemer,* were for a long time included in the repertoire of the French stage.

Yet George was not considered a great playwright. She lacked humor and was not skillful in dramatic construction. A knowledge of psychology and a direct appeal to the emotions compensated for these obvious deficiencies.

Zola, who disliked both Madame Sand and her writings, said of her in his *Dramatic Artists:* "George Sand must be recognized as a playwright. She triumphs in the theatre by her honesty, by the calm and tender feeling with which she interprets the passions."

As a dramatist George exhibited the same amazing facility she

ad shown as a novelist. At one time she submitted the five-act lay *Nanon* to M. Chilly, director of the Odéon. He objected to ne second act and pointed out certain necessary alterations. "I nderstand," George answered with her usual economy of words. he next day she showed M. Chilly an act, not merely altered ut rewritten. Then she handed him another version. During the ght she had written two entirely new second acts that he might noose between them.

2

The young actress, Sarah Bernhardt, appeared in three of the nd plays and professed great affection for Madame Sand. She s recorded her memories of George, the playwright, attending e rehearsals of her two plays, *Le Marquis de Villemer* and *Fran-is le Champi,* in which the divine Sarah played, in turn, when e was twenty-one years old.

"Madame George Sand," wrote Madame Bernhardt, "was a eet charming creature, extremely timid. She did not talk much, t smoked all the time. Her large eyes were always dreamy, and r mouth, which was rather heavy, had the kindest expression. vatched her with the most romantic affection, for had she not en the heroine of a splendid love experience!

"I used to sit down beside her, and when I took her hand in ne I held it as long as possible. Her voice, too, fascinated me.

"Prince Napoleon often came to George Sand's rehearsals. He s extremely fond of her. Madame Sand introduced me to him. carcely replied to his compliments and went closer to Madame nd.

' 'Why, she is in love with you!' he exclaimed laughingly.

'George Sand stroked my cheek gently.

' 'She is my little Madonna,' she answered, 'do not torment .' "

On another occasion when Bernhardt had tried to commit sui-e George went to see her, and, forgetting the suicidal moods of

her own youth, preached to the reckless woman the beauty and value of life.

George had always felt a friendly affinity for actors, and since the days of her theatrical successes in the convent she had adored the stage.

"I like actors," she said, "and this has often scandalized my conventional friends. I have also been criticised for liking peasants among whom I have passed my life. As peasants labor in the light of the sun to give us our daily bread, so actors, toiling at night by gaslight, give us the food by which our imaginations are nourished. And this food is needed by our minds, so often wearied and worried by the realities of life."

Through her plays George made new contacts with the men and women of the stage, many of whom became her friends. They visited Nohant, where they enjoyed private theatricals in which they often took part.

Theatricals at Nohant had become a family institution. As soon as guests arrived, a play was put in preparation, and during luncheon and dinner nothing was talked about but the play. George, who disliked gossip and small talk, was happy in this impersonal social atmosphere which provided an interest everyone could share. She wrote plays for Nohant as well as for Paris and her public performances were tried out on the family stage.

In the midst of these new activities George wrote to Madame Viardot: "Nohant is no longer Nohant, it is a theatre. My children are no longer my children, they are dramatic artists. I am no longer Madame Sand, I am a distinguished leading rôle. We have all the amusement and none of the burdens of art."

3

Maurice had inaugurated a theatrical venture of his own. His enthusiasm was a Punch and Judy show, which he operated on a large scale. His theatre was provided with scenery, footlights, and an elaborate lighting system. It reproduced in miniature, sur

oon, stars, waterfalls, thunder and lightning, and every acces-
ry of the real stage.

Maurice carved the puppets and used his art as a painter to
ve their faces the illusion of life. George spent her evenings fab-
cating tiny costumes out of bits of chiffon and silk. In this co-
eration Maurice carved and George dressed over one hundred
arionettes. While her fingers were busy sewing, George's
oughts were occupied in the preparation of appropriate sce-
rios for blood-and-thunder Punch and Judy plays.

George's big stage and Maurice's small stage used the same audi-
ce hall, a large room on the ground floor. The stage for real
tors occupied one end of the hall, while the Punch and Judy
eatre had been built into the wall at one side of the room.
hile seeing one of George's plays, the audience faced the big
ge. Then they turned sidewise or moved their chairs half way
ound, to witness a performance of Maurice's marionettes.

The audience comprised intimate friends, together with the
vants and peasants of the neighborhood. Augustine, now Ma-
me Bertholdi, was leading lady, Maurice or Lambert leading
n; George took various rôles, either of a woman or, quite as
en, of a man. She liked to play dukes or villains, but when,
the absence of Augustine, she was sometimes inveigled into the
e of leading lady, she was miserable and ill at ease. She was not
ough of an actress, she explained, to forget her appearance and
ume the personality of a young girl.

At the age of fifty George's figure was matronly, her face was
vy, and she had developed a double chin. However, most of
men who had been friends of her youth were bald and fat,
she casually recognized that she shared a common fate. She
s middle-aged and unashamed, regarding herself as a human
ng made for achievement rather than as a woman born to
se.

But when strangers met her they ignored her human qualities
looked for the feminine attributes of beauty and fascination.

George made no effort to charm or dazzle. If the conversation did not happen to excite her interest she had nothing to say. She never dressed to decorate the room. Her clothes were plain and dark. Her hair was parted in the middle and coiled on the back of her head. She did nothing to improve her appearance, except that for the sake of neatness she wore a hair net.

Many a man who also had lost his figure and who dressed as plainly as George, nevertheless felt incensed, when he found her no more beautiful than himself.

The impressions of Charles Dickens on meeting George in 1856 were confided to the actor, William McCready:

"Day before yesterday," wrote Mr. Dickens, "I dined with the admirable Madame Viardot in order to meet, as a special favor, the very great, very illustrious, very celebrated George Sand. Alas! One more illusion shattered by cruel reality. The author of so many brilliant works does not in the least resemble the romantic portrait I had made of her. . . . There is nothing of the blue-stocking about her, unless it is in the little tone of finality with which she includes your opinion in her own. Her mind is said to be very brilliant, but I could not judge it as she did not condescend to let it appear. She is just a good woman, very ordinary in face, conversation and manner."

X

THE SAND-MUSSET CONTROVERSY

N 1857 occurred the death of Alfred de Musset.

George and Alfred, after their romance ended, had met oc-sionally to discuss the disposition of their letters. From the mantic point of view, which both shared, it seemed fitting that ch exalted expressions of love should be saved for posterity. ey agreed, therefore, that the letters should be published, and r this future purpose the correspondence was left in the care of mutual friend. Alfred handed over his letters with the ad-nition that they must never be shown to his brother Paul.

George found these meetings with Alfred rather painful. Dur- his later years, Musset was usually under the influence of inthe. When he last called on George he was intoxicated, and, e to his character of old, he wept.

Beginning with his poem "*La Nuit de Mai,*" written three nths after their rupture, Musset had for many years been mak- literature out of their love affair. Whenever he needed money turned his thoughts backward, reopened his wound, and tched the blood flow while he composed a poem. Not that he r mentioned George's name. He merely referred to "those s," and everyone understood. On one occasion a mistress with e eyes took exception to his constant reference to the dark s that haunted him, so in his next poem he apostrophized blue s; still everyone understood, and as the poet continued to ap- l to the public for sympathy it was liberally given.

George met these poetic effusions with silence.

ess than six months after the break between the lovers ap-red Musset's *La Confession d'un Enfant du siècle*. In this book poet created two heroines. On one he vented his bitterness and

vengeance, the other he idealized and defended. This device en abled him to give full expression to all his emotions about th woman who had been the chief passion of his life.

Seven years after the rupture Alfred published *l'Histoire d'u Merle Blanc,* in which he chronicled the sufferings of a wholl exceptional male blackbird born with white plumage. Accordin to the story, this gifted being met a female blackbird who ap peared to be white like himself. The deluded male took her fo his mate. But after the manner of women she gave him occasio for weeping. He wept over her so often that the white on he feathers was washed away by his tears. Alas, she had painted her self to pretend to be his equal. She was just a little female bir like all the rest.

As he continues his story, Musset's professional vanity is un consciously revealed:

"At first I did not know that my beloved was an authoress. Sh told me about it after a while. I shall leave you to imagine ho pleased I was over this charming discovery. From this time on w worked together. While I composed my poems she scribbled ov reams of paper. I recited my poems to her aloud, which did no in the least prevent her from continuing her own work.

"She composed her novels with a facility which almost equale my own, always choosing the most dramatic subjects. Then, as side issue, she took care in passing to attack the government an to preach the emancipation of female blackbirds. Before settin herself to work she never sketched any plan or bothered her hea about construction. She was the typical literary lady blackbird

This little sketch was extremely popular. It expressed the r sentment felt toward George by other authors.

When the fable appeared George still remained silent. Wi unfeminine restraint. in the face of Alfred's exploitation of the love affair, she maintained her silence during twenty-four yea But in George's nature silence, if too long sustained, was apt prove as dangerous as a slumbering volcano.

When Alfred de Musset died it was generally supposed by those ho read his poems that George Sand had broken his heart and used his untimely end.

George then decided that it was time to give her version of the ve affair. Two years after the death of the poet she wrote with nsiderable detachment what has been described by John Oliver obbes as "the sanest account of a sentimental experience ever ritten."

This novel, entitled *Elle et Lui,* appeared in the *Revue des Deux ondes.* The editor, François Buloz, wrote to her concerning it: t is an elevated work, a beautiful picture of a man of genius in nflict with vice, but not a work of vengeance. Certainly you did t kill the poet, as has been said. On the contrary you gave him most beautiful inspirations, which have not always been very ll veiled."

Elle et Lui was answered by *Lui et Elle,* written by Alfred's other Paul de Musset.

Lui et Elle, though in the form of a novel, was merely a pamlet of hate. Whereas George had written out of her own expence, Paul had nothing to write from except his memories of fred's bitter words. There were nights when Alfred had come me somewhat overstimulated and had poured out incoherent ings against the woman he still hated and had never ceased to e. Did not Alfred always talk to Paul when he hated George? ese ravings were put in Paul's book as "dictated statements" m Alfred.

"It is Alfred de Musset speaking," wrote Paul authoritatively, inning his accusations against George. Considering Musset's ntal unbalance, if he did speak why should anyone take his rds seriously?

The world at large, loving his poetry and supposing him as lful as the poetry he wrote, did take seriously every word in l's book and regarded George as a vampire. That legend, with Pauline amplifications, took the place of history.

Separated from the credulous public by an intimate knowledg of Musset's idiosyncrasies, was one superior and intelligent woma who sympathized with George.

Madame Allen-Despeaux was the gifted actress who had pu Musset's plays into the theatre and created for him his vogue a playwright. She also became his mistress. In 1849 Madame Alle wrote a confidential letter to her friend Madame Sampson-Tou saint, explaining the strange moods of her lover Musset:

"He has attacks of nerves which lead to brainstorms, he h hallucinations and deliriums. Merely to let oneself be loved by hi is drudgery. In this stormy character doubt and suspicion are in separable from a long train of bitter memories which, to tell t truth, are those of an ex-libertine. I have never seen a more stril ing contrast than that which exists between the two beings in prisoned in this single individual. The one being is sweet an tender, weeping at any trifling emotion. Turn the page and e amine the other side, you have to do with a man possessed by demon. He is mad, hard and petty. He is distrustful to the poi of insult. He blasphemes everything."

It was the man thus described by a wise, observing woman w was held up to the public as one whose diatribes and blasphem should be believed.

Lui et Elle disclosed also that Alfred had betrayed George showing Paul her intimate journal intended for her lover's ey alone. This journal was a complete exposure of the trance-li obsession George lived in for a brief period when she was, as s expressed it, the "slave of passion." During her slavery she ide tified herself with Alfred and took over his point of view.

As long as they were living together Alfred was denied knowledge of this self-annihilating confession. George had se her journal to him after their separation, hoping that the sto of her suffering would soften his anger and enable them to rega each other with feelings of sympathetic friendship. She had wr

n Alfred of her unbearable fear that their love and tenderness ight end in anger and resentment.

On receiving George's journal, Alfred, so Paul declared, had ughed at the pitiful history of George's love for him and had iticised her phrases as well as her actions. Since, according to ul's own statement, the brothers thus discussed George's jour-l, Alfred certainly showed it to Paul, and after Alfred's death ul had the manuscript, or a copy of it, in his possession or he uld not have quoted from it in his book.

Paul de Musset was an author whose works had made no lasting pression, whereas Alfred's poems had given prominence to the usset name. Alfred's reputation was Paul's only claim to fame. e naturally made a cult of his brother and tried to present him the public as a faultless man driven to ruin by a woman.

George made no direct reply to Paul's attack on her. But in the eface to her next novel, *Jean de la Roche,* she referred to the t that a certain poet would speak for himself one day. This erence was to Alfred's letters which contradicted Paul's state-nts.

The two books, *Elle et Lui* and *Lui et Elle,* created a sensation. a result of the widespread interest they aroused, their theme s to become "the great love affair of the century," "the classic e affair of literature," "a love as well known as that of Abélard l Héloïse or Romeo and Juliet."

But along with the fame of the Sand-Musset love affair went noise of the Sand-Musset controversy.

In the course of time the literary public was divided into Mus-sts and Sandists. The famous love affair was debated in col-es, discussed at dinner tables, and set forth in books, pamphlets, cles and poems.

All because Alfred told the public of his sufferings, and George wered by telling hers, and Paul answered back again claiming ater suffering for Alfred.

Which suffered more, George or Alfred? Everyone helped to decide the important question.

During George Sand's lifetime the amazing thing about the controversy was the attitude of George herself. She let Paul's legends circulate and grow, without publishing the letters from Alfred which would have vindicated her name. On one occasion when she was tempted to publish them she took counsel of Sainte-Beuve.

"Three horrible things," she wrote to him, "do not weigh on the conscience of your friend; the exhibition of a new love before the eyes of a dying man; the threat, even the thought, of shutting him up in a madhouse; the effort to attract him and get him back again, in spite of himself, after he was cured of his love."

These three indictments, included among others in Paul de Musset's book, especially outraged George's sense of justice. Musset's letters disproved these accusations, yet Sainte-Beuve advised against the publication of the letters.

"Your advice is good," George answered, "I shall follow it. The letters will not appear until after my death."

She ended with her usual magnanimity, "Peace and pardon that is the whole conclusion. But in the future, a ray of truth to throw light on this history."

XI

MOTHER GEORGE

THE older and homelier she grew, the more George was surrounded by young men. Some of them stayed at Nohant for onths at a time, as though they preferred her to their families. thers from a distance expressed their affection in letters. They lt that in writing to George they confided their thoughts and oblems to one who was a sort of mother, yet, in her understandg of young men, a sort of father as well.

In their attitude toward George her present friends differed om her former lovers. Their vanity was not involved in their fection. From the beginning these young bachelors had accepted r, not as a maddening woman who outraged their traditions, t as a superior human being who excited interest and deserved spect. The years that separated their youthful ambitions from r mature achievements prevented any feeling of competition. George preached to her admirers, they thought it rather sweet her to show interest in their affairs. If she spoke with author-, they were interested in the wisdom of her experience.

George's ideas, once unbecomingly large for a beautiful young oman, were now the fitting philosophy of plain middle age. e had grown up to her own precocious mind. Her personality s stronger than it had been a generation earlier, but now no one ed to dominate her strength, so she ceased to antagonize. Her wer was, as always, painstakingly concealed behind the calm terior which she maintained for days or weeks on end. Then, it always had done, her repressed intensity burst into eloquence expressed itself in unexpected self-assertion. But these so-called sculine moods were not overwhelming to the new generation. ey were, on the contrary, considered more inspiring than the

monotonous sweetness and continuous small talk of other less exhilarating women.

And George's habitual silences, which so offended strangers, were soothing to her intimate friends. Guests found her a restful hostess, as was proved by the length of their stay.

There was an easy hospitality at Nohant. No limit was ever set to an invitation to Madame Sand's home. People were often invited to "come and stay a year or two," though seldom did anyone, like Eugene Lambert, remain a visitor for twelve years.

The fascination of Nohant lay in the fact that everyone was free to do as he pleased. One read, slept, walked or worked without interference. The mistress of the house gave no more than her early evenings to her guests. Sometimes she came to luncheon and disappeared again for the afternoon. Often she did not appear until dinner time.

When George was in her early fifties, the more or less permanent guests of the family were, besides Lambert, Victor Borie, Fulbert Martin, Emile Aucante and Maurice's friend, Alexandre Manceau.

Manceau, a pupil of Delacroix and a talented engraver, was congenial to Maurice through their common interest in art. George had found him at Nohant on her return from Paris in 1850. After observing him for a few days her first comment on Manceau was, "He helps everyone, thinks of everyone, but himself."

Manceau's unselfishness was shown in his friendship for Maurice. Whatever Maurice started, Manceau finished. When Maurice decided to write a book on butterflies, Manceau helped collect data and took care of the cocoons. When Maurice made sketches to illustrate a book on Napoleon I, then turned from Napoleon to some new interest, Manceau completed the engravings.

The gifted Maurice was too versatile to choose a vocation or even adhere to one avocation. In consequence he remained

eatly admired amateur in many arts and never became a rec-
nized artist.

While Maurice was in a mood of enthusiasm over his mario-
ttes he took them to Paris one winter, and added to his social
opularity by presenting his plays in the homes of his friends.
mbert, Borie and Manceau spent several months at Nohant try-
g to console George for the absence of her son. After a time
mbert and Borie drifted away and Manceau stayed on.

A curious relation developed between George and her son's
iend. Maurice's "Damon," as he came to be known, gradually
pped into the life of Nohant and became George's fidus Achates.
George had not brought up her children to wait on her or
ncern themselves about her work. Fortunately Damon had
t been educated by George. Her exhausting literary labors ap-
aled to his sympathies. It seemed to him that someone ought to
lp her, and since her children were both enjoying Paris he felt
clined to subordinate what he regarded as his small contribution
art for her greater one. With no urge but his own inner com-
lsion he undertook to classify and assort her manuscript. Then
took over the bookkeeping and paying of bills. Amazed at the
lume of her correspondence, he acquired the habit of classify-
g the mail and answering her formal letters. He also found time
take charge of the renovations that were always going on at
hant, such as enlarging the theatre and reconstructing a studio
Maurice. Finally, seeing how burdensome George found the
sekeeping, he kept house. In short, he surrounded George with
attentions an important man usually receives from his family.
Manceau's feeling for George approached worship. He relieved
of all drudgery, and felt repaid by contemplating the greater
mber of pages she was able to produce. Tired George found to
surprise that for the first time in her life she was regarded
hero in her own home.

Meanwhile the industrious Manceau continued to support him-
by his excellent engravings. He even had money to lend

George when, as not infrequently happened, she found her purse empty. But, like a woman working at home, Manceau considered his own work a side issue. When George did not need him, he engraved.

At night when George retired to begin her writing she found her desk made ready with everything necessary for her work. Nor did Manceau ever forget the glass of sweetened water or light wine she was accustomed to sip while she wrote. In the evening when she sat down in her favorite armchair in the salon, Manceau handed her cigarette paper, her pouch of tobacco and matches. Then he placed paper, pen and ink on the table by her side, in case she might feel in the mood to write.

The Goncourt brothers, after visiting Nohant, reported this assiduous devotion with a fine sense of humor. It did not seem to these two old bachelors either dignified or appropriate that attentions usually described as feminine should be received by a woman from a man. Yet judged as a worker, George deserved feminine attentions if ever a man did.

But how could George, who had asserted a life-long independence, consistently become, as she did, helplessly dependent on Manceau? She had protested against, and indeed her nature was incapable of, feminine dependence. She did not want to be provided for, or protected, guarded and guided. But she found it natural to lean on Manceau as a strong self-reliant man leans on a daughter or a wife. She liked the lesser attentions of sympathy and service that helped, without attempting to direct, her own self-expression.

Her helplessness was husbandlike. And Manceau's place in the home was a wifely one. When George made an occasional trip to Paris, Manceau looked up the train, packed the trunks, engaged a carriage to drive them part way, and arranged every comfort for the journey. At Paris he helped her with her shopping, accompanied her to the theatre, was taken along on all her calls, and was received with her by Princess Mathilde. When George, in turn, en

tertained callers in her apartment on Rue Racine, it was Manceau who opened the door and welcomed the visitors while George remained seated in an armchair smoking her ubiquitous cigarettes. If the conversation languished, as it usually did under George's uninspiring silence, Manceau animated it with anecdotes about George. According to the Goncourts, Manceau's attitude toward George was that of "the proud exhibitor of some great phenomenon."

2

Trips to Paris were few and far between. Hero and hero-worshiper lived in the country winter and summer for the sake of George's work. And while Manceau at Nohant was doing his best to lighten George's burdens, Maurice in Paris was adding to them by turning to his mother for means to continue his bachelor existence.

Maurice, at thirty, had not yet decided whether to be a novelist, a playwright, a painter, an engraver or an entomologist. George awaited this momentous decision with maternal patience. But she was distressed because her vacillating son turned from one interest to another instead of preparing himself for a life work.

In a letter written late in April, 1852, George came nearer than ever before in her life to scolding her adored son.

"I wish that while you are in Paris you would think about working, if not at painting, at least at drawing, which will always be useful to you. I do not believe you would be wise to renounce painting if you can study it in Paris. Can you? And will you? The question has never been decided. For this purpose you do not need to spend five or even four hundred francs a month. That means an income of six thousand francs a year which is quite impossible. We haven't as much as that. You ought not to rent an apartment with a studio for seven or eight hundred francs unless you use it for serious work. All this you alone can determine. I

will co-operate with you as much as you wish, but if at the end of several months, I find that you continue to loaf and these sacrifices are made to no purpose, you are too reasonable to ask me to go on working like a negro in order to help you waste your time. I leave all this entirely to you. I will do whatever you wish, however unhappy I am in being separated from you."

In a letter written a week later she described the quiet life at Nohant:

"In the evening we read Cooper, with Martin and Manceau, while I embroider tapestry for the mantelpiece. We go to our rooms at half past ten and I work until three o'clock, continuing my work in the daytime from one o'clock until six.

"I think I spoke to you of my play and told you I was writing a novel. I finished the first volume in fifteen days and am now writing the second volume, which will be completed by the middle of May. Immediately afterwards I shall return to my play."

This letter was dated April 28, 1852. George's state of mind at the time is explained by the fact, concealed from her son, that five days earlier she had received a disturbing letter from her daughter.

Solange was living in Paris awaiting a decision in her legal proceedings against her husband. The bond between these two violent natures endured scarcely a year. Frequent quarrels, followed by reconciliations, had culminated in a suit for judicial separation. George had stood back of Solange through all her troubles, helping her unfortunate child with money and sympathy, though Solange was difficult to assist. George in her younger days, and in a similar situation, had found refuge in work. Solange sought consolation in amusement. She sent her mother a letter full of insinuations and accusations. She felt lonely and abused, she wanted to enjoy the gay life of Paris. "It takes a great deal of courage for me to keep straight," Solange confessed.

In a long letter answering her daughter's complaints George

pointed out that Solange pushed away her friends and then pitied herself for being deserted. She found everyone detestable yet wanted to be loved. "Are you the victim of general injustice," George asked Solange, "or of your own character, which is disdainful and capricious and which exacts everything from others without giving anything in return? You complain of those who abandon you, without understanding that you have repulsed or wounded everyone.

"And now in order to console yourself you want money, a great deal of money. In luxury, idleness and excitement you wish to forget the emptiness of your heart. But to give you what you need I should be obliged to work twice as hard, which would mean, since the work I am now doing exceeds my strength, that I should die in six months. And if I should die you would not long remain rich. My death would do you no good because my heritage will not make you rich at all, you and your brother. I cannot do double the work I am doing now and live for any length of time. Besides, is it proved that it is my duty to you to make myself a horse in a treadmill in order to keep you in luxury and pleasure? No, it has not been demonstrated to me that this is true, and permit me to believe that it is not merely 'the fear of disturbing my own little comforts,' as you put it, which prevents me from consummating this stupid suicide, it is a truer sense of justice. The idea of killing myself in order to keep you amused goes contrary to my other duties in this world.

"Now let us consider my financial situation and yours. For the three of us we have an income of seven thousand francs. The rest comes out of my brain, my toiling nights, my burnt-up blood, and my strained and tired nerves. I will give you more than I can afford, but I refuse to be influenced by useless complaints.

"I know that in your eyes I shall always be the cause of your misfortunes. I shall never be rich enough to decorate your life by giving you equipages and expensive clothes. You will always

confide your grievances to others and they will circulate your stories that you are the victim of my neglect. Well, I shall let them talk and you will not be any richer or better befriended because of the stories you circulate.

"The reflections in your letter on the 'women of heart and judgment' who, 'like girls with no education' sometimes succumb to 'pleasure and vice,' make me think that your husband did not always lie when he said you made certain threats to him. My poor child, there are moments when you do not know what you think or what you say. It was in one of those moments that you wrote me the strange paradox which is in your letter. No, women of heart and judgment never succumb to the attractions of vice. For vice has no attractions and no seductions except for those who are without judgment and without heart. A mother reads such words with pity, but a husband cannot hear them without fury or despair.

"Do you really find it difficult to be poor and isolated and not fall into vice? Is it really hard for you to keep straight because for twenty-four hours you have been between four walls and have heard women laugh and horses gallop outside? True unhappiness is to have a brain capable of conceiving such reasoning as yours, 'I must have happiness or vice.'

"I have seen young women fight against passions of the heart or senses, in fear of succumbing to involuntary attractions. But I have never seen one brought up as you have been, in an atmosphere of dignity and moral liberty, who was afraid of privations. A woman of heart and judgment, no matter how strong she is, may fear lest she be led astray by love but never by cupidity. Good night, my daughter. Read this letter not once but three times. It will make you angry the first time, but at the third reading you will agree with me and you will not revert to your bad dream. Just the same I kiss you, and tenderly.

Your mother.

Take your courage in both hands."

But it was in vain to try to dissuade Solange from "falling into vice," as she bluntly expressed it. After her separation from her husband she attached herself to men who could provide her with the luxuries she craved. George never deserted her daughter. Even while Solange was living with a wealthy foreigner of title, George continued to send her six thousand francs a year, so that in case Solange wished to return to a normal life she would find means at her disposal.

The difference in viewpoint between George and Solange was shown in one sentence in George's letter: "A woman of heart and judgment may be led astray by love but never by cupidity." George distinguished between a disinterested union of love and a loveless union of self-interest. But her critics made no such distinction. They summed up the history of Solange's life in the phrase "like mother, like daughter."

Two women were never more unlike than George and her daughter of the flesh but not of the spirit. George threw away her reputation but clung to her self-respect. And she was so exceptional in strength, goodness and achievement that she did not need what she had thrown away. George was able to live down mistakes and compel the respect of others, while poor Solange, having thrown away both self-respect and reputation, had no great qualities or achievements with which to reconstruct her life. When youth was over, the embittered woman turned her thoughts to the mother whom, perhaps, in spite of hatred and jealousy she had always inconsistently loved. At the death of Baron Dudevant Solange inherited one-half of his little fortune. She bought a country place near Nohant and continued to afflict the family by her presence during the remainder of her days.

3

When George hardened her heart against exploitation, she never succeeded in sustaining her mood of self-defense. Temporary revolt was sure to be followed by an affectionate letter enclosing

a cheque. Theoretically, she did not believe in futile self-sacrifice but resistance to the demands of others was merely a part of her thought processes and did not reach her instinctive being. Her instinct to give was more than the normal outgoing. It was a leak in her heart and the hole could not be stopped.

It was her fault that people took advantage of her kindness. She invited imposition and they imposed. Thus it followed that she was surrounded by protégés sent to her by intimate friends. If a young man needed patronage, someone was sure to say, "Get Madame Sand interested in him," "Let Madame Sand help him," and he was provided with a letter of introduction, and sent to Nohant.

In Berry also, innumerable families depended on Madame Sand to get their sons "placed." This placing of sons was a friendly service that cost George time and worry. She was often annoyed by importunate people. In response to their need she was persuaded to write letters to those of her friends who had influence and position. Thus she herself was obliged to become importunate. Like a chain letter, pleading and begging brought to George had often to be passed on by her to others. Her appeals were gentle and appreciative, seldom indeed were they left ignored.

Having allowed herself to become the victim of her own generous impulses, she sometimes experienced moods of reaction in which she felt an impulse to run away. But she controlled or repressed her longing to travel and found change of scene by living outside of herself. Her mind thus acquired a fine detachment. She fell into the habit of speaking of herself as "she" or more often as "he." From some vantage ground outside of, or above herself, she looked at "the individual called George Sand" and found her rather ordinary and dull. "I would not be interested in myself," she said, "if I had the honor of meeting me."

Between the ages of fifty and sixty George's vocabulary changed. The words happiness, passion, ecstasy, despair, suicide, passed out of use. In their place were substituted serenity, tran-

quillity, peace, and, more especially, the word escape. In letters of consolation and advice, she urged others to escape from self, in study and work. Her heroines of this period were often depicted as seeking escape from self.

George learned many ways of "escape from me," as she expressed it. She forgot herself for hours at a time in the study of nature. Her library was filled with books of information on birds, trees, flowers and stones. One side of the room was fitted with shelves for the various specimens she had accumulated. The study of nature became a new love-life which absorbed the affection and interest of her later years. Several of her heroines were also addicted to the study of natural history.

But since her running away was always subjective, she continued to long for an actual, material place of retreat. She expressed this desire to her friend Charles Poncy, in a letter written July 1856.

"I am always aspiring toward *absence*. To me, absence means a little corner where I can rest from all worldly affairs, all worry, every relation that is boresome, all domestic bother, and all responsibility for my own existence. That is what I found last year at Frascati, for three weeks. That is what I ask the good Lord to find again for me, for six months, in some place where the sky is soft and nature is picturesque; a very modest dream, but it has floated before me for ten successive years and has never allowed itself to be caught."

This longing for absence was further incarnated in a vision by which she had long been haunted. For many years George had dreamed intermittently of a solitary house given her to inhabit alone or with one or two friends. Now, more than ever, the imaginary house occupied her thoughts. As though to rid herself of the obsession she wrote an article, *La Maison déserte*, and because it contained her intimate reveries, she published it anonymously.

While George dreamed and wrote her dream, Manceau set about

fulfilling it. George felt she must not spend money for herself, so the devoted Manceau spent his own money for George. He bought a cottage in a place she loved. The place was Gargilesse.

George had once visited Gargilesse with a friend who was a naturalist. She had fallen in love with the little village situated in a deep valley surrounded by mountains. Although only thirty miles from Nohant, the village was so hidden and barricaded from the world, it seemed to George an ideal retreat.

Manceau's cottage, repaired and furnished by him with meticulous care, provided her with an escape from the importunate. Maurice and an occasional close friend were often invited to "the Villa Manceau." In *Promenades autour d'un village* George described their sorties into the surrounding neighborhood.

In the winter of 1858, George was writing *L'Homme de Neige.* The scene was laid in Sweden, a country she had never visited. George prepared for her novel by reading several books on Sweden. Nevertheless, as she confided to Manceau, she doubted her ability to do justice to the scenery.

Manceau rose to the emergency by arranging a visit to Gargilesse, so that George could observe the winter landscape. Having reached the village, he drove George up and down the hilliest roads he could find. But the trip seemed wasted, as the scenery was hidden behind heavy fogs. Soon George, soothed by the motion of the carriage, fell asleep. As they drove around the snow-capped, fog-wrapped mountains, Manceau allowed his revered friend to continue her nap.

At night, thoroughly rested, George's mind became active. As she looked from her window, where there was blackness and fog, she seemed to see vast cañons of northern Scandinavia. Exalted by the gorgeous view, she described what she imagined.

When *L'Homme de Neige* was published, the Swedish critics marveled at Madame Sand's intimate knowledge of their country. They praised especially the descriptions of scenery, in which, they said, she had been accurate to the most minute detail.

But there was nothing unusual in Madame Sand's achievement. An imagination great enough to make a god of Michel, a saint of Musset, and an angel of Chopin, could easily create the magnificence of Sweden from the foggy village of Gargilesse.

4

In her journal dated May 29, 1858, at Gargilesse, George noted: "I have finished my novel commenced May 4, 620 pages in twenty-five days. I have never worked with greater pleasure than at Gargilesse." This leisure for work George owed to her faithful Achates.

Manceau was more insignificant than any man with whom George had been intimately associated. In spite of this fact, or perhaps because of it, his influence inspired her to prodigious accomplishment. During the six years between 1857 and 1862, that is, from the age of fifty-three to fifty-eight, George wrote seventeen books and two plays, which considerably exceeded her usual abnormal productivity. But her work was badly paid, her expenses were heavy, and she was obliged to postpone indefinitely her extravagant desire for travel. She had set her heart on a trip to Africa. "But," she wrote to Charles Poncy, "there is always that sad word *but!* We can only hope."

Instead of realizing her ambition to see foreign countries, George fell ill of typhoid fever. For several weeks, Maurice and Manceau, who watched over her, despaired of her recovery.

While she lay unconscious, her sick brain, so long habituated to work, went steadily on with the novel she had begun before her illness. During the fever she talked to her characters and went with them into the scenes of their lives. Not one reference to her own life was revealed in her delirium. Year after year she had dominated her body while forcing her tired imagination to work. The habit was so well established that even typhoid fever could not destroy her creative power.

During convalescence, George was taken by Maurice to the

shores of the Mediterranean, at Tamaris, near Toulon. But Maurice was soon bored by the monotony of life at Tamaris and accepted an invitation from Prince Jerome, to visit Spain Africa and America. The voyage lasted six months.

It seemed wiser to allow Maurice to do the traveling for the family, because for George to travel cost, not only the expense of the trip, but also the loss of all the money she could make in six months. Stoically, George accepted the fact that her earning capacity curtailed her pleasures and limited her freedom. But she missed her son.

Manceau stayed with her and helped to nurse her back to health. And after all, George, who had always dreamed of seeing America, got something out of Maurice's trip. When he returned he talked about the countries he had visited and she listened. He wrote the story of his travels and George wrote a preface for the book.

After her illness George was poor again. Expenses of the last year had been heavy. Soon a rumor reached her that her name had been proposed by Sainte-Beuve as the person most deserving of prize of twenty thousand francs offered by the French Academy. Twenty thousand francs! The cottage at Gargilesse, which George was unable to afford, had cost but eight hundred francs. Twenty thousand was wealth. It represented travel, ease, leisure, and the lifting of all economic pressure.

The Academy prize was, of course, awarded for literary merit. The recipient was to be chosen by a committee of twenty-four members. But alas, among the forty immortals was François Guizot, anti-republican and anti-everything in which George believed. Guizot read passages from George's books to prove her influence was a menace to private property. He also contended that her early novels were destructive of the home. Sainte-Beuve defended her manfully, as did Alfred de Vigny and Prosper Mérimée, but out of twenty-four votes George received only six.

The members were unanimous in praising George as an author

but, considered politically and socially, her name was anathema. The injustice of their decision was that a tribunal of literature should condemn opinions. The prize was finally awarded to Adolphe Thiers. Guizot and Thiers, the two distinguished historians, had been opposing ministers under Louis Philippe. Thiers was, therefore, Guizot's ancient enemy. By the irony of fate Guizot had fought against George only to secure an honor for his rival.

The Bonapartes were disappointed by the decision against George. They now offered her an amount equal to the Academy prize, as an endowment. But George had not been friendly with the reigning family for the sake of favors. She wrote a proud derisive letter refusing their generous gift.

A movement was then started to elect George as a member of the Academy. But this presumptuous effort to place a woman among the immortals was quickly and effectively discouraged. In course of time, Maurice Sand was elected to the Academy. This was generally considered a more appropriate recognition of the name George had made famous and of the contribution she had added to the literary glory of France.

XII

GRANDMOTHER GEORGE

GEORGE'S first grandchild, Solange's daughter, born at Guillery, had lived only a week. Her second grandchild, also Solange's daughter, was born before the quarrels between the Clésingers became hatred leading to separation. When Jeanne was two years old, she was left in care of grandmother George while her parents fought for legal possession of her. Jeanne lived at Nohant for three years, while Solange, who hated the country, stayed in Paris. Once when she went to visit Jeanne at Nohant, her absence had been so prolonged that the child did not recognize her mother.

Jeanne became grandmother's "Nini." The fairy-like creature full of spontaneity and charm, was sovereign of the little realm of Nohant, and George proceeded to spoil her as she had spoiled Solange.

But George was a wiser grandmother than mother. Nini had been brought to her in a nervous state that required the entire attention of one person. Under the care of an excellent nurse she became quiet, healthy and comparatively self-controlled. George was able to write to Solange that, instead of daily fits of temper, Jeanne now exhibited tantrums only once every four or five days.

The frequent letters sent by George to Solange, describing Jeanne's fascinating ways, awakened loneliness in the mother's heart. Naturally Solange wanted her own child. But unfortunately, her nature did not permit her to sacrifice herself even for her child. So she appeared suddenly at Nohant, demanded Jeanne, and took her to Paris.

After a brief reconciliation the fight broke out again between the two parents of Jeanne. Clésinger had in his possession incriminating letters addressed to his wife. Armed by these, and aided by

his lawyer, he asserted the legal rights of a father, took the helpless baby from her mother and put her in a Paris boarding house. Solange's mad impulses were always mistakes that she regretted too late.

In December 1855 the Clésingers' law suit was brought to a close. The court decided that since Clésinger was not a fit father, nor Solange a fit mother for an innocent child, Jeanne should be reared by her maternal grandmother, Madame George Sand. Both George and Solange were radiantly happy at this victory. They waited impatiently for Jeanne. But Clésinger would not surrender her until the proper papers were served. There were heart rending legal delays.

Meanwhile, deprived of the attentions and surroundings which agreed with her, Nini, poor victim of two selfish parents, sickened, and after a brief illness, died. The child's body was brought back to Nohant and buried in the family cemetery beside her great-great-grandmother Dupin.

After this tragedy George's health collapsed. "I am too old," she said, "to be consoled." Fainting spells and sleeplessness reduced her vitality until, for the second time in her life, she was unable to write. The thought of Nini's unnecessary death became a fixed idea to which her thoughts reverted constantly. But her philosophy did not permit her to yield to sorrow. If only for the sake of others, she felt compelled to fight stubbornly for recovery.

Maurice had been planning a trip abroad. Conscious of her need for an extreme remedy, George straightway arranged for the plan to include herself. Six weeks after the death of her grandchild, she left Nohant to travel in Italy, where change of scene enabled her to escape the melancholy power of her former fixed idea.

Of course Manceau went to Italy with George and Maurice, as did Borie and Lambert. George could not move without her harmonious family. No one wanted to be first, no one was jealous, each of the men was a friend of the other three, and all enjoyed her collective affection. In this atmosphere of brotherly love

George's nature throve. Decidedly, there were compensations in growing old.

After her return home she wrote to a friend:

"I have seen Rome, revisited Florence, Genoa, Frascati. I have walked a great deal in the sun, rain and wind and have lived for whole days out of doors. This for me is a certain remedy and I have come back cured."

George's cure did not include forgetfulness. She talked and thought about Nini, but she ceased to brood upon the past. Once the child came to her in a dream and seemed surprised that her grandmother was weeping, so George grew ashamed of grief and regarded it as weakness. She began to think of Nini as happy. She expressed her affection by making sketches of her in all her remembered attitudes. While George was thus courageously keeping Nini alive before her eyes, Solange appeared with a death mask taken from the dead child's face.

"I don't want to look at it," cried George. "I don't want to think of her in her coffin! We see her." And George held up the sketches of the laughing dancing child. But Solange preferred her death mask and her plaster reproduction of the child's dead hands.

As Jeanne's mother, Solange doubtless felt a deeper despair than George's and she had at her command lesser powers of recuperation. Nevertheless the contrasting natures of the two women was shown in their different manner of bearing affliction. Poor Solange yielded completely to her grief, brooded over her memories and, with a morbid egotism of which she was unconscious, imposed her misery on others. She would not allow her wound to close and took mournful pleasure in celebrating the anniversary of her child's death by doleful pilgrimages to Nohant where she wept on Jeanne's grave.

One January when the Nohant house was closed, and George with her family, was in Paris, Solange wished to go in the cold and snow of midwinter, to view the little grave that lay alongside of the now desolate empty house. George knew that Solange was

deliberately preparing herself for agonies of grief. She wrote to her daughter:

"If only I could dissuade you from this journey. It will exhaust you and will do you no good. The soul of our dear child is with us. Her grave is merely an object of respect. Let us respect graves, certainly, but not make a cult of them. If you take this journey now, not one of us will be with you to share your grief. The visit will mean unavailing suffering for you. If you want to make me less sad on this anniversary day, you will renounce your trip.

"Besides, what significance is there in an anniversary? Must we feel our sense of loss more acutely because time has marked off a certain number of days and hours? Is not every day the anniversary of so great a grief? Deep sorrows have no prejudices and do not arrange for emotional crises at fixed hours."

This appeal awakened no response. Solange made her journey, as she had planned, to the grave of her daughter.

In January of the following year, George was at Nohant. Again she begged Solange not to come. "This *establishing* of an anniversary makes me very unhappy," she wrote. Again Solange made her pilgrimage to the grave.

George never understood her daughter. If she had begged Solange to come and weep at Nohant, she would have stayed away. Whenever her mother offered counsel, Solange did exactly the opposite of that which her mother advised. "She was contrary," said Madame Viardot, "for the love of contrariness."

How could Solange express her ego if she did not resist and resent her famous mother? For a time she tried to emulate George and win fame for herself. She wrote two slight novels which attracted no attention. She then undertook to write a life of Maurice de Saxe. George consumed a great deal of time encouraging and helping her daughter's efforts. Solange began the work with enthusiasm, but when she saw that the task meant long hours in the library, she lost her zest for writing and turned again to pleasure and excitement.

2

George did not wish either of her children to emulate Manceau in devotion to herself. She wanted them to live their own lives. But it was hard for her to see them miss happiness. Solange seemed incapable of either love or work. But George hoped and believed that Maurice would find these essentials to happiness.

Her patient expectation was at last rewarded. When Maurice reached the age of thirty-five he decided to be an illustrator and at thirty-nine he married, as George wished him to do, for love.

Madame Maurice Sand, or as she modestly called herself, Madame Maurice, was the daughter of Luigi Calamatta, the well-known engraver. In choosing Lina Calamatta as his wife, Maurice violated established French custom by marrying a girl without a dot.

In a letter written to her old friend Boucoiran, George proudly sided with her son: "The fortune which he would have asked from an unknown person, he does not demand from one who is worth a fortune in herself. He is right, and I am full of happiness and satisfaction."

Lina proved to be a marvelous young woman. She was both intelligent and domestic. Without trying to rival her talented husband, she also showed artistic appreciation and taste. She was unspoiled and gave to George more unselfish devotion than she received from her own children. Before Maurice's marriage George had written to Lina: "I feel that I shall be to you a true mother, because I need a daughter."

In the same way that George had lost a daughter, Lina had lost a mother, not by death, but by hopeless difference of viewpoint. Lina who, like George, refused the practices of the Catholic church, was alienated by her mother's excessive religious devotion. After her husband's death, Madame Calamatta withdrew from the world and became a nun. Thus George took the place of Lina's mother and Lina became the spiritual daughter of George.

Lina often said to her friends: "Oh, I am more married to George Sand than to Maurice Sand. I accepted him because I adored her."

George, who had missed happiness where it was supposed to be found, in romantic love, achieved happiness where it is supposed not to exist, in the love of a daughter-in-law. It was like unique George to make of the despised and ridiculed position of mother-in-law the most beautiful relation of her later life.

In her behavior toward the young couple, mother George showed infinite tact. She left them alone for their honeymoon and for the greater part of their early married life. Maurice was now the head of the house. George encouraged him to feel that he had inherited the family home before her death. And to increase his sense of freedom she stayed in Paris or Gargilesse. Therefore her visits to Nohant were always cause for rejoicing.

In July 1863 George wrote to Sainte-Beuve: "There was born to us, on July 14, a superb wide-awake boy who squalls delightfully. His father is mad about him, and I am as happy as one can be in this world."

As though in celebration of this great event George was overwhelmed a few months later, by the sensational success of her play, *Le Marquis de Villemer*.

On the eve of the première, she wrote from Paris:

"My dear children, to-morrow is the great day. When you receive this letter I shall have had bravos or hisses, perhaps both . . .

"The theatre, from the director to the ushers, one of whom calls me 'our treasure' and to the musicians, the machinists, the troupe, the lamp lighters, the firemen, weep at rehearsals like a lot of babies. They are in the intoxication of a success which is to exceed that of *Champi*. But all this is the night before, we must wait until to-morrow."

On the next day there followed her description of an astonishing first night. Enthusiasm, shouting, applause like thunder,

crowds outside who could not find seats and, as the final touch: "Flaubert was with us and wept like a woman."

Grandmother George, on this momentous evening, was the sensation of the hour.

"In the foyer more than two hundred people, whom I knew or did not know, came and hugged me until I could not stand it any longer. If you could see my calm in the midst of all this you would laugh at me, for I felt no more fear or pleasure than as though it had nothing to do with me personally, and I could not explain why. I was prepared for the worst and perhaps that was why the unexpected success, so unconceivable in relation to me, left me stupefied.

"Next week I hope to run back to you and my darling, who is growing a lot, I hope. Write me of yourselves and of him."

After the third night of *Villemer,* she wrote to her children that the success seemed permanent.

"The paying public are commencing to get seats. The first day they took in only seven hundred francs because of complimentary tickets to the ministers and their friends; the second day twelve hundred, to-day three thousand, the box office receipts for to-morrow have already reached four thousand francs, an unheard-of sum for the poor Odéon, and for Saturday and Monday they have already taken in six thousand francs. . . . *Villemer* will easily pay for your marriage and the baptism of Marco.

"To-morrow I shall run away for awhile to escape visits, letters, cards and bouquets. Everyone is charming toward success. It is always like that. . . .

"The success is such that I cannot believe it has anything to do with me."

While George was staying in Paris during this winter of 1864, the celebrated photographer Nadar, in an effort to perpetuate the illustrious writer by a perfect likeness, took sixteen photographs of her. The final result was the well-known picture of George at sixty, in which her face looks strong, plain and benign, and in

which she is wearing the then stylish, but now hideous, striped dress.

During these sittings, Nadar discussed his coming book on aviation. He was considered a crazy man because he believed in the possibility of constructing machines in which man could travel in the air. At that time the law of France absolutely forbade any attempt to fly, either in a balloon or in any apparatus heavier than air. Nadar's book, therefore, was entitled *The Right to Fly*, but he despaired of attracting the attention of readers because his name as a writer was unknown. In response to his appeal for sympathy, George generously offered to lend her name to Nadar's mad enthusiasm by writing the preface of his book.

In her preface George declared that we ought to help and encourage the innovators of great ideas. She contended that the theory of aviation was based on logic and that the fact that the air had never been mastered did not prove the attempt impossible. In the century of steam and electricity she urged further, we ought to have faith in the future triumph of aerial navigation.

For this bold defense of the right to fly, George received a great deal of ridicule. But so many of her ideas belonged to the century ahead of her that she was used to living in an unrealized future. She had ceased to expect understanding from unimaginative friends.

Before he made George's acquaintance, Flaubert asked her to write a preface for one of his books. George modestly refused saying that a preface by her never made a book successful. The true reason for her refusal was that Flaubert did not need her. He saved her name and her assistance for unpopular people and unpopular ideas.

3

After the success of *Villemer*, George stayed at Nohant for a few days with her "dear love" Marco. She then spent several weeks at Gargilesse. At this time she was greatly disturbed over the state

of Manceau's health. He had lately developed symptoms of consumption and George realized that she was soon to lose her devoted friend.

While George and Manceau were stopping at Nohant on their way to consult specialists in Paris, Maurice showed that he was bored and annoyed by his former Damon. On some slight pretext of a difference of opinion, a quarrel broke out between the two men. Manceau, deeply wounded in his affection for Maurice, left abruptly for Paris, courageously facing loneliness and death.

George had once again to choose between her son and her dearest friend.

The situation seemed on the surface to parallel the one that had existed between Chopin and Maurice. But fundamentally it differed in essentials. Maurice no longer needed his mother. And Manceau was neither jealous nor suspicious. He trusted her. No one could turn him against her. When people told lies about her to Manceau, he believed in her and disbelieved the lies. Besides, Manceau had given her what she had given Chopin, years of service. She owed him gratitude, as Chopin had owed gratitude to her. For fifteen years Manceau had been with her almost daily, yet no misunderstandings had ever arisen between them. He was by no means a genius but he possessed a loyal heart. And life had taught George that for everyday companionship, the true heart of a friend was more to be desired than gifts of intellect or genius.

For Manceau, George left the home of which she had said, "Nohant is myself." She concealed from her children and intimate friends her reason for departure. At sixty years old, she followed her man to Paris, resolved to devote herself to him as long as he lived. The two went house hunting together like a young couple about to be married and finally decided on a "very little, very pretty, very neat house" in Palaiseau, an hour's distance by train from Paris. There the oddly assorted pair settled down together with George's old time indifference to what people might say.

Her old friends came to call on her. One of the first to appear

was Alexandre Dumas, the younger, who on alighting from the train asked directions of one of the natives. At first the man professed ignorance, then "Wait a moment," he said, "Do you mean the lady whose name is in the papers? Her home is over there." "That's the one," said Dumas, convinced that he had found the right house.

Dumas père was an old friend of George's and Dumas fils had known her since he was a young man of twenty-six. He always called her "Mother Sand" and she in turn called him "My son." George as a playwright was said to have prepared the way for Dumas' more famous plays. He confessed that she helped him greatly. Even Manceau had been no more extravagant in admiration for George than was young Dumas. "Madame de Staël kneels before her and Madame de Sévigné kisses her hands," he said.

George was happy, also, to renew her friendship with Sainte-Beuve, who had been antagonized by her radicalism. As soon as he stopped writing novels of social reform he loved her again, and greeted with enthusiasm the series of pastoral novels of which he approved. Before she opened his letters, George always knew by glancing at the envelope what Sainte-Beuve's state of mind was. When he felt displeased he addressed her as "Madame Dudevant." As soon as she was restored to favor she became "Madame Sand."

Whenever George visited Paris she arranged a rendezvous with Sainte-Beuve. Her tiny apartment was at 3 Rue Racine. Just below was Magny's restaurant where she dined every night. It was a favorite resort of writers. In 1862 Sainte-Beuve instituted a fortnightly dinner at Magny's. It was arranged for Monday as on that day he had completed his weekly article. The favorite fortnightly program was one of literary or personal confessions in which everyone was supposed to take part. The new group formed by "Uncle Beuve" included Gautier, the Goncourts, Taine, Renan, Turgenev and Flaubert.

At these dinners George remained silent unless some one attacked what she called her "principles." One day the literary guests agreed that one should not write for the common people. George grew angry and said to them scornfully, "You are gentlemen instead of men."

At one of these dinners Ernest Renan is reported by the Goncourts as saying in the course of a literary discussion, "I find more truth in George Sand than in Balzac. She is the greatest artist of our time. Three hundred years hence the novels of George Sand will be read."

It was at Magny's in 1863 that George met Gustave Flaubert, who, in spite of his reputation for cynicism, lost his heart to plain middle-aged Madame Sand. "I admired you before I knew you. From the day I saw your lovely and kind face, I loved you," he confessed.

4

While George was thus busily engaged with her friends, her work and her new house, Maurice and Lina had departed for the yearly visit to Guillery, the home of Baron Dudevant. Soon after their arrival George received news that Marco had suddenly died of some childish disease caught at Guillery. She hurriedly journeyed to Nérac, where she accepted the compulsory hospitality of her former husband, whom she had not seen since Solange's wedding. George and Casimir together attended the funeral of their grandson, who was buried at Guillery beside Solange's first child. In deference to Casimir the name on the tombstone was inscribed, Marc Antoine Dudevant-Sand.

Having persuaded Maurice and Lina to assuage their grief by travel in the south of France, George returned to her invalid at Palaiseau.

For a year she endured the crucial experience of watching her friend Manceau slowly die. During the last three months of his life he was difficult to care for. "I alone have nursed him for three

months. My servants would have lacked patience," she wrote to her nephew Oscar, the day after Manceau's death. "I have lost the companion of my life for fifteen years, the prop of my old age."

After Manceau's death, it was expected that George would return to Nohant and make her home with Maurice. But to everyone's surprise she decided to live on at Palaiseau alone. The independence built up during the last fifteen years had become a spiritual necessity. She did not propose to surrender it. "I love my solitude," she protested. She also admitted, "I am sad here, nevertheless."

George missed Manceau. He had become a habit, and he had relieved her loneliness without encroaching on her freedom. His attitude of distance and deference had emphasized her sense of belonging to herself.

In the autumn following Manceau's death, George was persuaded to spend a few days in Brittany with Maurice and Lina and afterward to visit them at Nohant. They begged her to remain with them. But, true to her resolution, George returned to Palaiseau, where, in apparent contentment, she continued to live alone. Flaubert came often to see her, as did other devoted friends. She enjoyed the leisure which enabled her to feel aloof from human ties yet one with humanity. Solitude did not close her heart. She loved a million men and women, some of them dead and some as yet unborn. "I cannot separate myself from humanity," she said, "because it is myself; because the evil it does strikes me to the heart; because its shame makes me blush; because its crimes gnaw at my vitals; because I cannot understand paradise in heaven or on earth for myself alone."

George had a genius for loving. She also had a fear of personal possessive love. She had yielded to it and broken away from it. Now, in her old age, she was afraid of it because she knew herself, knew her weakness, knew how easily she allowed herself to be possessed.

In 1866, George being then sixty-two and Flaubert forty-five,

George was persuaded to visit her friend in his home at Croisset, where he lived with his mother and sister. From the time of this visit the misanthrope and the lover of humanity continued an active correspondence.

From the beginning George made her position clear. "You don't have to write to me when you don't feel like it. There is no real friendship without absolute liberty," she proclaimed.

"Impersonality, a sort of idiocy which is peculiar to me, is making noticeable progress," she wrote to Flaubert. "If I were not well, I should think it was a malady. If my old heart did not become each day more loving, I should think it was egotism. In short, I don't know what it is, and there you are."

"To love, in spite of everything, I think that is the answer to the enigma of the universe. Always to grow, to spring up, to be born again, to seek and will life, to embrace one's opposite in order to assimilate it, to receive the prodigy of blendings and combinations from which emerge the prodigy of new forms,—that is the law of nature."

"Life where one does not play a rôle, is such a pretty performance to look at and listen to," concluded George.

5

After remaining in her retreat for considerably more than a year, grandmother George agreed to celebrate the New Year of 1867 with her family. On her way to them she was taken ill in Paris and was delayed there for two weeks.

While her illness continued, she was conscious of mental conflict. She realized that as soon as she reached Nohant her children would recommence their argument that she was too old, or too ill, to live alone. Would they try to persuade her to live at Nohant? Did she secretly hope to be persuaded?

She wrote Flaubert from Paris, "I am too alone at Palaiseau with a dead soul; not enough alone at Nohant with the children. I love them too much to belong to myself."

Poor George! It was the conflict of her life, between theories and emotions, between the desire for freedom and the need of human ties. How many times she had surrendered to personal love while her mind preferred detachment! Now she had taken her last stand. If she yielded, it would mean the end of the much-prized independence for which she had so often struggled in vain.

Maurice and Lina were inexpressibly dear to her. And she was once again a grandmother. As she thought of the year-old baby who awaited her, she was eager and anxious to know her new grandchild. Love called to her again. But George was no longer a dependent woman afraid of loneliness, she was a self-reliant human being reluctant to be engulfed by family life.

When she reached Nohant, her children, alarmed by her illness, would not permit her to speak of leaving them. Lina, who secretly wished to care for her, showed her understanding of George by declaring that Maurice needed a mother and the baby needed a grandmother.

It was a relief to George to postpone decision and spend the winter at Nohant. When spring came she wrote to a friend, "I did little work all winter, I have felt too unsettled."

Maurice and Lina then insisted that George must remain for the summer. Again she consented. Her stay was indefinitely prolonged, but for some time she regarded it as a visit. It was not until two years later that she sold her home in Palaiseau.

After she had definitely settled at Nohant she ceased to resist the tranquil pleasure of a harmonious family life. Her proud assertion of independence was almost, though not entirely, forgotten. It cropped out occasionally in what appeared to be an inconsistent mood.

On one occasion when she was ill, she wrote to Flaubert, "If I do not get cured here I shall go to Cannes where some friends are urging me to come. But I have not mentioned it yet to my children. When I am with them it is not easy to move. There is passion and jealousy. All my life has been like that, never my own!"

Then as though ashamed of her outburst, she concluded her letter with these contradictory words:

"Pity yourself then, you who belong to yourself."

George was determined to convince herself that what remained of her mental conflict was unreasonable. She did this by trying to convince Flaubert that he ought to take a wife or adopt a child. She constantly scolded him for his isolation and independence. If she protested overmuch it was because she had moods in which she envied him. These moods expressed the part of her nature she had once called masculine. The conflict that had formerly been waged between her masculine self and her feminine self, now seemed to exist between her personal and impersonal desires. The psychology remained the same but her vocabulary had changed.

When Flaubert confessed, "I am of both sexes," George replied, "Here is something for those who believe in the importance of anatomy. *There is only one sex.* A man and a woman are so entirely the same thing that one can scarcely understand the subtle reasons for sex distinctions with which our minds are filled. I have observed the childhood and development of my son and daughter. My son was myself, therefore much more woman than my daughter who was an imperfect man."

Maurice was always considered by George "a comfort and a blessing." She had once said, "Of the two children God has given me, only one was for myself." She wrote of Maurice to Flaubert, "He is the soul and life of the house. When he is depressed we are dead."

After his marriage Maurice lost his indolence but his energies were dispersed by the diversity of his gifts. He worked as an engraver and illustrated many of George's books. He also wrote nine novels which were only fairly well received. His chief interest remained entomology. His book, *Le Monde des Papillons* illustrated by himself, contained the researches of years.

These achievements, however, did not go far toward increasing

the family exchequer and George continued to maintain Nohant by her writings. In spite of the interruptions of family life, she produced, during the last ten years of her life, from one to three novels a year.

6

After George's return to Nohant, a second granddaughter was born. And now George was indeed needed by her family. How could Maurice and Lina travel, but for grandmother? How could Lina manage when the children were ill? Who but grandmother could teach the children's lessons, tell them stories at night, and answer the thousand and one childish questions for which a busy mother lacks time?

The children never troubled their Bonne-Maman. Her study was their favorite place of play. George did her writing with one child in her lap and one leaning on her shoulder, or with both sitting at her feet, playing dolls and chattering out loud. To the minds of the children, mother often seemed occupied, but grandmother was never busy. She belonged exclusively to them.

Maurice's elder daughter received the family name Aurore, that had been handed down through several generations. First had been Aurore Koenigsmark, mother of Maurice de Saxe; next came Aurore de Saxe, Madame Dupin; then followed Aurore Dupin, who was George Sand; and Aurore the fourth was Aurore Sand.

Aurore Sand was George Sand's last passion. No greater love had ever held sway over her heart. Scattered through her letters were expressions of devotion that became more intense as the child grew older.

"Aurore is a treasure . . . that Aurore is a wonder . . . Aurore is a love . . . little Aurore promises to be very sweet and calm, understanding in a marvelous manner what is said to her and *yielding* to *reason* at two years of age. It is very extraordinary. I have never seen it before."

Then followed references to the second grandchild. "Gabrielle is a big lamb, sleeping and laughing all day; Aurore, more spiritual, with eyes of velvet and fire, talks at thirty months as others do at five years, and is adorable in everything!"

When George put on her new play, *Cadio,* at the Odéon she wrote, "If Cadio succeeds, it will be a little dot for Aurore; that is all my ambition. If it does not succeed, I shall have to begin over again, that is all."

The fond grandmother thought of her grandchild even in her sleep.

"This morning I woke up saying this strange sentence, 'There is always a youthful first part in the drama of life. First part in mine: Aurore.' In fact it is impossible not to idolize that child. She is so perfect in intelligence and goodness, that she seems to me like a dream."

Before the baptism of her two grandchildren she wrote, "Our friend Napoleon is the godfather of Aurore and I am the godmother. My nephew is the godfather of the other."

In the absence of Maurice and Lina, George noted with pride: "Aurore has not asked a single time where they are. She looks in my eyes to see if I am sad or anxious. I laugh and she laughs, I think we must keep her sensitiveness asleep as long as possible."

Then followed the final conclusion of George's expanding love: "My dominant passion is my Aurore. My life depends on hers."

Aurore was two years older than her sister Gabrielle and therefore more companionable. She became her grandmother's pupil. George's method of teaching was exceedingly original for those days. She made lessons seem like story telling and play. Aurore the fourth, like Aurore the third, adored mythology. They read together the Iliad and the Odyssey. Then they "exchanged opinions" on what had been read. George sided with the Trojans while Aurore, who had a mind of her own, preferred the Greeks. Grandmother asked her to explain her preference.

"Because Pallas Athene was with them, so they must have had

justice on their side. But why, Bonne-Mère, do you like the Trojans?"

"Because they are to be pitied," was George's answer. "However, you are right to choose justice. But some day you will see that above human justice there is something greater and better still."

When Aurore suffered from whooping cough, George held the child in her arms day and night and ended by catching the disease herself. The doctors advised quiet and an even temperature, but George defied them and continued her daily swim in the river Indre where there was a cascade as cold as ice.

"Boiling hot" from her walk to the stream, George with her sixty-eight years and her whooping cough plunged in, and believed that her cough was cured by her glacial bath.

The doctor called it madness. But George answered, "I am like the grass; sun and water are all I need."

George reached the age of permanent impersonality. "I accept everything," she said. She spoke of "the great calm, continually growing calmer, which exists in my formerly agitated soul. What presents itself to my eyes when I awaken is the planet. I have considerable trouble in finding there the *me* which used to be so interesting and which I begin to call *you* in the plural."

When friends called in the evening, and brought the neighborhood gossip, George listened as though half asleep. But if the conversation turned to the last play by Dumas, she had something to say, or if there was talk of the new books by Darwin and Renan she became eloquent.

Each evening, in the midst of these discussions, George would hear a tip-tap on the ceiling. Little Aurore in the room above had been told to knock on the tiled floor as soon as she was made ready for bed. In answer to the summons grandmother slowly mounted the long flight of stairs to Aurore's bedroom, where she told the fascinating history of the fairy who lived in a palace under the sea. The story continued for weeks at a time. It was, in

fact, a serial novel like the story told between four chairs. So the cycle of a life of imagination was completed, and Aurore Dupin returned to her first fairy tales.

When she was sixty-five George Sand wrote to her friend M. Louis Ulbach that her letter writing taxed her time and strength since she was obliged to write an average of a dozen letters a day. "After my death," she added, "I hope to go to a planet where they do not know how to read or write.

"If you wish to know my material position," she continued, "I have earned a million by my work—I have given it all away except twenty thousand francs which I set aside two years ago—Keep the secret for me so that I may guard this sum as long as possible."

As M. Ulbach was intending to write her biography, he asked her a number of questions, the answers to which seemed to her unimportant.

"I am merely a good woman," she explained, "on whom they have fastened ferocities of character which are altogether fantastic. They have accused me of inability to love passionately. It seems to me that my life has been full of tenderness and that they might be satisfied with that. At present, thank God, nothing more is asked from me and those who are good enough to love me in spite of the lack of brilliancy in my life and mind, do not complain of me—

"I must have grave defects. But I am like others and do not see my own faults. Neither do I know whether I have good qualities and virtues. I have spent a great deal of time trying to understand what is true, and in this seeking after truth the consciousness of self is more and more effaced every day."

7

As she approached seventy, George's life was full of serene happiness. Several friends of her youth had died but their places were taken by others. And many of her old friends who remained came

to her with their children and grandchildren. Those who loved her now belonged to three generations. George was no longer criticised, she was venerated and adored.

Her pleasures were many. The garden she had cultivated for years was a wealth of bloom and perfume. The flowers had become her friends to such an extent that she never allowed them to be cut.

The cats and dogs and birds on the place were also her very dear friends. She always had several special pets among them. During the last few years the dog Fadet was her favorite. She wrote a story about him called *Le Chien et la Fleur Sacrée*. In the story Fadet goes on to larger existence and becomes a man. But in life he outlived his mistress and was buried by her side.

George was sixty-six when the Franco-German war devasted France. Her journal written from September 1870 to January 1871 gave a vivid impression of the effects of war. Although Prussians were quartered all about them, George viewed approaching calamity with philosophic calm. While her friends went mad with anger and despair she wrote in her journal: "It will pass like a squall over a lake."

She lived through the war, through the Commune which followed, and on into the Third Republic.

In May 1876 George was approaching her seventy-third birthday and in honor of the event a family festival was being arranged. For a long time she had been ill and had concealed the fact from her children. For several days she had suffered acutely and was now almost too weak to move. Nevertheless she was able to write with her usual facility. The novel *Aldine* was well under way. She had reached Chapter VII.

On May 29th a doctor called to see Maurice, who was troubled with neuralgia. Having reached the last stage of endurance, George sent Aurore to ask the doctor to come upstairs.

"As I entered her study," he related, "I saw Madame Sand seated

at her writing table. A cigarette was at her lips and she held a pen in her hand."

Thus she faced him with a smile that lingered in her kind eyes. It was the last day on which she was able to remain upright.

A few days later, in the intervals of pain, she asked to see her grandchildren and her dog Fadet. On June 8th, at about nine o'clock in the morning, knowing the end had come, she asked for her grandchildren again.

As they were brought to her, "Look at me, my darlings," she entreated.

The two little faces were upturned to hers. George then knew all the agony of separation.

"I love you, I adore you!" she cried.

At the moment of dying she was still ardently alive, and living still meant for her, loving;—

"Good-bye, Maurice, good-bye, Lina, good-bye, Aurore," the generous heart stopped beating.

Magnificent, impossible George, adoring to her latest breath, had ended her life-long search for love.

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